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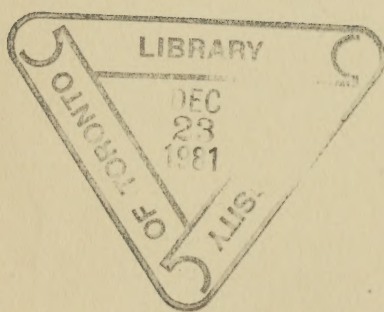
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The Forum.

MARCH, 1886.

SCIENCE AND THE STATE.

It is proposed to enunciate a few fundamental propositions touching the relations between public prosperity and the progress of scientific ideas, and to deduce therefrom the duty of the state toward science. The motive for this attempt is what seems to be an increasing forgetfulness of these relations, and the consequent advent of causes of national deterioration. I do not expect to utter new truths. I only hope to recall some trite generalizations with such clearness and point as to stir attention and impress a clear and living conviction.

With the great recent advance in scientific knowledge we notice increasing dissatisfaction with the appropriation of public funds to the promotion of the ends and means sought by highest intelligence. The feeling is directed against the endowment of pure research, against the application of scientific methods to the development of public resources, and against the maintenance at public cost of grades of education which aim at the dissemination of knowledge of the higher principles of science. It is maintained that these ends are not of public importance, but rather of individual interest, suited only to the gratification of a small class, and of little benefit to the masses who represent business and labor.

The popular prejudice against the endowment of pure research is disclosed in the absence of such endowment, and in the

fact that all pure research undertaken in our country is under cover of a "practical" purpose. The professor in his laboratory must first do full duty as the servant of education—mostly very elementary education—and then steal from hours claimed by rest, sleep and social concerns, the opportunity to enter upon his efforts to evolve new principles in science which invention may apply and industry may appropriate. If the explorer of the national domain succeed in publishing to the world some complete details and comprehensive conceptions respecting the natural history and general geology of remote regions, the work must be done as an accessory to the survey of some "military road" or transcontinental railway route, or supposed valuable "mineral region." Though important scientific results have by such means been reached, the method is indirect, surreptitious, and embarrassing. It has been necessitated by the unwillingness of public authorities to devote public means to research of a purely scientific character. Have we ever heard of any public provision made, within thirty years, directly for the encouragement of pure science? The Coast Survey is for the benefit of harbors, commerce, and national defense. The National Observatory is for the benefit of navigation. The Geological Survey is for the advantage of the mining and land interests. The Weather Bureau is for agriculture and inland navigation. Our deep-sea studies are in the interest of the fisheries. Even our "transit of Venus" and polar expeditions are justified to the popular and the legislative mind by characterizing them as undertaken in the interests of navigation, industry, and humanity. Expenditures on the scientific work of the Smithsonian Institution are in fulfillment of obligations incurred in the acceptance of the Smithsonian trust.

Much, it is pleasant to admit, has been done for pure science by this method of indirection and subordination of the best interests of science both to the restraints of a commercial purpose and the directorship of an unappreciating, sometimes an embarrassing personality. But science thus subordinated marches with a crippled step, and is slower than she might be in evolving the hidden truths of nature. Even of this method short-sighted utilitarianism is manifesting jealousy which daily increases.

The growing apathy of our public authorities toward the application of scientific methods to the exploration of the public domain, is manifested in the increasing reluctance to provide for scientific methods of research in making such surveys, and the tendency to limit them to simple empirical processes. It is seen in inability to appreciate the value of scientific results when produced, and refusal to provide for their publication. Masses of precious material are thus lying in mildew and neglect, simply because too scientific for direct application to the purposes of lode-discovery, mineral working, or some similar utility. Men of recognized scientific capacity have been displaced from position to gratify the clamor for some empiricist or tool of an empirical spirit, or perhaps even to suit the political change in a State administration.

The popular lack of appreciation of the importance of the dissemination of scientific ideas is shown in the growing reluctance of the people—more correctly the political leaders who assume to represent the people—to continue provision for local high schools and State universities. In numerous cities the issue has been brought during a few years past, whether the high school is an institution which all the people should unite to maintain. At this moment the city of Detroit is about to bring the interests of education to confront this alternative; and a Board of Education elected largely in saloons by majorities of misled voters, ignorant of their real interests in any of the higher questions of government, is said to be equally divided on the question of the continuance of the high school in the metropolitan city of the State which enjoys the fame of supporting the University of Michigan. Undoubtedly the high school will be saved, but the present apprehension is painfully prophetic. In the great "Empire State" a Regent of the University has put on record the opinion that higher education is "a mere personal adornment" of the individual, and not a need of the state.

Such, in part, are the indications of what seems to me an inadequate popular and official estimate of the value of science to the state. In all the particulars referred to, public indifference and public prejudice are plainly on the increase. The present generation is proposing to reverse policies once con-

sidered wise, and to undo beneficent work which the wisdom of our predecessors planned and executed.

With a deep conviction that these tendencies are detrimental to our common interests, feeling that much personal observation and prolonged study of the scientific and political principles involved in the question authorize me to express opinions, I here appeal to my countrymen, and especially to public men and the representatives of our business interests, to listen to a concise statement of principles and conclusions.

In the first place, the prosperity of the State and the happiness of individuals are conditioned on the grade and character of our civilization. Lower our plane of civilization, and national and individual prosperity must be diminished. This proposition is sustained by the comparison of our own prosperity with that of other nations admittedly on a lower plane of civilization. I beg the reader to make the comparisons and reflect on their teaching. It is sustained, also, by an analysis of the meaning of prosperity and of the forces of civilization. What do we understand by prosperity? Comprehensively, the possession of enlarging opportunities to secure the gratification of our material, intellectual, social, and spiritual wants. We are happy in proportion to the fullness and range of our gratifications. I think this position will not be questioned by any reader. No person can claim that the happiness of the Indian or the Hottentot, with his limited facilities for securing gratifications, is a sum equal to that of the civilized man. If so, then all our praise of civilization is irony. Nor will it be claimed that provision for material wants, alone or chiefly, supplies the maximum of happiness. Luxuries used and not abused are means of happiness, but social relations are a higher source of happiness. To these must be added the pleasures of the intellect and the æsthetic faculties to secure us against *ennui* and satiety. Then, whatever may be pretended or believed by a few, the exercise of the moral and religious nature is to all a source of happiness, and to most a necessity. The religious nature imperiously demands gratification; and those who would organize society or any of its institutions in denial of the rights of the religious nature, plan only despair and misery. The purpose is not that of a normal and well-balanced mind.

Now let us consider by what instrumentalities of civilization these gratifications are secured. Among material gratifications are those provided through rapid transit. In a few hours the passenger finds himself in a remote city. The irksomeness of travel without steam is avoided; much time is saved for other occupation; the individual's efforts become more productive; life is lengthened. All these ends are desirable. Further, rapid transit renders possible a great range of delicacies for the palate. All the foods of the tropics are accessible to the dweller in another zone; all the foods of the temperate zone may find their way to the tropics. Rapid transit has created an enormous mail service between distant points. Men who cannot meet may yet hold intercourse and transact important business. Rapid and cheap transit has rendered available in one region or country any of the products of other and distant regions. The cattle reared in the grassy valleys of Texas, Colorado, or Montana are marketed in New York and London. The corn-fed pork of Illinois is sold in New York or Hamburg. The wheat fields of Dakota feed the hungry in Paris. Thus the food of distant communities is cheapened, and more means are left for other gratifications. These are commonplace suggestions; but there is a neglected inference to be drawn from them.

The telegraph and telephone ought to be reckoned among instrumentalities for material gratification; since all that is accomplished through written correspondence is often better, and also more expeditiously, accomplished by these inventions. The multiplied inventions for facilitating the operations of agriculture and mining; the machines which produce numberless modifications of iron, brass and wood; the cheapness of pins and matches and needles; the perfection of thread, yarn and twine; the sewing and knitting machines; the use of mucilage in place of wafers; drills of various sorts; numberless tools, engines, lathes, grinding and polishing appliances—these, in brief, suggest the diversified means by which business is promoted and material gratifications secured. The material comforts of home, hotel and shop are enhanced by sundry mechanical and engineering devices. Drainage, water, gas, steam, elevators, are names which connote many of our most esteemed sources of convenience and

bodily comfort. These, certainly, are all products of high civilization.

Social gratifications have also undergone great enhancement through the service of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and household engineering. Parted friends may easily meet again. While separated, the actual presence is wonderfully simulated by written correspondence and telegraphic, or especially telephonic, communication. Mail and express provide for easy exchange of tokens of love and remembrance. Within a lifetime the removal of a member of a family from eastern New York to the "Genesee Valley" or the "Western Reserve" was the next thing to separation by death itself; how is all this changed within the memory of a generation! And how much happiness is thus added to the lot of separated families. Even the Atlantic is a less formidable barrier to intercourse than the breadth of a State in the days before the means of rapid transmission of passengers, commodities and intelligence.

The means of intellectual gratification have been signally augmented by the agencies already mentioned. Intelligence is stimulated by the easy opportunity to visit other regions, other communities, other industrial processes and products. Provincial narrowness is prevented; the knowledge of each becomes the knowledge of all; the language remains a unity. The intelligence enlarged by travel feels impulses to original effort; it becomes productive, and perchance contributes to the common fund of ideas. The steam-press has made books cheap and numerous; every reader's mind impinges upon the broad current of thoughts sped through the world through the agency of types and presses. All that learning is and accomplishes; all that ready information concerning world-wide contemporary history is doing to quicken mental activity—to expedite conclusions, to make the experience of each nation profitable to all nations, to supplement the unfinished thought of one by the happy suggestion of another, to make the rich soil of European ideas bear the golden fruit of American invention—becomes not only the intellectual gratification of a few, but a stimulus and a pleasure to the universal intelligence. I hope the reader will pause over this suggestion, and enter into a fuller realization of the sources

of the happiness which he derives from the quickened intelligence awakened by the agencies of our high civilization.

I need not enlarge on this branch of our reflections. It is easy for the reader to discern the instrumentalities which promote and widen and rationalize and render more efficient the activities of man's religious and moral nature. I desire only to say enough to direct attention distinctly to the agencies which augment human gratifications and constitute public and private prosperity; and to show that these agencies are the product of what we call civilization, and increase with the advance of civilization. I wish to show, in the second place, that these elements and forces of civilization have been contributed by science. It is impossible to contemplate the array of inventions and mechanical adaptations which constitute the recognized agencies of civilization, without noting at once that they are the products of mind. Every one who reflects at all will observe this. But at this point many persons fall under a misapprehension. The last exercise of intelligence is invention, and unless we analyze the sources and grounds of invention we are inclined to ascribe the sole credit for it to the inventor.

It is notorious that many inventors are mere empiricists, going according to the method of "cut and try." Of scientific knowledge they possess little. Sometimes they are ignorant even of the principles which they attempt to utilize. But the inventor hands over to civilization the piece of mechanism which supplies a conspicuous want, and civilization bestows on him its eulogies and its emoluments.

Beyond all question the usage of civilization in this respect involves an oversight and an injustice. Nearly every invention is an application of one or more abstract principles in pure science. There are machines, indeed, which consist exclusively of combinations of mechanical powers, but many, even of these, must be operated by the steam engine. Undoubtedly the discoverer of the application deserves honor and reward, but, undoubtedly, so does the discoverer of the principle. Very seldom is the inventor the discoverer of a new truth. The truth has been brought to light by some devotee of science, actuated only by the love of truth, and, like Faraday, unwilling to take the

time for money-making. How much nobler a motive than the love of gain which many times (not always) is the sole incentive of the inventor. To the credit of invention be it said, that in some instances the discoverer of the principle is also the discoverer of the application, and his incentive is the welfare of his fellow-beings. Davy, who discovered that flame would not pass through a narrow tube, conceived the meshes of wire gauze to be an assemblage of such tubes, and invented the safety lamp and gave it for the protection of the coal miner. Similarly with Franklin and the lightning-rod.

But the history of some of our most notable inventions exhibits first, a solitary student of the hidden truth of nature, struggling with inadequate means—often poverty itself—bringing to light a new principle, leaving it a legacy to the world, and bequeathing his family dependence and material want; while, secondly, some contemporary or successor, perhaps equally devoted and self-sacrificing, appropriates the principle, applies it to use, takes out a patent and rolls in wealth. However, the relative deserts of him who discovers a principle and him who applies it are not a chief aim in this discussion. I wish only to show the intelligent reader that for the agencies of our beneficent civilization we are indebted to intelligence which lies back of invention, and by its activity created conditions which rendered invention possible.

It would be easy to specify cases; but a little reflection will direct every reader's thought to the underlying principle of any specific invention; and space at present command does not suffice for adequate presentation of particulars. But I offer a few condensed statements. The whole industry in colors and dyeing has been revolutionized by the isolation of alizarin, in 1868, by Graebe and Liebermann, who found it derivable from anthracene. Gun-cotton which, in collodion, so long played an essential part in wet-plate photography, was a result of the laboratory studies of Schönbein in 1845. Nitro-glycerin resulted from the researches prosecuted by Sobrero in 1846 on the interactions of nitric acid and glycerin. After improvements in the preparation by Railton and De Vri, the inventor Nobel produced dynamite by causing nitro-glycerin to be absorbed by charcoal, infusorial

earth, or *magnesia alba*. The importance of dynamite and similar adaptations of nitro-glycerin is apparent when we remember that the improvements of Hell Gate depended on its agency, and that the Sutro Tunnel was beset with insurmountable difficulties until dynamite was introduced. The Sutro Tunnel rendered possible the deep exploitation of mines on the Comstock Lode. Blasting gelatin, more recently introduced, while more manageable, is proving still more efficient. The essential principle in all modern clocks is the isochronous vibration of the pendulum. The clock enters as a factor of utmost importance in the life of our civilization; but its central principle was brought to light by scientific observation generally ascribed to Galileo in 1639. The application of the principle to the measurement of the progress of a "train" was a later invention, claims to which have been set up by several persons living in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Electricity in our times plays a part which has given civilization a marked impulse. Annihilate the electric telegraph, the telephone, the processes of electro-plating, the electrotpe and electric lighting, and we should feel ourselves set back for ages. But note the progressive evolution of the scientific principles on which these inventions are based. Frictional electricity had been known for centuries, when Galvani in 1790, and Volta in 1800, showed that electricity could be excited by chemical action upon certain metals disposed in a particular way. It has since been shown that galvanic electricity is identical with frictional electricity. But its chemical effects far transcend those of ordinary electricity. Water, earths, and alkalis were decomposed as early as 1807. Later, the "battery" has been so improved by Wollaston, Hare, Sturgeon, Smee, Grove, Daniell, Bunsen, L  clanch   and others, that prolonged and efficient currents could be produced. Thus the art of electro-plating sprang up, the first patents for which were taken out in 1840 by Elkington in England and Ruolz in France. Thus also the very important art of electrotpe, invented by Jacobi in 1839, and now extensively employed in the production of copies of wood-engravings.

In 1820, the mutual relations of electricity and magnetism were discovered by Oersted, and the physicists of Europe occu-

pied themselves in investigating the phenomena. Arago first observed the power of a current of electricity to induce magnetism in a bar of soft iron, and the loss of the magnetism on the breaking of the current, though the process might be repeated indefinitely. Thus arose the "temporary magnet," which was turned to account so happily in the electric telegraph, the culmination of a succession of contributions of accessory principles, by Weber and Gauss, Steinheil, who discovered the earth current, Wheatstone, and others. Morse, at length, in 1835, after devising his ingenious alphabet, and contributing the "relay" for the reinforcement of the current, succeeded in the invention of the working electric telegraph; and in 1844 brought it into practical operation. To this time, the scientific principles worked out by a long series of distinguished names, remained comparatively unfruitful; and the sons of science labored without the encouragement of pecuniary reward, or even of popular appreciation. Yet the contributions of this long line of devotees of pure science were the essential prerequisites to the invention of Morse. To whom then belongs the world's homage for the bestowment of this inestimable agency of intelligence, society, business and civilization.

The telephone is fundamentally another outcome of the same body of ideas, with the additional principle, called "microphonic action," supplied through a "transmitter," by Reiss in 1860; improved in application by Yates in 1866; and further improved by Gray and by Bell in 1876. To whom is the world indebted in homage and recompense for the indispensable telephone? We enumerate not less than six scientific principles combined in its production: current or Voltaic electricity; interaction of magnetism and electricity; the temporary magnet; the earth current; microphonic action; the working adaptation of carbon. Who, then, produced the telephone?

Another outcome of the investigations of Oersted, in 1820, was the discovery of a tangential force between an electric current and a magnetic pole. The phenomenon was investigated by Wollaston and Ampère, and the latter subjected it to a beautiful mathematical study, which was productive of further developments. In 1821 Faraday showed that this tangential force

was capable of developing rotary motion, and thus serving as a motive power. One of the first machines in which this principle was applied was the invention of Ritchie in 1833. Practical engines have been invented by Bourbouze, Froment and Daft. Electro-magnetic engines have found use in scientific workshops, in driving telegraphic apparatus, on electric railways, and for other purposes.

In 1824 Arago discovered the magnetism of rotation—or influence of a rotating copper plate on the direction of a magnetic needle suspended over it—a mere isolated phenomenon of no practical value; but when thought out and evolved by skillful experimentation, a principle which led to results of the greatest importance. In 1831 Faraday discovered the principle of induction of electric currents—something which cannot be here explained, but a truth which constituted an essential link in the series of conceptions which led to the construction of magneto-electric machines for the development of great supplies of electricity. The first was invented in 1833 by Pixii. Successive improvements have been suggested by Siemens, Wilde, Wheatstone, Paccinotti, who invented the circular magnet, and Gramme. The principle of the convertibility of electricity into heat and light led to the application of these prolonged currents to the lighting of buildings and streets.

The perfection of telegraphy, duplex and quadruplex, aside from the improvement of batteries, has been achieved in later times through the contribution of new conceptions by Faraday, Kirchhof, Wheatstone, Thomson, Guillemin, Varley, Jenkins, Edison and others. Sir William Thomson and Wheatstone have contributed especially to improve the sensitiveness of galvanometers, and thus to increase their usefulness for the feeble currents of ocean cables. By such means these wonderful bonds of union between the continents have become more manageable and efficient, and especially has the ability been acquired to locate ruptures and effect their prompt repair.

It would require a volume to furnish any adequate exposition of the indebtedness of the great modern inventions to pure science. Without a broad survey, the reader will not be in a position to appreciate the full force of the consideration here pre-

sented. I trust, however, that the few specifications made may throw sufficient light on the genesis of inventions to enable the intelligent reader to understand that an unbroken continuity of dependence reaches from the prosperity and happiness of our daily experience back to inventions which have multiplied a thousand-fold the productiveness of human effort and the sources of human enjoyment, and back still through lines of unostentatious and generally uncompensated investigators who, through terms of years, have contributed to the body of scientific principles which have found their final applications in these splendid and beneficent results.

If this is true, every individual is deeply concerned in the history of scientific ideas; and every one is personally interested in the promotion of discovery in the field of abstract truth. Every newly discovered truth is necessarily, at first, unapplied; but any abstract truth may sooner or later find its application in some human utility. Moreover, in estimating the value of abstract truths, I ought not to fail of mentioning the influence exerted by them on the mind and heart of those who attain to a knowledge and comprehension of them. The ennobling expansion and cultural influence of the contemplation of the truths of nature is, in reality, a greater service rendered by science to mankind than the supply of ideas which fructify in inventions. And this service is rendered equally by those scientific conceptions which develop utility and those which do not.

These thoughts are offered in all seriousness and all earnestness to the prosperous business men of our country. If you are prosperous, what are the conditions which have made you prosperous? Aside from the exercise of your own personal sagacity, is it not true that the basis of your prosperity rests in the scientific principles that underlie the inventions which have placed in your hands the most amazing opportunities for multiplying the efficiency of your personal efforts? You go from your well-furnished home and its "modern improvements," at a convenient hour. You speed by steam, in a few minutes, over the dozen miles, more or less, which separate you from your office. You seat yourself at your table and read the business messages which mail and telegraph have brought you. In response to

one, you ring a little bell and talk with a business house in a distant part of the city, or even in another city. In response to another, you place your thumb on the button communicating with an electric bell, and instantly an attendant is present to receive and transmit your orders. Another button summons a clerk in charge of another branch of your business, and he attends; he receives and, in due time, executes your commands. He writes your letters on chemically prepared paper which makes them manifold. If you deal in stocks or grain or other great market commodities, the telegraph keeps you informed every instant respecting the state of the market in all the great centers of trade. You know what has been done and is doing at this hour in New York, Chicago, London, and Hamburg. You are endowed with a species of omnipresence and omniscience. You decide with a promptness and intelligence which vastly expedite your business and augment your profits. In three or four hours your day's work is accomplished. You have done more than a month's work under the slow *regime* which preceded the epoch of modern inventions. You now steam home to your family, your friends, your pictures, and your books. You take your dinner from decorated porcelain or china and electro-plated ware. Your streets and your neighborhood are illuminated at night by the intense electric light; and you sleep peacefully and soundly under the protection of the electric burglar alarm.

Seriously now, have you considered that all this comfort, all this celerity, all this prosperity had its foundations laid years ago in the unnoticed, patient, prolonged, uncompensated investigations of the man of science in his ill-equipped, or perchance well-equipped laboratory? That is a thing worthy of your consideration. Your own material interests suggest it. If science sowed the seeds of this present prosperity, then science is worthy of remembrance, thanks, reward. Then science is still sowing the seeds of prosperity—who can tell in what form they will germinate and mature? There is reason for fostering the efforts of science to-day, as well as for acknowledgment of indebtedness to the past. Representatives of science as worthy as those who laid the foundations on which we have built, are now at

work. They are laying other foundations ; on these augmented prosperity will be reared.

Unless these be idle reasonings, every consideration prompts to the sedulous promotion of the interests of science. This can be done through considerate appreciation, through the general dissemination of the knowledge of science by means of schools, lectures, and books, by the abolition of the onerous and odious tax on imported scientific works, and most directly by the provision of adequate means for the prosecution of purely scientific inquiries. These may be carried on, as has often been done, in connection with direct practical aims, or through the endowment of pure research by the general or State government, or by the large-minded and philanthropic munificence of individuals.

To choke the fountains of science is to dry the sources of our prosperity. Only the thoughtless will strike at the foundation of that civilization on which they prosper and fatten. Only the ignorant and undiscerning can declare that the acquisition of science is a "mere personal adornment." It is selfishness too blinded for self-preservation which declares that science must take care of itself. It is narrow statesmanship which refuses to provide means for nourishing the sources of the state's prosperity. The man who sneers at science perpetrates a more stupid indignity than he who heaps contempt on his mother.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

NEWSPAPERS GONE TO SEED.

JOURNALISTS naturally resent the recent criticism of the outside world, much of which has been thoughtless and unjust. Men of experience in that profession know that their art, easy as it may seem to those who know nothing of it, is as special as watch-making, and infinitely more difficult. There is no instance known of a man succeeding in creating or sustaining an important newspaper who had not previously served a long and arduous apprenticeship to the vocation. The great journalists of the world have been so few and so famous that their names readily occur to all readers, as well as enough of their history to support this assertion. In truth it is difficult to name one valuable or fruitful journalistic idea which did not originate in one of two newspapers—the "London Times" or the "New York Herald." The captain of a merchant vessel could step ashore and manage the Waltham watch factory with as good a prospect of success as an ordinary educated man could conduct a metropolitan newspaper. Language can scarcely overstate the complicated difficulties of the task of gathering, writing, printing and distributing the history of the human race for one day in one day. Our aggressive and enterprising race has never attempted anything in which success was more improbable. We cannot wonder that honest and able men, working assiduously at this task day by day, should regard with derision or anger the attempts of their readers to give them advice or reproof.

Nothing could excuse it but the public importance of the work they attempt. The daily press is the people's university. Half of the readers of Christendom read little else. If we had to choose which should be destroyed, all our colleges or all our daily papers, we should be obliged to decide that our colleges are of immeasurable value, but that the daily press is indispensable. It is like the water system of a continent, into which every-

thing is thrown, clean and unclean, things fertilizing and things poisonous, demoniac anarchism, gentle philanthropy, scandal, Gladstone, Talmage, Tennyson, Downs and the sawdust thief; but the streams flow on, becoming purer and clearer as they widen and deepen. Gentlemen of the press, therefore, must accept their vocation of public functionaries with all that the character implies. They must expect to be scolded and lectured by persons who know little or nothing of the inner mysteries of their craft.

Unhappy would our case be if we had not forever flowing by us these streams freshly derived from nature's own sky and earth. When I hear of such books as Dr. Shedd's treatise upon Endless Punishment, and of the other doctor of divinity who revives the idea that husband and wife are properly despot and slave, I can find it in my heart to prefer the worst abuses of the press as an antidote and relief. How fatally would the cloister and the college mislead mankind, even at this late period of the world's evolution, were they not subjected to the comparison and criticism of life itself which the newspaper affords them!

Perhaps, of all people in the world, the class which derives least good from journalism are journalists themselves. Absorbed as they are in the most intense and often fascinating labors, they are apt to remain in strange ignorance of the very public to which they minister. They do not hear what the casual and unbiassed reader says of them. They associate too much with their own class, and become too familiar with the materials they handle. They are like medical students who see daily before their eyes the dissected remains of two or three hundred human bodies. What can they know of the many-sided awfulness of death, and the unutterable pangs of bereavement? This is doubtless the true explanation of the seeming heartlessness of the comic headings sometimes placed over the most harrowing recitals of human suffering and depravity. The stranger in the dissecting room stands aghast at the sight of dismembered trunks and dissected limbs; but I have heard of a medical student's holding a piece of pie in one hand and the dissecting-knife in the other, and giving alternate attention to nourishing his own body and cut-

ting up another. The journalist is occupied every hour with events which carry misery and despair to large numbers of his fellow-beings, and he gradually loses all sense of the hideous impropriety which he commits in hot haste at a quarter past one in the morning when he writes at the top of a page of horrors, "Three Bibulous Suicides." If by some miracle the conductors of certain newspapers could read one number of their journals with the reader's eyes, they would turn away with affright; they would either abandon their profession or reform it. I am thinking at this moment of those columns in the weekly edition of a New York paper which ministers to its readers' prurient curiosity, and of that amazing assignation column in a journal of Cincinnati, which is a blot upon the whole valley of the Mississippi.

A few of our most important newspapers are so fortunate as to have connected with them a magnificent loafer, who goes careering around the world in a steam yacht, or spends a large portion of his time in parliament, serving as a connecting link between the journal he represents and the public which it serves. This is a great advantage, but it is not sufficient, because parliament is an exceptional body of men, and human life as viewed from the deck of a steam yacht is exceptional life. When journalism is fully developed and organized, there will be a better vacation system, which will give the absorbed journalist opportunities to mingle freely with his kind outside of the whirling abyss in which he usually revolves. Meanwhile, let him accept with docility any chance suggestion that may reach him concerning the effect of his work upon the public.

The reader who loves the drama has not forgotten Mr. Boucicault's letter or interview on that subject, in which he spoke of the commercial managers who, of all the qualifications requisite for their post, possess only two: capital and a knowledge of business. At the present moment journalism, too, is passing through a similar phase, during which the mere business side of the profession has obtained an enormous and ill-regulated importance. Formerly, the proprietors held a somewhat deferential attitude toward the editors, and any interference on their part with the conduct of the paper was regarded as an impertinence, as if Mr. Booth's manager should presume to say how a certain

passage of Hamlet should be spoken. At the present time, and in many newspaper offices, the writers are nothing, the proprietors are everything.

Observe, for instance, the Sunday issues of some of our morning newspapers. They have acquired, of late, one notable convenience. The family appetite for the newspaper is at no time so keen or so universal as on Sunday morning, when all the household has time to bestow upon its perusal, and when the plans for the coming week both for business and for pleasure are determined by the contents of the newspaper. The new convenience to which I refer is, that the paper, being in half a dozen separate pieces, can be handed around the room, and no member of the household is obliged to wait for his turn. The father may be flattered and put off—if he will submit to it—with the sheet containing the markets, while the mother loses herself in the multitudinous and bewildering expanses of the dry goods advertisements. The young lady seizes the portion containing the theatrical and social news, and the boys fly with fury to the piece exhibiting the base-ball and polo intelligence. And when these are all distributed there will still be a fragment for pious Aunt Mary, who is athirst for the religious news of the week. This is highly conducive to good morals, for we all know what a strain human patience is subjected to in waiting for a paper. Punch's caricature is not forgotten of the man who threw down the "Times" with the remark that there was "nothing in it." "Why the devil did you keep it so long, then?" inquires the other wrathful occupant of the coffee-room. As things are now, the infuriate expectant could be appeased at once by handing him a few leaves of the journal.

The huge mass of paper issued on Sunday morning by way of a newspaper is on many accounts an interesting and important study. A stranger might easily mistake the nature and purpose of this new product of human exertion. He might very naturally, upon a first glance, call to the retreating carrier and say, "We want the morning paper; you have left us the Dry-goods Reporter, or the Jones and Robinson Gazette." It is not merely that the dealers in dry-goods occupy pages in their wild appeals to the human weakness for a bargain. In a land where dry

goods are known to be the foremost interest of human nature, it was to be expected that the men who are so happy as to deal in them should magnify their vocation. But we find in glancing over these sheets that all other interests of man and woman are effaced before them. Their columns exhibit such an exaggeration of type and spacing that everything else in the paper is obscured and must be sought for with diligence. In many instances the upper halves of the columns are all Jones and Robinson, and the public news is huddled in small type at the bottom. Journalism abdicates and abases itself. The subscriber is notified that he is of no account; neither his taste nor his convenience is regarded. The public, for whom the newspaper is supposed to exist, is subjected to a distinct affront. No matter how important the news, no matter what wars are raging, no matter whose nomination is rejected, or how Miss Cleveland has changed the dressing of her hair, nothing is so manifest to the view as that Jones and Robinson are out with a new slaughter in black silks.

It thus appears that journalism, which began its metropolitan development as a convenient bundle of handbills, or *affichés*, is now, after two centuries of prosperous existence, approaching the point from which it started. It threatens to become in 1886 nearly what it was in 1672, *affichés*, each trying to out-flare the other by immensity of type, vehemence of language, and lavish expenditure of space. And it is curious to note, what is frequently observed in bills posted on the wall, that the extravagance of the advertising is proportioned to the insignificance of the object. The Dime Museum swells and sprawls across the page to such an extent that we have to take a magnifying glass to find out which is the opera for the next matinée.

All this is rendered more confusing now that several newspapers, supposed to be well-established and strong, have begun to still further reduce the value of advertising by joining in the struggle for display. They have become themselves dealers in merchandise. Being masters of the situation, they insert the list of their commodities just where it will catch most eyes, just where it will most disfigure their sheet and most lower the value of their customers' advertising. From a pocket dictionary to a

grand piano—they cast their net for every variety of fish. No one would suppose, on viewing a large warehouse filled with merchandise of all sorts, with a numerous corps of porters, packers, clerks, and cartmen, that it was the publication office of a morning newspaper.

The sheets which minister in a subordinate way to these and other warehouses call themselves newspapers, and the vigorous gentlemen who issue them style themselves journalists. But, gentlemen, this is not journalism; it is bill-posting! The news is your pretext; your reality is merchandise. Continue your business as long as you find it profitable, but do not mistake its character. Your abdication makes room and prepares the way for the true and final journalist, who will abjure the paste-pot and the brush, and concentrate his attention upon his proper office of giving the news of the morning with intelligent and patriotic elucidations of the same. I see in these newspapers gone to seed the approaching end of the advertisers' corrupting dominion, and the emancipation of the editor from the degrading thralldom of the commercial "Old Man" in the counting-room.

When I venture to suggest to a veteran journalist that the next great movement in the evolution of his noble art will be to cut loose from advertising altogether, he bestows upon me a smile of more or less polite derision. He denies the possibility of such a thing, and time may prove him to be right. No morning newspaper has ever yet existed without advertising, and it is very probable that if any one should try the experiment at this moment the failure would be signal and speedy. There is a time for all things. The chestnuts that defy the exertions of the boys in the middle of September come rustling down of their own accord after the first sharp frost of October.

Let us consider this matter for a moment. I will not go into figures, for there is nothing so deceptive as the schemer's preliminary arithmetic. We have an example before us which indicates the possibility of journalism, pure and simple. I can remember the time when failure was predicted of Mr. Robert Bonner's bold experiment of publishing the popular weekly magazine of the United States, the "New York Ledger," at a very low price, without the aid of advertisements. Here was a

periodical conducted at an expense rarely paralleled, paying more for original matter than any literary periodical of the kind then existing in America, to be wholly supported by its readers. They were indeed numerous, but not more numerous than the attainable subscribers of a daily paper—not as numerous as the daily purchasers of the “Petit Journal” of Paris, at this moment. We can scarcely place a limit to the circulation of a daily paper in the United States, conducted by a true journalist, who should also be a virtuous man and a true patriot. The field is boundless. Our papers are now limited by those miserable moral faults, which every one deplures except the conductors, who can count the few thousands whom brutality attracts, but not the hundreds of thousands whom it drives away.

The proprietor of the “Ledger,” it is said, first thought of reducing the number of advertisements to a single column, and charging ten dollars a line, which could easily have been obtained. Rejecting this idea, he is said (I know not with what truth) to have considered the scheme of admitting one advertisement each week, and charging a thousand dollars for it. After maturely weighing the subject he determined, with a sagacity never to be too much admired, to discard entirely the illegitimate and corrupting aid of the advertiser, and trust wholly to his readers for support. After adhering to this system for a quarter of a century, he has not yet found reason to question its soundness. A gentleman who can gratify a taste for a fast horse at an expense of forty thousand dollars, and to keep it up for half a life-time, cannot have made any serious error in the fundamental scheme of his business. Moreover, he has the comfort of knowing that in twenty-five years the disturbing influence of the advertiser has not once been felt in his columns, where nothing has ever appeared except for the reason that it was for the interest or pleasure of the reader to have it there. This would be remarkable if the paper was indebted for its material to the scissors alone. It becomes a highly important fact, pregnant with significance for the future, when we find that nothing is ever printed in it which is not prepared expressly for it.

I would not make too much of this instance, because a

weekly magazine of popular literature and a morning paper of news gathered on the instant from all quarters of the globe, are very different enterprises. Nevertheless, the permanent success of Mr. Bonner's experiment has a certain bearing upon the question of the mere possibility of such a journal.

Consider further that the newspapers which have recently gone into the bill-posting business so extensively are engaged in the work of killing the fat goose that lays their golden egg. They are destroying the value of advertising. When they insert an enormous, overshadowing advertisement of an imaginary city in Florida, or an equally imaginary dry goods "slaughter," they not only deter and frighten away the modest business man, who may well despair of being seen in such an explosion of typography, but they compel the massive advertiser to go on increasing his vociferation, which he does, as I am informed, without a corresponding increase in price. The louder the trumpeters blow, the louder they must blow. Meanwhile, the vulgarity of the strife offends the passer-by, and repels the people whose good will is most desirable. It has come already to be a valuable distinction in business circles not to advertise at all. The huge display is felt to be a confession of inferiority, and the wiser purchaser prefers and seeks out the establishments which serve the public well without saying anything about it, and without adding to the price of commodities a percentage to pay the cost of multitudinous advertising. Does not this prepare the way for throwing off the incubus? Does it not hasten the time when it shall become safe for journalism to be an intellectual profession, depending for support upon its own public?

The impending impotence of advertising is proclaimed by every newspaper which admits advertisements under the guise of reading matter. Within the memory of persons still alive, the word *communicated* was honestly placed at the end or the beginning of all such matter. Sometimes the still honester word *advertisement* was used. These truth-speaking words were speedily clipped and reduced to their first syllable, until now they have almost disappeared. How many morning newspapers are there in the United States which cannot be induced to insert

advertisements which pretend not to be advertisements? I believe there is one. I think there are two. I have been credibly informed that there are three. It is certain that the number is very small, and it is this all but universal corruption which necessitates a radical change in the journalism of this country.

The reader has doubtless observed something of the sudden and great development of the "trade papers," as they are called, such as the "Hatter's Gazette," the "Barber's Journal," the "Painter and Glazier," the "Builder," the "Patent Medicine Repository," not to mention the professional organs, such as the Medical, School, and Law journals. Journalists themselves have now their organ in the "Journalist" of New York. Such periodicals are now doing a very large portion of the legitimate advertising of the country, and doing it more cheaply and effectively than could be done by any general newspaper. The announcement of a new barber's implement reaches, through the "Barber's Journal," a large portion of the best barbers of the country in a few days, and this system is so manifestly convenient that it will probably continue to relieve the daily newspaper more and more. We have only to imagine the present tendencies in business to continue in operation a few years longer, and it requires no great faith or insight to believe in the early emancipation of journalism from the advertiser's despotic and lowering domination.

What an elegant and valuable product of human endeavor a morning paper will be, when at length it is able to confine itself to its proper task of giving the morning news, with comments simply elucidating, free from party bias and business complication! Such a journal will be small in size, inviting preservation as a handy record of the time—say, eight to twelve not large pages, in liberal type, on good firm paper, rationally arranged and amply indexed. When superfluous matters are omitted and the news is given with brevity and simplicity, commented upon with real knowledge and insight, the numbers for a month or a quarter will make a truly desirable volume to add to a family's printed treasures. As things now are, the newspaper has almost lost its value as a record of the passing time. Few houses are large enough to admit of such a serious

addition to their encumbrances, and in the absence of an index, what can be found in a newspaper after the lapse of a few months? With right journalism every family could have and retain through its whole existence a vivid history of the period, the value of which would increase with every year. During the late war, I saved one or two papers each day and all their extras, intending to preserve them. Folded once, they made a pile ten feet high. The task of assorting and binding this mountain mass was fearful to contemplate, and it remains to this day unaccomplished. The essential journalism, even of that stirring period, could have been of manageable extent and precious to the latest posterity.

It is, indeed, a thing to be specially noted, that what is essential to daily journalism does not require a great expanse of paper. Mr. Emerson observed that his morning paper gave him every day one piece of news. The well-edited weekly editions of papers published in some of our cities of the third and fourth rank, contain all the news of passing events which an intelligent person needs or wishes to know. The sturdy old Bostonian who boasts of reading no other newspaper than the weekly edition of the "London Times," claims that nothing of real importance escapes him, even of events occurring in his own New England, and he is strictly correct in saying that his favorite paper has not once violated any of the decorums of civilized life, and has never once spoken of a human being with personal disrespect. Place side by side the weekly edition of the "London Times" and the weekly editions of some of our New York and Chicago journals! What an agonizing contrast!

JAMES PARTON.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

WE live under a republican form of government, where the rights of the citizen are supposed to be jealously guarded by law. Leaving out some limitations on the right of voting, which will readily occur to every reader, the statement is correct. The political rights of the individual are on the whole well secured and maintained; but these are not sufficient to confer social happiness. Political rights enable a man to have a voice in deciding what persons shall rule over him, and make and execute the laws of the country. But his political well-being may be relatively perfect while his social well-being is constantly vexed and tormented by certain peculiarities in the organization, or rather disorganization, of his household. He votes at certain times and at certain places once, twice, or thrice a year, and the annual expenditure of time in exercising this august privilege of the freeman is hardly an hour; but—taking man and wife as one—as soon as he proudly leaves the polls and enters his own house, he is no longer an independent citizen of a “great and glorious country,” but an abject serf, utterly dependent on the caprices of his domestics, or, as they are ironically named, his “help.” He finds his wife the victim of an intolerable tyranny, which presses on her every day and almost every hour, exerting her energies in often vain attempts to put down an insurrection in the kitchen, or to conciliate the insurgents. He may have been during the day threatened by a strike of the laborers in his workshop, and have used all the resources of his patience, intelligence, and character in so adjusting matters that his men, being reasonable beings, agree to a compromise between labor and capital, which does justice to both. When he arrives at his house he encounters a conflict in which sullen stupidity, or vociferous stupidity, each insensible to reason, is engaged in battle with the “lady of the house.” This last conflict is too much for him; he commonly succumbs with the meekness of a galley slave, and with a rueful

countenance tries to eat his half-done potatoes and over-done beefsteak with the solemn composure of a martyr at the stake.

It is important here to note that this is not a question of equality. The nominal master and mistress of the house may be just and humane, considerate of the rights of others, and sensitive not to wound their feelings; but they have to submit to the mortifying fact that the object of their help is to render them helpless; that a despotism is established in their house; and that their tyrants are their hired servants. There is more or less resistance going on for a time, but the autocracy of the kitchen is firmly established in the end. Frequent changes of help do little good. One spirit seems to animate the whole class. The new-comers announce, in true monarchical fashion: "The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!" Those who are dismissed find comfort, as they depart, in hearing this triumphant strain from the lips of their successors. They glow with the thought that the household from which they are expelled will still be taught to know that domestic life is indeed a "fretful fever;" that the art of "slaughtering a giant with pins" is not yet extinct in the world; and that the process of converting homes into hells is as well understood by the incoming as by the outgoing denizens of the house.

There is a story going the round of the newspapers to this effect, that a wife, after reading the report of Queen Victoria's speech, told her husband she was now a convert to woman suffrage, as the queen had made as good a speech as a king. Her husband objected on the ground that Victoria, like the rest of her sex, when she says anything always makes a mess of it. "Look," he continued, "at the Irish——" "Yes," she retorted, "look at the Irish. If she had half the trouble with her Bridgets that I have, who blames her——" "But that is a matter of statesmanship, and not of domestic affairs," was his response. Her reply was crushing: "My dear, it requires statesmanship to run domestic affairs. You just try it." Probably this excellent stateswoman, with her power of managing refractory tempers and enforcing necessary rules, must often have been beaten in her efforts to maintain her persuasive or belligerent supremacy—must have sometimes sighed as she heard what Hood calls

that "wooden damn" with which Bridget, after a reproof, slams the door as she descends to the realms she rules, and heard, with a sinking of the heart, the crash of crockery (sworn to be accidental) which occurred soon afterward. In fact, no statesman or stateswoman has yet solved the problem—and it may be that it is a problem impossible to be solved by human skill and intelligence—how to harmonize the relations between those who hire and those who are hired, so that persons of limited incomes can have a comfortable home. Take the majority of modest householders, who set up housekeeping on fifteen hundred or twenty-five hundred a year, and ask them, after twenty years' experience of the petty miseries attendant on their employment of one or two domestics, the terrible pessimistic question: "Is life worth living?" and it is to be feared that their answer would be a sorrowful or splanetic or passionate "No!"

More than half a century ago, Colonel Hamilton, one of the officers who won their laurels in Wellington's campaigns in Spain and Portugal, published a book which he called "Men and Manners in America." He criticised both our men and manners with a caustic severity such as might have been predicted when a bigoted Scotch tory assailed the people and institutions of a republic. His work exasperated almost every American who read it, and Edward Everett never wrote a more popular paper than his scorching criticism of it in the "North American Review." The book is now forgotten. Still one sentence in it survives in the memories of antiquarians, and it is this: "In an American dinner party, the first dish served up is the roasted mistress of the house." It is to be supposed that the author only condescended to dine with persons distinguished by their opulence or official position; and it seems to prove that domestic service, fifty or sixty years ago, in the mansions of the rich was as much in a state of anarchy, owing to the incompetence or ill temper of the cook and her assistants, as it is now in humbler dwellings. Indeed, who has not occasionally seen, at ordinary dinner parties where no aristocratic Colonel Hamilton is present, the flaming countenance of the mistress of the house, as she takes her seat at the head of the table, indicating how hard has been her contest with her "help?"

But at the time a Mrs. Schuyler, or a Mrs. Adams, or a Mrs. Quincy may have appeared to the British guest as a victim to the incompetency of her cook, a representative of the great house of Devonshire was subject to a tyranny of another kind. The duke happened to be prejudiced against port wine, which those who were admitted to his great dinner parties preferred to other wines. The duke's butler, knowing his master's taste, provided the best champagne and claret that could be purchased in Europe, but bought the worst port he could find at a low price, and charged the duke at the price which was notoriously demanded by wine dealers for the best. The imposition was successful for years. Nobody who was invited to the dinners of a duke could dare to remonstrate against the liquid logwood they swallowed as port. At last one friend had the courage to tell the duke that his butler was a rascal. The result was an investigation of the facts; the offending servant was ignominiously dismissed; but not until he had amassed a comfortable amount of some two or three thousand pounds as a compensation for his disgrace.

This is a pertinent illustration of the difference between our domestics and those of England. People are never tired of berating ours as barbarians, and contrasting them with those of England, who are thoroughly tamed and trained, and do their work with exemplary skill and propriety. In the great houses of England most of the servants are sycophantic and crafty, bending their knees in prostrate adoration before the "gentry" they serve, but at the same time taking every secure opportunity to pick their pockets. An English servant of an English noble is apt to be the most ignoble of men.

But the female English domestic is the ideal of many American women who can afford to hire one. The history and literature of England show the incorrectness of this assumption. Take the literature of England from the time of Charles the Second, and you will find that a majority of the clear-sighted dramatists and novelists represent the servant maids as the obedient accomplices of their mistresses in every questionable act they do, but plundering those whom they serve. Even to the present day one can hardly enter a theater without finding the pert

and unscrupulous chambermaid of the comedy to be a lively combination of liar and trickster, an expert in effrontery, malice and mischief, and destitute equally of the sense of honor and the sense of shame.

In the last century, Fielding condensed the whole class in his Mrs. Slipsop. "My betters!" she indignantly exclaims, "who is my betters, pray?" As to the large question of domestic service, Dickens and Thackeray, in our own generation, have shown what people have to endure in the continual hostility between the kitchen and the drawing-room. David Copperfield, when he has won the adorable Dora, his "child wife," is daily tormented by the doings and misdoings of the wretches she employs as servants, and whom the adorable Dora is utterly incapable of converting into "help;" and, in the household of Mr. Dombey, what a picture is presented of the kitchen aristocracy of the mansion in which the great merchant dwells, and in which he has the pretension to believe that he is the lord and master! How is he looked down upon, when he fails, by the meanest menial whose business it is to scrub the floors of his house! Indeed, the description of the assembly of Mr. Dombey's domestics, when it is known that the firm of Dombey & Son has fallen into cureless ruin, is one of Dickens's masterpieces. Thackeray, in all his novels, seems to be haunted with the idea of the utter falsity of English domestics, from the august butler of the palatial mansion down to the wench who does the lowest work of the cheap boarding-house. He is never more cynical than when he records the scandalous and unfavorable judgments delivered by the tenants of the kitchen on their masters and mistresses. One would hesitate, indeed, to undertake the forming of a household in England, if he were dolorously impressed by Thackeray's monitions as to the essential antagonism between those who dwelt below the drawing-room and those who dwelt in the room itself. The two, being separated by distinction of caste, can rarely have with each other cordial human relations. There may be formal subordination and obedience on the part of the servants; but hate, envy, uncharitableness, rankle beneath the mask of sycophancy they wear.

Much has been written about realistic fiction as distinguished

from fiction which is eminently unrealistic; and English novelists who belong to the latter class are still prone to push upon the attention of their readers a revival of the old feudal relation between mistress and maid. It seems from these novels that they are bound together by the ties of mutual affection. The mistress condescends to make her maid her confidante, confides to her all her griefs and joys, and is rewarded for her protecting kindness by awakening in the bosom of her maid a sentiment of love which is entirely independent of self-interest. The husband of the lady is ruined by a trusted friend, who proves to be a villain, or he is made a bankrupt by some unfortunate speculation, or he is suspected of a crime which compels him to fly from his home and country—at any rate he dies forever or disappears for a time. The disconsolate wife or widow calls the roll of her “pampered minions;” pays them their wages up to the day of their separation, and they depart from the house with an ill-concealed scorn of their ruined employer; but one aged domestic remains. She protests that she will never leave her mistress. She will serve her without wages. Nay, all the money she has saved up for a series of years shall be forthcoming at this moment of financial distress in the household; and ends by flinging herself into the arms of her dejected mistress, and, in a flood of tears, declares that she will never desert her beloved mistress—never! never!! never!!! Three points of admiration hardly do justice to the pathos of the scene. Scores of novels might be named in which it is rehearsed to the immense satisfaction of sentimental readers, who would never do anything of the kind themselves. Practical people are now apt to consider this disinterested, this sublime self-devotion of the feminine servant to the feminine employer as something bordering on the unreal, so far as their experience goes. Perhaps some of them are malicious enough to remember Mrs. Micawber’s repeated statement to David Copperfield, when the hot punch was passed around the table, that, despite the injurious opinions which her distinguished relations had formed of her husband’s capacity to get an honest living for himself and family, she would never desert Mr. Micawber—never, never, never!

Indeed, persons of limited incomes, whether poets, scientists,

mechanics, clerks, or philanthropists, are commonly subjected, and always have been subjected to the tyranny of domestics, without regard to their place of residence in one country or another. Neither genius, nor integrity, nor virtue, nor fame, nor saintliness of character, can check a virago's tongue when she condescends to enter a comparatively poor man's home, after she has served an apprenticeship, even as scullion, in the mansion of a millionaire. Perhaps nothing could better illustrate this fact than to cite an instance from the biography of one of the most prominent poets of the century. Thomas Campbell, after publishing "The Pleasures of Hope," and many immortal lyrics, such as "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic," which had thrilled the whole nation, settled down in Sydenham with his wife and child—poor, but with a great and wide poetical fame. In a letter to another immortal, Walter Scott, he humorously narrates a comic epic which had occurred in his own home. It seems that he hired a cook, recommended to him as faithful and sober, who had been, with her husband, for many years on board of a man-of-war. In the course of seven weeks, however, she developed her real character, and went from bad to worse. "One fatal day," Campbell says, "she fell upon us in a state of insane intoxication, venting cries of rage like an insane bacchanalian, and tagged to our names all the opprobrious epithets the English language supplies. An energetic mind, in this state of inflammation, and a face naturally Gorgonian, kindled to the white heat of fury, and venting the dialect of the damned, were objects sufficiently formidable to silence our whole household. The oratrix continued imprecations till I locked up my wife, child and nurse to be out of her reach, and descending to the kitchen, paid her wages, and thrust her forthwith out of my doors, she howling with absolute rage. During the dispute, she cursed us for hell-fire children of brimstone, whose religion was the religion of cats and dogs. I asked the virago what was her religion, since her practice was so devout. 'Mine,' says she, 'is the religion of the Royal Navy,' at the same time showing a prayer-book. After vainly trying to set the house on fire, this curious devotee set off for London on the top of a stage coach, cursing as she went."

It seems to us that this is a typical scene. It has been witnessed since by so many small householders, that it is needless to remind them that a certain element of ceremonial religion mixes with the ribaldry and blasphemy of such domestics. "Mine," the drunken brute exclaims, "is the religion of the Royal Navy." All persons who have borne an active part in turning such creatures out of their houses must have noticed that a vague sense of formal piety finds utterance in their wild maledictions; still it is a piety which comforts itself in predicting sure future damnation to the masters or mistresses who call it forth. But perhaps the worst of the matter is, that such domestic hornets develop the habit of swearing in employers who previously had shown no tendency to the vice. Indeed, to many heads of families a course of housekeeping is a school of profanity.

The domestic service of the United States is mostly composed of immigrants who differ from their employers in race, manners, and religion. In one of the most splendid orations of Edward Everett, he happily contrasted the peaceful emigrants who came from Ireland, Germany, and other European countries to settle here, with the descent of the barbarians on the Roman Empire. The former came to increase enormously the wealth and productive power of the nation they peacefully invaded; the warlike mission of the latter was to destroy and devastate what the genius and industry of former centuries had accumulated. The former came to create new capital; the latter to annihilate the capital which had previously been added to the stores of civilization. Indeed, the immense debt which we owe to what is called foreign labor—though laborers from abroad are so swiftly assimilated into the mass of our citizens, that the word foreign hardly applies to them—is practically incalculable. It has been for some time considered that the yearly additions to our population from this source is, in a great degree, an index of our advancing prosperity.

There are evils resulting from this rush of new powers and influences into the rapid stream of our American life, but the evils are overcome in time by counterbalancing good. It certainly is provoking to have a few foreign socialists, escaping perhaps from

the prisons of their native countries, or from the fear of being imprisoned in them, coming to this land of liberty and labor, and in corner groceries and lager beer saloons announcing the doctrine that laborers cannot get their rights, unless they begin their crusade against capital by robbery, arson and murder ; but it is hard to convince a workman who really works, that he is to become better off by destroying the palpable and permanent monuments of previous generations of laborers, such as houses, mills, railroads and other evidences of labor capitalized. Indeed, the belligerent socialist is merely a reproduction of Attila and Alboin, acting a part which is foreign to our present civilization.

This is one side of foreign immigration, its beneficent side. The other side relates to the mothers, daughters, and sisters of the inflowing host, who "go out to service," and who control most of the business. The gradual disappearance of American girls from service in families, is a calamity both to themselves and the public, and it is based on an absurd prejudice that they lower their position and forfeit their independence in doing what they call menial work. They accordingly rather prefer to labor in factories, or swell the crowd of half-starved sewing women, than to gain board, lodging, and good wages in a private family. The result is that the Irish, German, and Swedish women, who have had no education qualifying them for the business of cooks and general household work, learn their duties by experimenting on the meats given them to prepare for the table, and on the floors and carpets they are to scrub or sweep. This Kindergarten system results in educating them at last into domestics, but it is at the expense of a great breaking of crockery, a series of burnt steaks and chops which are uneatable, and a trial of the employer's patience, which gradually results in nervous prostration. The servants undoubtedly follow the Baconian theory that knowledge is obtained by observation and experiment, but their experiments resemble those of the Irish pilot, who, after remarking to the captain of the ship that the coast was full of sunken rocks, casually added as the vessel struck, "and that is one of 'em !"

It would be a lesson in the study of human nature to note all the varieties of experience which the mistress of a house passes

through when one servant, who has been educated in this way, departs, and another, who has also obtained an approximate idea of what good housekeeping means, applies for the vacant place. There is no form of "interviewing" more prolific than this of incidents illustrating the conflicts and collisions of adverse specimens of human character. There, for instance, is the interesting invalid, who is bullied and browbeaten by the energetic virago who storms into the house, demands the wages which she thinks her services are worth, obtains them, and then dominates the household, reigning supreme until the master of the establishment is compelled to interfere, and dismisses her with words that savor more of strength than of righteousness. The list might go on to include the fretful, the economical, the bad-tempered, the shrewd, the equitable, the humane female heads of households that require help, but find it difficult to procure from those who offer it. Perhaps it would be well to condense and generalize the whole matter in dispute by citing an example in which the applicant for a situation was confronted by a woman who had a touch of humor in her composition. In all the dignity of second-hand finery, resplendent with Attleboro' diamonds and rubies which must have cost at the least a quarter of a dollar a gem, the towering lady sweeps into the parlor, and demands a sight of the lady of the house. The meek lady of the house appears. "I understand you want a second girl to do the house-work." "Yes," is the gentle response. The high contracting parties forthwith proceed to discuss the terms of the treaty, by which the claimant for the office of second-girlship will condescend to accept the place, stating her terms, her perquisites, and her right to have two or three evenings of every week at her own disposal when her engagements will compel her to be absent from the house. The reply is, "It seems to me, if we comply with your terms, it would be better for my husband and myself to go out to service ourselves, for we never have had such privileges as you claim." "That is nothing to me. I have lived in the most genteel families of the city, and have always insisted on my rights in this matter. By the way, have you any children?" "Yes, I have two." "Well, I object to children." "If your objections, madam, are insuperable, the children can easily be killed."

"Oh! you are joking, I see. But I think I will try you for a week to see how I can get along with you." The curt response is: "You shall not try me, but the one minute which elapses between your speedy descent from those stairs, and your equally speedy exit from the door." The high contracting parties being unable, under the circumstances, to formulate a treaty agreeable to both, the applicant for the vacant place disappears in a fury of rage.

It may be said that this is a caricature of what actually occurs in such interviews and encounters; but it has an essential truth underneath its seeming exaggeration. In almost all the professions and occupations in which men are engaged, the supply is commonly more than equal to the demand. In domestic service the supply of intelligently trained servants is notoriously far short of the demand. One must notice the readiness with which clubs, of late, are formed, for advancing all imaginable causes which can arrest the attention of intelligent, patriotic, philanthropic men. They meet weekly, fortnightly or monthly, at some hotels noted for their excellent method of cooking the fish and flesh which are daily on the dinner tables of the members, but cooked on a different method. The Sunday newspapers report the effusions of eloquence which the Saturday meetings call forth. The clubs multiply also with a rapidity which puzzles ordinary observers to account for their popularity. Perhaps a simple reason may be timidly ventured as an explanation of this phenomenon. Men who are classed as prosperous citizens like a good dinner, which they cannot get at home, and at stated periods they throng to a hotel, where the Lord sends the meats, and at the same time prevents the devil from sending the cooks.

It will be said that this attack on the present disorganization of our domestic service is one-sided. It is. Doubtless much may be urged in reply, arraigning the conduct of employers, and defending that of the employees. Many evils of the present relations between the two might be averted by a mutual understanding of each other's motives and aims. Still the previous education of domestics, not only in the enlightenment of their minds, but in the regulation of their tempers, is the pressing need at pres-

ent. If some charitable person should start a College for the Education of Female Domestics, its success in increasing human happiness would prompt others to follow in his lead. Such a college might turn out thousands on thousands of competent servants every three or four months. The diplomas it would give would command attention at once; and the way now followed, of sending to the girl's "references" and receiving evasive replies, would be discountenanced. It would also give all classes of domestics a great lift in social estimation; the certificates, that they have graduated with honor in such colleges, would be equivalent to the B.A. or A.M. of colleges of another sort, when a young student applies for the position of schoolmaster in a country town or village. At any rate, a vast mass of unnecessary misery in families might be prevented, and a large addition made to the stock of human happiness.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

IS ROMANISM A BAPTIZED PAGANISM ?

POE did not mention the names of all the company present on that famous evening when an Egyptian mummy came to life in the midst of the social group, and talked so eloquently about the industrial wonders which we moderns have imagined to be the discoveries of our own civilization, but which he showed were the familiar triumphs of the land of the Pharaohs. Suffice it to say, without betraying any confidences, that the day after that memorable entertainment some of the company found themselves in the Eternal City, by the agency of a certain "Atlantic Instantaneous Transportation Company, Limited;" which has not yet laid its prospectus before the public, and whose secret, a secret wrapped up in the awe that envelops the Keely Motor, may not therefore be divulged to the uninitiate. In this little company were an Ultramontane Priest, a Broad Church Parson, and a Westerner who swore by (and after) the great prophet of America, the *ir*Rev. Dr. Ingot-soll, together with the resurrected Egyptian who, in the course of the unrecorded conversation of the preceding evening, had disclosed himself as equally at home among the antiquities of religion. This cultivated, traveled cosmopolitan of the ancient world had manifested a great curiosity concerning the ecclesiastical rites and usages of the religion that he found in possession of the world upon which he had so strangely reopened his eyes; and this extemporized jaunt was the result of that curiosity. We were walking one of the well-known streets of Rome on our way toward a certain church—a church, however, which no reader of these pages need consult his "Murray" to locate, until he has first found and studied that typical plant of which Goethe saw hints in the flora of Weimar—when the conversation began that, as taken from the memoranda of one of the party, is sketched in the brief narration which follows: for brevity's sake, the *dramatis personæ* being somewhat

cavalierly indicated simply as Pagan, Ecclesiastic, Broad Churchman and Philistine.

On our way, Pagan asked what we called the day. We told him that it was Sunday; "which," observed Broad Churchman, "was set apart by the edict of Constantine as a period of 'rest on the venerable day of the Sun.'" On his asking what were the other festivals of the Church, Ecclesiastic ran rapidly over the Kalendar, with such comments as these from Pagan: "'Christmas'—our old Saturnalia; 'Easter'—the most ancient festival of the spring; 'Candlemas Day'—one of our joyous feasts in honor of the goddess Neith, observed as I note on the very day marked for it in your Christian Kalendar; 'Lady Day'—the old-time day of 'the Mother of the Gods,' also on the same date as our ancient festival; 'the Festival of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary'—our Roman Festival of the Miraculous Conception of the Blessed Virgin Juno, again upon the same date which the ancient world observed." Pagan wanting to know somewhat of the saints of the Kalendar, Ecclesiastic chanced to dilate upon the story of St. Josaphat; of which he remarked: "Why this is none other than the legend of the Buddha himself."

As we passed along, the attention of our friend was drawn to various churches, and he was observed to inspect the inscriptions somewhat curiously; quietly remarking before one *façade*, "This looks as though the old Pagan legend had been Christianized by very slight touches. 'To the Divinity of St. George the Availing, the Powerful, the Unconquered' is plainly the old inscription, 'To the Divinity of Mercury the Availing, the Powerful, the Unconquered,' with 'Mercury' erased and 'St. George' carved in."

The form of many of these churches attracted Pagan's notice. "Here," he observed, "are the old Roman basilicas, those great halls of trade and commerce and justice, transformed into Christian churches." Arriving at last before the church to which we were bound, he paused to examine the external aspect. "It is cruciform," he observed, "as were many of the old world temples. When the great temple of Serapis, in our own Alexandria, was demolished, beneath its foundation was discovered a cross.

Your church faces east, as did our sacred temples, to receive the rays of the rising sun." The first thing which arrested his attention on entering was the font of holy water by the door. Ecclesiastic having explained its use, Pagan observed: "We had in many of our temples similar fonts of holy water, with the same significance. Worshipers washed their hands in them, on entering, admonishing themselves to come forward with pure minds to the service of the gods."

We then proceeded, at our friend's request, to examine more carefully the symbolism of the building, as presented everywhere on walls and columns. "Triangle and trefoil," he remarked, "are copied from the ancient temples, in which they were used to symbolize the mystery of the Divine Trinity in Unity. This Dove was likewise commonly used in the ancient churches as a symbol of the Divine Spirit. The Sacred Heart we had also. Horus, the Egyptian Virgin-born Saviour, was pictured carrying the Sacred Heart upon his breast. Vishnu and Bel were depicted in the same manner. Those three letters 'I. H. S.' formed the monogram of Bacchus. The curious oval frames in which I observe pictures of some divine woman"—"*Vesica piscis* we call the symbol," interposed Ecclesiastic—"these also were in our temples. They assure me of what I had already suspected, from many of the symbols which I have observed, that very much of your symbolism in this Christian church, however little you may suspect it, is drawn from that most ancient and most curious form of religion known as Phallicism. Your devout worshipers would surely be astonished and possibly revolted if they knew the original significance of these Phallic symbols. I presume you have spiritualized them as our devout priests had done in my time."

Pursuing our inspection of the sacred building, we came upon a peasant woman on her knees, counting her beads. "Such beads or rosaries," Pagan remarked, "were used by Buddhist monks. There were rosaries consisting of one hundred and eight beads, sometimes made from bones of departed saints; each rosary representing a special prayer." "Ours have one hundred and fifty beads, each one representing an Ave or Pater noster," observed Ecclesiastic. "We had also re-

liquaries," continued Pagan, "in which sacred relics were kept, similar to these which I observe here. In one place in India, Buddha's robe was kept—probably quite as authentic a relic as the 'holy coat of Treves,' of which you have just told me. I do not think, however, that your priests have as yet come up to that magnificent relic of the Buddha, the shadow of Gautama, which was preserved in a certain cave, and which could only be seen by the faithful. These amulets or charms which your people wear are very much like those which were in use in my time. This church abounds in images and idols, as unfortunately did our temples; and, by the way, many of these figures are most certainly our old gods rebaptized. That St. Peter is surely a statue of Jupiter, with the keys in the place of the thunderbolt. Some of these images of your Christ seem to be our Apollo and Orpheus renamed. This 'Black Virgin,' as you call it, which certain of your people seem to reverence so highly, I am sure, from the inspection that I have made of it, is nothing more nor less than one of our old basalt figures of Isis. We did not have such boxes as these which you call 'Confessionals;' and from what you tell me of their uses I am very glad we did not have them; but we had a better form of confession: a public acknowledgment of wrong-doing in the temples—a most salutary observance which kings were known to be manly enough to use."

While waiting for the chief event of the day we rested ourselves in some of the stiff-back chairs of the great church. Groups of monks and nuns caught Pagan's eye, and on being informed concerning them he observed: "A very old institution this of Monasticism. Buddhism had most fully developed it. In one city alone there were more than one hundred monasteries and ten thousand nuns and novices. Our own Egypt had developed quite extensively the cenobitic form of monasticism. I am not sure but your very word 'nun' is of Eastern origin."

Some casual reference having been made to the rite of exorcism, Pagan asked for further information concerning it. Ecclesiastic showed him a ritual by Paul V., as revised by Benedict XIV., which he proceeded to compare with the Kabalistic ritual that had been familiar to the initiates of Judaism and Paganism;

pointing out the singularly close parallelisms which held between the two forms of service, as follows :

Kabalistic ritual for the exorcism of salt :

"Priest-Magician blesses the salt, and says : Creature of salt, in thee may remain the wisdom (of God); and may it preserve from all corruption our minds and bodies. Through Hochmael (God of Wisdom) and the power of Ruach-Hochmael (the Holy Spirit) may the spirits of matter before it recede.—Amen."

Roman ritual for the exorcism of salt :

"The Priest blesses the salt, and says: Creature of salt, I exorcise thee in the name of the living God. Become the health of the soul and of the body! Everywhere where thou art thrown may the unclean spirit be put to flight.—Amen."

At this point our friend's notice was drawn to a shrine of Mary, in which was one of the familiar representations of the sacred Mother and Child. He seemed greatly pleased with this. "The virgin-mother," he said, "was common to various ancient religions. India had Maya, the virgin-mother of Buddha, and Devaki, the virgin-mother of Christna; each of whom was represented by art in the great temples as holding her divinely born son in her arms, in forms that might well take the place of this Christian Mary. The Egyptian Isis had the same character, and was pictured after the same fashion. She was even represented, as your Mary appears, standing on the crescent moon, with twelve stars about her head. The artistic resemblance is so close that, unless your historians can trace your traditional picture of Mary quite thoroughly, it seems to me quite probable that it was drawn bodily from our Egyptian representation of Isis." In answer to a request for further information concerning the offices of worship addressed to the mother of God, Ecclesiastic showed him the Litany of our Lady of Loretto, between which and the Hindu Litany of our Lady Nari and the Egyptian Litany of Our Lady Isis he proceeded to institute a comparison, some of the more notable features of which are as follows :

HINDU.	EGYPTIAN.	ROMAN CATHOLIC.
Litany of our Lady Nari: Virgin.	Litany of our Lady Isis: Virgin.	Litany of our Lady of Loretto : Virgin.
Holy Nari, Mother of perpetual fecundity.	Holy Isis, universal mother.	Holy Mary, Mother of divine grace.

HINDU.	EGYPTIAN.	ROMAN CATHOLIC.
Mother of an incarnate God.	Mother of Gods.	Mother of God.
Mother of Christna.	Mother of Horus.	Mother of Christ.
Virgin most chaste.	Virgin sacred earth.	Virgin most chaste.
Mirror of Supreme Conscience.	Mirror of Justice and Truth.	Mirror of Justice.
Queen of Heaven and of the universe.	Queen of Heaven and of the universe.	Queen of Heaven.

A little assemblage at the baptistery attracted our friend's notice, and he wandered thither ; Ecclesiastic duly discoursing of the supernatural origin and mystic powers of this sacred rite. Pagan watched the ceremony with great interest, and when it was over remarked : " Baptism is one of the oldest rites of religion, and was observed in ancient times by most nations in their mysteries. From the very earliest period known to history, water was used as the outward and visible form of a religious sacrament, the symbol of a spiritual regeneration. Candidates for initiation into the higher life were plunged in consecrated water at the hands of the officiating priests. In India, under certain forms of Brahmanism, there was such an initiatory rite. An oath was made by the would-be initiate, pledging him amongst other things to purity of body. Water was then sprinkled over him ; he was invested in a white robe ; a cross was marked on his forehead and he was given the mystic word A U M. Sometimes this Brahmanistic baptism was performed by the bank of a sacred river, into which the priest plunged the candidate three times ; praying over him, ' O Supreme Lord, this man is impure like the mud of this stream ; but as water cleanses him from this dirt, do Thou free him from his sin.' Buddhism, in some of its forms, had a similar ceremony. The new-born babe was dipped in sacred water three times and a name given to it. The ancient Persian carried his babe to the temple shortly after its birth, and presented it to the priest, who baptized it after a similar fashion ; the father then giving the child its name. The Mithraic Mysteries had such a service for adults, in which the foreheads of the initiates were signed with the sacred sign—the cross. Our own Egyptians had the same rite of baptism, and the Mysteries of Isis thus received the initiate. This

rite was known as the 'water of ablution;' and the person mystically purified was said to be 'regenerated.' Our devout churchmen, in ancient times, developed the same sacramentarianism which I recognize in the words of my friend Ecclesiastic. This holy rite was held to have a mystic power independent of the state of mind of the initiate; a superstitious opinion which a certain Greek historian sneeringly rebuked thus: 'Poor wretch, do you not see that, since these sprinklings cannot repair your grammatical errors, they cannot repair the faults of your life.'"

To all which Broad Churchman responded: "What you say is confirmed by so sound an ecclesiastical authority as our own Dr. Lundy, who, in his great work on Monumental Christianity, remarks, 'John the Baptist simply adopted and practiced the universal custom of sacred bathing for the remission of sins. Christ sanctioned it; the Church inherited it from his example.'"

Turning away from the baptistery, Pagan proceeded to descant upon the sacred sign of the cross, which he had observed in use in the baptismal office and which he had noticed everywhere in the sacred building. "If you have learned archæologists and numismatists, they must have told you that the cross was a universal and world-old religious symbol, and that it was used in most, if not all, of the ancient sacred mysteries. Hindus, Assyrians, Egyptians, and Romans alike employed this sacred sign. A cross hung upon the breast of Tiglath Pileser in a colossal tablet from Nimroud that was in the Museum of Alexandria. The cross was the symbol of the Hindu god Agni, 'the Light of the World.' It was found in our Egyptian temples, and was worn from necklaces around the throats of our pious ladies, just as I have observed your good women wearing it here to-day. One of its common forms which I observed here, the cross and orb, is an exact reproduction of a familiar Egyptian symbol, the mystic Tau. The origin and significance of this singular symbol was much discussed in our times. By many it was held to have been originally a Phallic sign, which in the gradual spiritualizing of religion came to stand for the mystery of life spiritual rather than life physical, for regeneration rather than generation. Our occultists and mystics had various subtle and ingenious explana-

tions of the higher significances of the sacred cross, which I dare say your learned men still reproduce." Whereupon Broad Churchman interposed again : " This fact of the antiquity of the cross as a religious symbol is clearly recognized by our modern scholars. Bishop Colenso, in the ' Pentateuch Examined,' writes thus : ' From the dawn of organized Paganism in the Eastern world to the final establishment of Christianity in the West, the cross was undoubtedly one of the commonest and most sacred of symbolical monuments . . . Of the several varieties of the cross still in vogue . . . there is not one amongst them the existence of which may not be traced to the remotest antiquity. They were the common property of the Eastern nations.' And if his opinion be that of a theological 'suspect,' it is amply buttressed by more orthodox authorities. 'Chambers's Encyclopedia' declares : 'It appears that the sign of the cross was in use as an emblem, having certain religious and mystic meanings attached to it, long before the Christian era;' and the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' observes : 'It is curious, on the other hand, that a cruciform device having diverse significations should have occupied a prominent position among the many sacred and mystic figures and symbols connected with the mythologies of heathen antiquity. Such certainly was the case in Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and India, and also among the Scandinavian races of the North.' Our own most orthodox presbyter, Dr. Lundy, confesses : 'We actually find among all the ancient nations that had astronomical systems . . . the cross as one of their most cherished and precious symbols.'"

What more Broad Churchman might have proceeded to say was cut short at this point by the entrance of the ecclesiastical procession, the hour for High Mass on this great day of the year having arrived. Pagan was quite impressed by the scenic beauty of the pageant, and complimented Ecclesiastic greatly on the artistic perfection which had been reached by the "floor-manager"—his terms became a little mixed at this point—and on the admirableness of the "properties" generally. The pageant was so much like his familiar ecclesiastic *mise en scène* that he almost felt himself transported back to some great Isis Day at Thebes. Turning to Broad Churchman, he asked him if he did not re-

member the eloquent description of the priestly procession on an Isis Day given by Apuleius ; or Juvenal's description of the sacred image, " escorted by the tonsured, surpliced train." Broad Churchman, nodding assent, went on to give the Ancient a free rendering of Dean Stanley's account of the historic origin of the ecclesiastical vestments which appeared in the priestly parade ; tracing surplice and alb and chasuble and cope and all their kindred regalia to the one-time common dress of the Roman citizen, which, as it became antiquated, grew sacred. Pagan smiled in quiet approval, remarking : " The good Dean was doubtless right ; but much of this ecclesiastical regalia has a far more ancient origin. Your bishop's mitre and crosier were once the high cap and hooked staff of one of our gods. The tiara of your Pope—who, by the way, bears himself superbly in this sacred pageant—is a perfect copy of that of the Dalai-Lama of Thibet. Your Pope himself," he observed, turning to Ecclesiastic, " is our old Pontifex Maximus ; who, in his turn, was a Western reproduction, greatly modified, of the Grand Lama, the infallible Head of the True Church."

The office of the Mass interested Pagan greatly, and from time to time he interjected in respectful whisper his comments on the proceedings. " The Thibetan Buddhists and the Chinese Buddhists used musical bells in their sacred services, very much as you are doing here. . . . Most of the ancient temple services saw these same censers, swinging clouds of aromatic incense before our altars. . . . Your altar, too, stood in our temples, though sometimes we called it the ' table.' " At the conclusion of the office, Pagan talked at considerable length upon the ancient sacred rite to which the Christian Mass, he said, bore so remarkable a resemblance. " I could almost again fancy myself back at our ancient Mysteries. Altar and chalice and paten, sacred bread and wine, the sacramental feast—all these we initiates knew quite as well as you know them. In India the primitive Vedic religion had its sacred Soma, which made a new man of the initiate ; from which he was reborn ; which gave the divine power of inspiration and developed a spiritual nature. By this sacrament man obtained union with his divinity. Thibet had a sacrament of bread and wine. Our own Egyptians, in

celebrating the resurrection of Osiris, commemorated his death by a sacred meal; eating a wafer after it had been consecrated by the priest and had become the veritable flesh of his flesh. This bread was regarded as the body of Osiris, so that our worshippers believed that they ate their God. Mithraism had also its eucharist, with ceremonies quite similar to your Christian mysteries. This resemblance even extended to such a minute feature as your round wafer; which in the Mithraic Mysteries was an emblem of the solar disc or *Mizd*—a possible hint of the etymological key to your term *Missa*. When the worship of Mithra was introduced into Rome, this sacrament of bread and wine was celebrated in the world's metropolis. The Greeks also had their Mysteries, in which there was a sacramental supper, the most august of all their ceremonies, wherein Ceres, the goddess of corn, gave men her flesh to eat, as Bacchus, the god of wine, gave them his blood to drink. The consecrated cup was handed round, just as was done here this morning among your clergy. We had even the same sacramentalism which Ecclesiastic evidently cherishes, as I saw by his attitude during your Mass. Do you not remember how Cicero exclaims in one place: 'Can a man be so stupid as to imagine that which he eats to be a god?'

Observing the uneasiness of Ecclesiastic, Broad Churchman interposed at this point, saying, "This is a delicate subject for our priestly friend. He would much rather that you should have observed the judicious silence of the scholarly presbyter who wrote '*Monumental Christianity*'—in all other matters so entirely frank, but here so prudently reticent. But if he slides quickly over this thin ice, others seem less careful. Of course so unsound a writer as Renan does not weigh heavily, although he does refer in his '*Hibbert Lectures*,' delivered under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, to the fact that Mithraicism 'had a eucharist—a supper so like the Christian Mysteries.' But Ecclesiastic may perhaps even now recall the dreadful page of the learned Mosheim, in whose utterly sound opinions we were both so well schooled in our *alma mater* of Theology, but who for once forgot that silence is golden. 'The profound respect that was paid to the Greek and Roman Mysteries, and the extraordinary sanctity that was attributed to them, induced the

Christians of the second century to give their religion a mystic air, in order to put it upon an equal footing in point of dignity with that of the Pagans. For this purpose they gave the name of Mysteries to the institutions of the Gospels, and decorated particularly the "Holy Sacrament" with that title; they used the very terms employed in the Heathen Mysteries, and adopted some of the rites and ceremonies of which those renowned mysteries consisted.'"

At the conclusion of the Mass, as our little company left the church, Ecclesiastic—who it must be confessed had from time to time turned away his ears in holy horror when Pagan had been talking thus sacrilegiously, a horror that seemed intensified when his own brother churchman stooped to act the part of "chorus" to this blasphemous monologue—felt moved to improve the opportunity and speak a word in season to the poor benighted heathen, which might perhaps convert him so far as to make him anxious to avail himself of the rites of the One True Catholic and Infallible Church, while he was out for an airing from Tartarus. The notes of this eloquent dissertation upon the unique character of the Catholic Church, the miraculous origin of its rites, the supernatural powers of its priesthood, the efficacy of its sacraments as the one means of entering upon eternal life, and the infallibility of its oracles, were unfortunately lost; but they can easily be reproduced from the pages of well-known ecclesiastical writers, or heard repeated in most of our cathedrals. At the end of this unctuous harangue, which had gradually risen into the orthodox orotund, Pagan quietly asked: "If all this be so, what do you make of this remarkable resemblance, to say the least, between your ecclesiasticism and our ancient paganism?" Ecclesiastic, being a thorough-going churchman, who, with the true invincibility of faith, however he might strain at a gnat, was always ready to swallow a sound camel, replied unhesitatingly: "Good Abbé Huc's '*Travels in Thibet*' should never have been placed on the '*Index*.' Your pagan rites were certainly, as he affirmed, the counterfeits of the true articles, palmed off upon mankind by the ingenuity of the devil in order to bewilder men—satanic imitations of the One Divine Institution. The Holy Church ought not to have gone back upon him in such

a fashion. The venerable Fathers, by whom all good churchmen swear, anticipated his courageous utterances. Justin Martyr, in speaking of the Mithraic rites, observed, 'which things indeed the evil spirits have taught to be done out of mimicry.' Tertullian, with the same boldness of faith, declared: 'The devil, whose business is to pervert the truth, mimics the exact circumstances of the divine sacraments in the mysteries of idols. Let us acknowledge the craft of the devil. There is no other way of defending the claims of the Church in the face of these facts.'" Whereupon Pagan, shrugging his shoulders, smiled and quietly observed, "So much the worse for the Catholic Church. It is not usual for parents to borrow the goods of their unborn children. If the devil thus imitated the rites of the One True Church, he must have had a most singular prescience to have been able to anticipate their exact form, centuries before the True Church arose. The fact is plain," he continued, "that your Catholic Church shares the sacred 'properties' of religion which were common to all lands and all ages. These rites were indubitably in existence long before Christianity was born. The only natural explanation is, that Christianity adopted them from Paganism. The Church may have found it impossible to dispossess these traditionary usages and forms"—"As some of the Fathers confess," put in Broad Churchman—"or she may have found in them fitting symbols of her own truths; but, whatever be the interpretation of the fact, a fact unquestionably it is, that ecclesiastical Christianity is our old Paganism rebaptized." He turned for confirmation of his views to Broad Churchman, appealing to him if this was not the recognized view of scholars even in the Church? Broad Churchman frankly rejoined that this was undoubtedly the judgment of dispassionate Christian scholars. "As an Egyptian," he observed, "you will be gratified to learn what Mr. King, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, declares in his work on 'The Gnostics:': 'There is very good reason to believe that as in the East the worship of Serapis was at first combined with Christianity, and gradually merged into it with an entire change of name, not substance, carrying with it many of its ancient notions and rites; so in the West a similar influence was exerted by the Mithraic religion.' Our

friend Ecclesiastic would not question the authority of such a scholar as Baronius, yet he writes: 'It is permitted to the Church to use, for the purpose of piety, the ceremonies which the Pagans used for the purpose of impiety, in a superstitious religion, after having first expiated them by consecration, to the end that the devil might receive a greater affront from employing, in honor of Jesus Christ, that which his enemy had destined for his own service.' The learned Mosheim, after the words already quoted, went on to say, 'This imitation began in the eastern provinces, but, after the time of Adrian, who first introduced the mysteries among the Latins, it was followed by the Christians who dwelt in the western part of the empire. A great part, therefore, of the service of the Church in this—the second—century, had a certain air of the Heathen Mysteries, and resembled them considerably in many particulars.' Our own Dr. Lundy's great book rests upon the fact of the Pagan source of our Christian symbolism. The very highest authority on the subject of Christian symbols testifies: 'Their origin, without doubt, must be traced to Paganism.'"

On hearing a churchman apparently thus give away his own case, Philistine, who had been in a state of highest delight for the last hour or two, could no longer restrain himself; and, with a face beaming with satisfaction, he recited a favorite sentence from Renan, as follows: "Almost all our superstitions are the remains of a religion anterior to Christianity, and which Christianity has not been able entirely to root out." Whereupon, he proceeded to launch forth in one of those profound invectives against Christianity which he had heard served up both hot and cold at the hands of the *ir*Rev. Dr. Ingot-soll, when conducting the worship on Sunday evenings at Booth's Theatre—tickets 50 cents; reserved seats, \$1. He denounced Christianity as a fraud of the priesthood, and excoriated the Church as a poor imitation of Paganism. He talked positively about the absolute unhistoricalness of Jesus, and discoursed learnedly as to the Christian Sun-myth; interlarding his dissertation copiously with the opinions of Higgins and Inman and other scholars renowned for their good judgment and lack of prejudice. He waxed wrothful over the folly of attending the services of such a Church, and grew

eloquent on the duty of emancipating one's-self from its childish superstitions, and of living up to the brand-new gospel of three square meals a day and a "go-as-you-please" walk over the course of life. As he closed, quite out of breath with his own vehemence, he turned to Pagan, confident of his approving smile. To his unbounded surprise, however, he found the cultivated and philosophic ancient far from smiling at this outburst. A frown was on his classic features and a tone of stately indignation was in his voice as he proceeded to reply. "However widely I differ from our superstitious friend, Ecclesiastic, I differ yet more widely from you, my irreverent Philistine. The historic nature of these Christian symbols makes irresistibly against the false claims of Ecclesiasticism, undermining completely its foundation and rendering its gorgeous superstructure wholly unsafe; but this historic nature of the Christian symbols in no sense invalidates the true claims of a reasonable and historic Christianity. If antiquarians have given you moderns the real family tree of your religious institutionalism, the pretentiousness of the priesthood may be subdued to a lower key; it is vain to hope that it will be hushed to silence; but the honest pride of the Christian religion will be vindicated, in a far more venerable ancestry than it had suspected, and a legitimacy, as the sovereign of the soul, which history itself attests and which the plebiscite of humanity endorses. Your talk, friend Philistine, seems to me thoroughly irrational. Granting ecclesiastical Christianity to be a rebaptized Paganism, there is in this nothing necessarily to its discredit. It is old, you say. How could it be new, if it be in any respect true? It is indeed a reproduction of ancient forms. What else could it be, if it is a historic development of humanity? In that it lacks originality in its symbolism, it proves itself the heir of the ages. Must not religion be an evolution, as man is himself an evolution? Must not the latest form of religion grow naturally out of the earlier forms, absorb their characteristics and reproduce their symbolism in new phases? Must it not have grown with the growth of man and carry upon it still in maturity the relics of its childhood days? You might well reject Christianity utterly if its outward forms did not betray its ancestry in the religions of the past. The strongest claim for Christianity is that

it is more than Christian, that it is human. In that you can trace its roots back into the most ancient forms of Paganism, you may assure the scientific spirit of your age that it is a veritable historic evolution, a natural selection in the sphere of religion, the survival of the fittest, the highest expression of the spiritual nature which man has as yet been able to reach. The very antiquity of these rites which we have seen in this Christian Church bespeak for them therefore, from the historic mind and the spiritual sense, a new and deeper reverence. As your peasants have worshiped to-day, so the people of our earth have worshiped through centuries and millenniums. There is not a superstitious rite but that loses, in the mind of the devout man, its mere superstitiousness as he beholds it glorified by the hallowed associations of ages, the tender memories of generations upon generations who, through these outward and visible signs, have reached forth into the mystery of the all-encompassing darkness, feeling after God if haply they might find Him.

"You moderns need not be over-fastidious as to the crude origin of your rites. In what else but crude, coarse, material conceptions could religious symbolism arise? No one need give up any sacred symbol which he has heretofore used because he learns even its revolting Phallic origin. Not what the symbol meant to him who first devised it, but what it means to him who now uses it—that is its true significance. It must have been the physical phenomena of life which first arrested the attention of man and drew his wonder and his worship. The physical forms of life hold a deeper mystery, which was sure to grow on his mind as he grew able to read them spiritually. Physical phenomena, under the universal law of correspondence, came to shadow realities of the spirit sphere. Cosmic forces and laws transmuted themselves into ethical forces and laws. This spiritual significance, lying always latent in the core of those world-old Phallic symbols, coming out into light as man's consciousness has grown more spiritual—this must be the true meaning of these gross primitive imaginations. Even in our ancient Paganism this process of spiritualizing went on everywhere, with the ethical growth of nations. Whatever the cross was originally, it became in the

higher life of antiquity a symbol of the mystery of life spiritual and eternal, of the sacrifice through which the Divine Power is blessing man, in nature and in history, a symbol of the very truth which your Christianity sees in it to-day. Those world-wide, world-old symbols, from the least up to the greatest, have always thus signed real truths. Baptism was a natural symbol of a spiritual purification, and it is such still—an inevitable rite, if religion is to be symbolical at all. A Holy Supper in which the human shall feed upon the divine life, this too is as natural as nature. Do not your *savants* tell you that which our sages saw, that there is a great order of plants which, carrying the sign of the cross enstamped by nature upon their forms, might well be named *Cruciferae*. Were I a Christian I should claim that Christianity was 'a republication of natural religion.' Nor in claiming this would I disclaim its legitimate historical character. Since nature is one, the sign in which our ancient mysteries traced the deepest mystery of nature ought to hold valid for the deepest mysteries of human life, if man be nature's crown and consummation, and the cosmic symbol should prove a historic symbol in the religion which is at once natural and ethical. All the great Saviours of humanity have brought salvation to man in the sign of sacrifice. They have given themselves for men. I recall how Plato dreamed that the god who was to appear at some time, the Word which would be heard speaking clearly to the soul, would be fashioned 'decussated in the form of the letter X.' It is natural to my mind that the latest and highest teacher, the greatest Saviour, should have ended his self-sacrificing life upon a cross, and that the cosmic and human truths should thus blend; that the ideal and the historic cross, becoming one, should become the sacred sign of Christianity. The most striking feature of religion, historically viewed, is the fact that it has gradually clarified its early rites, spiritualized its material symbols, purified and ennobled its ideas, and rebaptized Paganism into a new life—whose ethical contrast with our ancient habits you cannot half so well realize as I do. When I was in Egypt I worshiped the gods under the highest conceptions vouchsafed to me, through the noblest forms open to me. So I do to-day, reasonably and reverently; and in so doing, were I to

tarry on earth, I should be a Christian. But in being a Christian I should feel that I was only a developed Pagan. We who were admitted as initiates into the secrets of that esoteric religion which was guarded from the profanation of unripe ages in the Greater Mysteries, knew, centuries and millenniums ago, the central articles of all forms of faith ; which were revealed to him who had eyes to see in our sacred symbols, and which are to-day taught openly to your riper age. The unity of God, the life to come, the rewards and punishments of the future, the purification of the soul from sin through suffering—these are the articles of the one true creed of the one inner religion of all lands and ages ; which will live while man lives, facing the same physical nature around him and the same spiritual nature within him. All great religious symbols are universal. There is no monopoly of sacred symbolism. Such a scene as that which we have beheld to-day is, when read in the light of history, the highest possible lesson of charity."

As Pagan closed, Broad Churchman's voice was heard as though soliloquizing : " Is not this that which our own honest-souled scholar declares in summing his great work on ' Monumental Christianity '—' Religion is essentially one in faith and practice, under various modifications, perversions, corruptions and developments ; ' and has ' had its origin in the human mind and soul, as deriving all their thought, hope and aspiration from some common source of mind and soul ? ' Was not this the truth which one of the venerable Fathers of the Church taught when he spoke of the Christian religion as having existed before Christ, only under other names ? Was not this the truth that another eminent Father inculcated in his famous words : ' There exists not a people, whether Greek or barbarian, or any other race of men, by whatsoever appellation or manners they may be distinguished, however ignorant of arts or agriculture, whether they dwell under tents, or wander about in crowded wagons, among whom prayers are not offered up in the name of a Crucified Saviour to the Father and Creator of all things ? ' " And then, in sweet and solemn tones, the music of the thought imparting its rhythm to his utterance, he recited a passage from " The Perfect Way : " " It (the Cross) was traced on the forehead

of the neophyte with water or oil, as now in Catholic Baptism and Confirmation; it was broidered on the sacred vestments, and carried in the hand of the officiating hierophant, as may be seen in all the Egyptian religious tablets. This symbolism has been adopted by and incorporated into the Christian theosophy, not, however, through a tradition merely imitative, but because the Crucifixion is an essential element in the career of Christ. For, as says the Master, expounding the secret of Messiahship, 'ought not the Christ to suffer these things, and so enter into his glory?' It is the Tree of Life; the Mystery of the Dual Nature, male and female; the Symbol of Humanity perfected, and of the Apotheosis of Suffering. It is traced by 'our Lord the Sun' on the plane of the heavens; it is represented by the magnetic and diamagnetic forces of the earth; it is seen in the ice-crystal and in the snow-flake; the human form itself is modeled upon its Pattern; and all nature bears throughout her manifold spheres the impress of this sign, at once the prophecy and the instrument of her redemption."

Amid the strains of mystic eloquence, in which the four-fold significance of the perfect way opened on our souls, the deepest thought of Paganism translating itself into Christian speech, we reached our hotel; where Pagan left us to arrange for an interview with the Holy Father, in which he hoped to interpret to him the esoteric truths of his own religion; while we took our tickets back to New York by the same line which had borne us to Rome; and I found myself in Garden City—in time for breakfast.

R. HEBER NEWTON.

HOW I WAS EDUCATED.

THE editor of THE FORUM has thought that a series of papers, in which different people shall describe the methods of their school education, may be at least amusing, and perhaps profitable, if only by way of caution. He has, therefore, induced a good many men to pose on his platform as "awful warnings," and, as it happens in the story of the Indian march, he selects a little elephant to lead the risky way down into the river. I anticipate so much pleasure from reading the revelations of those who come after me, that I have promised to be as frank as Rousseau pretended to be, and much more than he was, in telling my story. "Story—God bless you, I have none to tell."

Really, I am selected as pioneer in this march because there was nothing exceptional in my school or college course. It was just like that of thousands of other men of the last fifty years. I never was sent to Germany to study. I never played with an abacus. I never sat at the feet of any Fellenberg. I did see Mr. Alcott's amusing schools, but only as a base Philistine, who went in to scoff and came away to report transcendental vagaries. The everyday education of a boy born with good health, of good parents, in New England, sixty odd years ago—this is what the reader is to follow, and what came of it, unless he judiciously skip to the next article, to read what Bishop Coxe says of cremation.

I had the great good luck to be born in the middle of a large family. What saith the Vulgate? "*Da mihi nec primum esse nec ultimum.*" Is that the text? My Vulgate is in too small type to consult, and the passage will be hard to find, but when found will be well worth noting. I lived with three brothers and three sisters; I was the fourth, counting each way; and I should advise anybody, who is consulted in such matters, to

select that place in the family economy. And all well-meaning parents would do well could they arrange to give that place to each of the nine or thirteen children. A large family and a good place in it: that is the thing to be very grateful for.

While you are planning, also, you might to advantage put in absolutely sound health; a good vigorous constitution. For a boy or young man, particularly, put in a digestion which, as Dr. Holmes says, does not shrink from hot gingerbread just before dinner; that is an excellent marching companion. I will therefore suggest that also for people who are asking the fairies for good gifts to their children.

The fourth child will be apt to wish to go to school when the three older children go. The mother will not object if the school be unscientific, happy-go-lucky, and simply a place where a good-natured girl of twenty keeps thirty children reasonably happy for three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. To such a school, mis-called a dame school by writers now, I went or was led, willingly enough, for four years. I remember four realities there. One was the flickering of motes of dust in the sunbeams, when the shutters were closed—curtains there were none in those primeval days. My observations then have assisted me in following out Mr. Tyndall's since. One was the method of making sand-pies on the floor. One was the first page of the New York Primer—and I wish I had the book now. The fourth was sitting in a yellow chair in the middle of the school-room, reading an interesting book. I was quite absorbed in the book when Abel Fullum came for me. Abel Fullum was the "hired man," who was then, in 1826, in my father's employ, and who now, in 1886, kindly oversees my daily duties, lest I should go far astray. He accompanied us to and from school four times a day, the distance being too great for inexperienced feet. "Doctor," said Fullum to me, when we were well in the street, "what-ure-been doin' that was naughty?" I said I had done nothing wrong. But Fullum assured me I had, and that no one ever was placed in that yellow chair who had not been naughty. This I then remembered to be true. But it had not crossed my mind before. Nor do I now know, nor have I ever known, from that time to this, why I was thus

punished. I did not then know, but by accident, that I was punished. It is not the only time, I believe, when I have wounded my friends without meaning to and without knowing it, and have borne their wrath with equanimity from sheer ignorance that they were displeased, for which I now apologize to them. And I mention the anecdote by way of suggesting to teachers that it is well for them to tell children why they punish them, if, by good luck, they know themselves.

From this school I went at five to another school kept by a man. I went because it seemed best that I should go to a man's school, not because I had learned all that Miss Susan Whitney knew. Sweet saint, she died, honored of all men, not long since, and now is in a world where they do not need to learn or teach the letters. By great good fortune, a young man whom I will call Simple had come to town after graduating at the college where a friend of my father was educated. This friend had a son named Edward, who was a crony of mine at the dame school. His father had Simple to take care of, and Simple had opened a boys' school. To this school my friend and I were sent, he a few days before me. I wondered, in my boyhood, why my father, who was the most sensible man I ever knew—indeed the only thoroughly sensible man I ever heard of except Ben. Franklin and two other men who shall not be named here now — why, I say, he sent me to Simple's school. But I found out, long since. He had tried other schools for my older brother. He knew the tomfoolery of the Lancastrian system then in vogue, and the kindred tomfoolery of the martinet systems, much in vogue since. Having found Simple, he found what he wanted—a good-natured, innocent fellow, who would neither set the bay on fire nor want to, who could and would keep us out of mischief for five or six hours a day, and would never send us home mad with rage, or injustice, or ambition. A feather-pillow sort of man Simple was. I have been sorry to know since that his last days were not comfortable. For I owed him much, that he never nagged me, nor drove me, never punished me but once, and then I was probably in the wrong, though again I do not know, “no more nor the dead,” as the vernacular says, what I was punished for. Possibly I gained

under his care a happy scorn and contempt for all the mechanism of schools, which I have kept until this day. Sometimes he would be "tardy" himself. I remember marshaling all the boys in their seats, and having one class out to recite, so that I might shame him when he came after dinner. But it made little difference whether he were there or no. I owe him one thing, that he or my older brother taught me "vulgar fractions" well, so that I have ever since been fond of mathematics. That same brother used to say, what I think is true, that when any one says he is not "fond of mathematics," he means that he was not properly taught vulgar fractions and the rule of three. For the rest, I was put on my Latin paradigms when I was six years old, and learned them reasonably well. We limped through a Latin version of Robinson Crusoe when I was eight years old. But I knew nothing of the Latin language, as a language, till I went to the Boston Latin School.

I cannot remember the time when I could not read as well as I can now. This is saying very little, if I may judge from what the teachers of Elocution tell me, who call on me every now and then, asking permission to improve my cacology. But I now read well enough to understand the simpler parts of the Bible, and such passages of the newspapers as are meant to be intelligible. And, to answer the question of *THE FORUM*, "what came" of my education of the first seven or eight years, I should say that this ability to read was one thing, a thorough fondness of arithmetic was another, a decided indifference to school-rank, as something of no great consequence, was another. I had, all along, a very decided feeling that I comprehended the position as well as the master did, and that it was as fitting that he should consult me, as I him. But I do not think that this was any peculiarity of mine. It belongs to what the orthodox call the depravity of human nature, what Artemus Ward calls "absolute cussedness," and what Dr. Channing calls man's consciousness of the Divinity within him.

I was nine years old when I was transferred to a Public School. And if anybody is reading this gossip for my advice, it would be simply this : If you are an American, send your boy to a Public School. When I sometimes meet an American who

does not seem to me to understand his own country, because he does not understand his own countrymen, I always suspect that he never had the great privilege of associating with the other boys of his town and his time at a public school. Of course, this advice is wholly different from the advice which the same words would give in England. The Public School there is a school of one social class, as most private schools are with us.

The school I was sent to was the Latin School of Boston, the oldest school in America. It was the school of Ben. Franklin, of both Adamses, of John Hancock, and in later times of Everett, of Sumner, and Wendell Phillips. We are all proud of it in Boston. In my day it was under the admirable care of Mr. Dillaway, the same who is well known to teachers by his good editions of Latin text-books.

I came home from this school at the end of the first month, with a report which showed that I was ninth in a class of fifteen. That is about the average rank which I generally had. I showed it to my mother, because I had to. I thought she would not like it. To my great surprise and relief, she said it was a very good report. I said I thought she would be displeased because I was so low in the class. "Oh," she said, "that is no matter. Probably the other boys are brighter than you. God made them so, and you cannot help that. But the report says you are among the boys who behave well. That you can see to, and that is all I care about." The truth was, that at the end of the report there was a sort of sub-report of "Rank as regards conduct alone," as if conduct alone were not the most important affair in earth or heaven.

It was spoken of as an insignificant and mean affair, somewhat as the orthodox pulpit used to speak of "mere morals," as if mere morals were some low trade a man engaged in. The boys never cared for this "conduct alone" report, nor the masters, as far as I saw. But if my people did at home, that was enough for me. And from that moment, till I left college, I was comfortably indifferent as to school-rank or college-rank, regarding which, as has been said, I had formed my own opinion before.

I had four useful years at that school. I was growing fast, physically, and I remember two summers when I was taken out

of school, and read the books at home. That is an excellent plan, when a boy is growing fast. He soon finds out that he can do twice as much in the same time at home as he ever does at school. But it would be a very poor plan to have him at home so much that he did not know "the other fellows." I remember where I sat at school, and how the room seemed glorified to me, when, after I had been studying Latin three years, a gentleman named Streeter explained to me what was meant by certain verbs "governing" the accusative and genitive. It had never occurred to Simple that it was of any consequence that I should know what this meant. Francis Gardner taught me Greek from the beginning. He was, in Boston, a distinguished man for nearly fifty years. It is a privilege to have learned Greek with such a man. I know it better than I know Latin now, and this is partly because he taught me. But it is, I suppose, an easier language.

In the years between 1832 and 1852 the real system of instruction by popular lectures was at its best in New England. The present system of entertainment by lectures is wholly different. As boys, we learned a great deal at evening lectures, and spent our evenings in winter very profitably. I see no such opportunities now, and I fancy that bright boys now learn from books, what we learned from men.

I was at Harvard College from 1835 to 1839. The men whose names are still well known among my teachers there, were Sparks, both Wares, Palfrey, Channing, Longfellow, Pierce, Felton, Lovering, Bowen, Mason, Dana, Bache, and, older than any of the rest of them, dear old Francis Salet. Josiah Quincy was President. A philologist did the Latin, and made us hate it, and we should have hated him too, had we not thought of the possibilities of human nature, and that, deep hid in him, there must be something divine. Among them all, I detested Greek and Latin, when we left them at the end of the junior year, and I should never have read a word of either since, if I could help it, but that I had to teach them. Then I regained the natural love of them; "of which," as my great Master says, "in its place."

The Channing spoken of above, was Edward Tyrrel Chan-

ning, and I wish the exigencies of THE FORUM would permit me to use fifty of its pages in expression of gratitude to this gentleman, and in such explanation as I could give of the skill by which he interested us in the study of English, and trained us to the use of this noblest language yet known. I am told that, now, nobody will look over students' themes if he can help it, that it is a sort of drudgery from which a man escapes to some duty considered higher in grade. Ah me! There are hundreds of us still knocking about who are grateful to him that he did not think so. And if the dear public thinks that Clarke, Holmes, Dana, Story, Lowell, Higginson, Frothingham, Child, and Parkman write good English, let them be grateful to dear "Ned Channing," who taught them how.

The classical men made us hate Latin and Greek; but the mathematical men (such men! Pierce and Lovering) made us love mathematics, and we shall always be grateful to them:

We gained a great deal from Longfellow. He came to Cambridge in our first year. He was not so much older than we as to be distant, was always accessible, friendly, and sympathetic. All poor teachers let "the book" come between them and the pupil. Great teachers never do; Longfellow never did. When the government acted like fools, as governments do sometimes, he always smoothed us down, and, in general, kept us in good temper. We used to call him "the Head," which meant, head of the Modern Language Department. One could then pick up a decent, ready knowledge of the modern languages in the course of the four years. No effort was made to speak or write them, and this, I think, was wise.

But the good of a college is not in the things which it teaches. I believe the "New Education" thinks it is, but that is the mistake of the New Education. The good of a college is to be had from "the fellows" who are there, and your associations with them. With a small circle of admirable friends, of whom this world is by no means worthy, and to a less degree in the various clubs, even in the much abused debating societies, I picked up a set of habits and facilities for doing things one has to do, for which I am very grateful to Harvard College. I disliked the drudgery of college life, through and through. I counted the

days to the next vacation from the beginning of every term, and there were then, alas, three terms in every year. But, none the less, I ought to say, that I do not believe that any life outside of a college has been yet found that will in general do so much for a man in helping him for this business of living. I could get more information out of "Chambers's Encyclopædia," which you can buy for ten dollars, than any man will acquire, as facts, by spending four years in any college. But the business of changing a boy into a man, or, if you please, changing an unlicked cub into a well-trained gentleman, is, on the whole, more simply and certainly done in a good college than anywhere else. So, as Nestor says, "it seems to me."

THE FORUM hardly expects me to give my notions as to the best method of educating a man for the Christian ministry. In that calling, the best and happiest thus far known to men, I have spent my life.

This record of three schools and a college, which, because I have been asked, I have attempted, is not the record of my education. I owe my education chiefly to my father, my mother, and my older brother—none of whom are now living. My father always took it for granted that his children were interested in what was worthy of interest, and, if he were engaged in it, he made us partakers of his life. He introduced the railway system into New England. When I was eleven years old, I held his horse on the salt marshes by Charles River while he was studying routes, grades and distances. He would come back to his "chaise" and explain to me the plans and the necessities, as if I had been his equal. I doubt if I were twelve years old when he gave me a scrap of French, in the "*Journal des Debats*," about excavations in Assyria, and asked me to translate it for his newspaper. He intrusted all of us with delicate and difficult commissions, while we ranked as boys. He gave us his entire confidence, and never withdrew it. I remember coming to him in a rage at some absurdity of a little man to whom the college had given some authority. I wanted to leave the college and be done with the whole crew of them. My father showed me at once that he had more respect for my judgment than for that of my oppressor; that in human life we all have to deal with inferior

men, and must not quarrel with that necessity ; and sent me back to my drudgery well satisfied because I could not lose his regard. He made me a man by treating me as a man should be treated. I am sure that fathers cannot overestimate the value of such direction of the education of their sons.

My older brother was at an early age an accomplished mathematician, and afterward a wonderfully well read man ; indeed a person of very wide accomplishments, as of a most kindly and affectionate nature. We were forever together, in boyhood and in college. I learned very little where he did not go before me and show me the way. And this I should like to say to any puzzled teacher : if you have ever a pupil to whom you cannot explain some mystery of arithmetic, bid an older boy, on whom you can rely, take the little fellow into another room, where they can work it out together. It will be made plain.

After I left college I was an usher in the Latin School, then under the admirable lead of Mr. Dixwell. I was a teacher of Latin and Greek there for two years. As I have said, the natural fondness for language then came back on me, in teaching the two languages to amiable and bright boys. To some of those boys, therefore, I owe all the pleasure which I have ever since derived from Latin and Greek literature — not to my college teachers, who made me hate the languages.

To sum up : my experience with schools and with the college teaches me to distrust all the mechanisms of education. One comes back to Mr. Emerson's word, "It is little matter what you learn, the question is with whom you learn." There are teachers to whom I am profoundly and eternally indebted. Of all those with whom I have ever had to do, I owe the most to my father, my mother, and my older brother.

EDWARD E. HALE.

VULCAN, OR MOTHER EARTH?

NEW times and new realities beget new words, and words are historic tokens of things. We Americans have invented a noun out of a verb, and we daily hear of a "craze." Everybody understands what it means, and the demand for such a word proves the prevalence of a disorder in the popular mind which it has become necessary to designate. It is an unhappy disorder, this: one not so well known to our forefathers. Jefferson, in writing the Declaration of Independence, took pains to assure the world that patience and what "prudence dictates" had not been disregarded, and he was not insensible that "a decent respect" was due to "the opinions of mankind." Not so in the new generation, in our rash and reckless times.

To some extent, indeed, the times are universally infected with a craze. Look at France; look at the dynamite fiends of Europe. I grieve to add, in the stupendous folly of its political experiments, at such a time as this, look at England. No pause for contemplation; a rushing through with inconsiderate measures, each one a daring experiment, and the whole a *pis aller*; a humiliating reduction of the policy of the greatest of the nations to a hand-to-mouth scheme of living; concession to the dangerous classes that government, in any legitimate sense of the word, has become impossible.

So much to show that Americans are not the only people who justify the complaint that, in our times, "minorities are sacrificed, no matter what their rights or their wisdom, simply because they are minorities." "It is almost useless," says a popular writer, from whom I have borrowed that last remark, "to urge the claims of any class in opposition to that insane love of haste and innovation, however vulgar and unnecessary, which in our generation is universally supposed to mean progress." This writer has thus defined a craze. In the name of progress

anything can be made to catch the popular imagination, and for a time it rages. It is so not merely in minor matters; it rules as truly in those which are formidable. For a while it really looked as if 'bloomers' were to become the costume of our women, and now it is proposed, in fashion magazines, that the side-saddle should be sent into garrets with harpsichords and spinning-wheels, and that women should ride bifurcated. That they should become voters instead of mothers; that they should, as a logical balance to privilege, be burdened with obligations as well, and be subject to military service and jury duty and highway repairing—all this is in the wind. Another scientific reformer proposes a new orthoepey, and a specimen of his ingenuity lies before me, by which I learn that "The environz of a pepul mold thar langwaj." Precisely so! Somebody thinks it wrong to hang a murderer, and forthwith legislatures abolish capital punishment, only to learn wisdom by experience. But we are fortunate when the craze is less adventurous: when it mounts half the population upon bicycles, or sets town and country agog on roller skates; raising, like mushrooms, a crop of "rinks," which have been found ante-chambers to jails and insane asylums, and are already going into decay. All that a man of sense can do is in silence to stare. If he ventures to remonstrate he is "behind the age," and is voted "one of the fools." Be it so. Let us have the courage of our convictions, and "speak as a fool," as did one of the wisest and noblest of men before us.

The question now is, What to do with the dead. It is indeed a grave question—no pun intended. It deserves thoughtful consideration, in villages as well as in over-crowded cities; but it is in the latter that the question becomes a pressing and anxious matter, to be resolved by science, by inquiry and comparison of views, and not without consideration of the moral interests which it concerns. It is a fundamental question in civilization. What men do with their dead, has always been a test of what they do with the living. It furnishes an answer to the inquiry, How they live. It is time that all should take interest in the discussion of a problem so practical and one which carries with it so much besides. But no! a craze takes hold of a class of our population who are prepared to settle it for us.

They build "crematories" just as, yesterday, they were building rinks. No pause for reflection. Everybody must accept their decision that cremation is the thing. Every man is a fool that hesitates. Before the journalism and the criticism of the day has had time to weigh the idea and to balance the *pros* and *cons*, before we can take breath, a vast revolution in our social constitution is adopted and forced upon us. There is nothing to be said about it: it is "a sanitary measure," and that ends all talk.

Perhaps it is a sanitary measure, and perhaps it is the only one that can be suggested. If such be the case—agreed! *Cadit quæstio*. For one who has had the honor to be misrepresented in the matter, I am glad to put on record the fact that I have maintained from the beginning, that where it becomes the only measure which can be devised for the safety of the living, there it should be enforced by law, and Christians should be the first to yield obedience to law. But it should be as a sacrifice; as a painful duty done; as an illustration of the law of universal philanthropy with which their Master illuminated the world. For the good of men, Christians are called to give their living bodies to be burned; much more must they be ready to accept any ordinance of man which bids them to bequeath their relics to the flames.

As yet, however, I submit that there has been no demonstration of any such necessity. Science has not been invoked to invent less revolutionary measures. There has been no assemblage of thinkers to give the subject a dispassionate consideration. Those who are the first to be ignited by a craze are known as "cranks;" and, with a few exceptions, where science has been partially consulted and assumed, on slender grounds, to be decisively in its favor, the movement has received its sudden impulse from this class of the community. With no consideration for others, the new temples of Pluto have been run up in close neighborhood to the homes of the living, where pestilent gases and sooty motes are freely dispensed to contiguous roofs and lungs. But no; "the imperishability of matter" suspends its rigorous laws for this occasion, so it is maintained, and ordinary results do not follow. Human bodies

are reduced to a few ounces of dust, without diffusing the residue into air or earth. Poor Professor Webster ! He was hanged on the evidence of scrapings from a chimney. Human carbon, as well as exhalations, was found, in his day, to be deposited somewhere. But, now, thousands of human bodies may be burned under our noses, as a sanitary measure, and matter is proved to be perishable just so far. It is "scientific" to affirm *nous avons changé tout cela*. Be that as it may, I venture to affirm that if crematories are to be an institution, the further they are removed from the homes of the living, the greater will be their success as a sanitary measure. * As Cowper says of another nuisance :

"The sight's enough : who wants to smell the show ?"

But, none the less, there is our concession. When science has exhausted itself in the requisite Baconian preliminaries, we must bow in submission, as mourners always do. Let us do so, however, on this martyr principle ; let us "not exult in our deformity," as poor Shelley puts it, he who was the first to be cremated in the nineteenth century ; passively, however, for he had no vote in the case. And cranks they were, indeed, who made a bonfire of the poet, at Spezzia, to create a sensation, in which they splendidly succeeded. Of which more by and by. Sir Thomas Browne praises the old heathen, because, when they kindled the pyre, "they did so aversely, turning their faces from it—a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration." Not so your retrograde Christian ! He delights in the performance ; he climbs to the top of a chimney and smells the roasting carcass. This was actually the feat performed of late in the inauguration of a crematory. The proboscis detected "no smell ;" matter is odorless, if not wholly imperishable, then. Let us not be too

* "Thrift, thrift, Horatio." There is money in it. It is now proposed to economize the product. You can make ammonia out of it. A journalist says : "In Japan successful experiments have been made in collecting human ammonia from the crematories. Hydrochloric acid is suspended inside the chimneys, where it combines with the ammonia of the evaporating substances. The product is then collected and purified for the market. Please imagine, ladies, the peculiar satisfaction a Japanese widow may enjoy in carrying pungent reminiscences of her late lamented husband about with her in a dainty vinaigrette ! The advantages of cremation are apparently endless.

sure of that. Another experiment, about the same time, was not so happy. The antechamber of the Plutonian fane was filled with an insupportable stench; the door of the oven was forced open, and the "mourners" were forced to beat a retreat. This is an accident that may be not infrequently expected, as Sir Thomas proves from Plutarch. So much, for the moment, about "making graves in the air," as Sir Thomas justly styled it; which means in the lungs of those who breathe such air, "as a sanitary measure." Oh! the cant of sciolistic scientists. The streets of New York and its sewers are poison through every month in the year to all who breathe their odors. Dear Science! pray clean your streets, as a sanitary measure, to begin with, before you add a bone-burning nuisance to that of bone-boiling for the suffocation of the people. The imperishability of matter is confirmed when the wind blows from Hunter's Point, and perhaps cremation should begin there and give odorless air burial to the bones of dogs and cats, first of all, in its benevolent anxiety about the public health.

I have quoted Sir Thomas Browne; let me make his extraordinary work on "Urn Burial" a present to those who would gainsay my opinions. Let them consult his "Religio Medici" as well, and his biography by Dr. Johnson. "His innovations are sometimes pleasing and his temerities happy; he has many *verba ardentia*, forcible expressions which he would never have found but by venturing to the utmost verge of propriety, and flights which would never have been reached but by one who had very little fear of the shame of falling." He makes the word *ustrina* familiar to us, and let me borrow it from the quaint old doctor, whose conceits and marvelous diction delighted me when I dwelt in the Arcadia of youth and imagination.

Well, now, to give it up: let us suppose the sanitary measure a foregone conclusion, several questions remain. For example, is the conclusion applicable to Garden City as well as to the great metropolis, which the Bridge has made into one Brooklyn, or one Manhattan, as you prefer to state it? Must country be persuaded into the measure as well as town? As yet, we trust there will be no force; nothing harsher than moral suasion. That a universal inspection of all churchyards, ceme-

teries, and cities of the dead should now be made, seems a desirable consequence of the agitation. Science should be invoked in every case where it is proposed to lay out new grounds, and geological inquest as to the old ought to be generally instituted. The earth is a wonder-working chemist. Those who revel in such researches have grown eloquent over the earth-closet as "one of the greatest inventions of the day, based on the sweetening properties of the earth," etc., etc. The principle, it seems, fails to operate on the final deposit of humanity. The subject, however, must be left to experts in such matters, as even in theology I have never been anxious to investigate the heresy of the *Stercoranists*. There are some subjects on which decent minds restrain their fancies. Dean Swift is a melancholy example of another sort of minds, who pursue our poor bodies into all their revolting humiliations, and this sort of cranks have been very free with arguments drawn from the putrefaction of the grave. The instinct of hyenas, digging up the dead and feasting on the effluvia, seems exemplified of late. Why not begin with the humiliations of living bodies? The "sweetening properties" of the earth may be depended upon, one would trust, to nullify this sort of argument. Ten thousand drains and cess-pools are allowed to qualify the air of New York, day and night. Little or nothing is done to abate the intolerable nuisance; but, all at once, there is a craze about cemeteries on Long Island and in Westchester. He who sings at grave-digging may turn up a rank-smelling skull for Hamlet to scent, because he handles it. But a closed grave covers up the chemistry of decay, and there is no odor where there is no exposure; just as there is no bubbling till the bottle is uncorked. A healthy fancy was that of Shakespeare, when he suggests what a decent churchyard always ought to furnish in illustration :

" — Lay her i' th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
Let violets spring."

That's poetry, but it is also common sense. Nature's chemistry is always decorous. But your cremationist who descends from the chimney reporting "no smell," next dives into the deep and

tells us about "rotteness and worms" in graves. Who wants to investigate what nature contrives to hide from all eyes and noses except those of *savants* and experts, whose duty it is to look into such business? Who can enjoy an imagination enlisted chiefly on the side of all that should be kept out of mind as well as out of view? In the crematory all this is forced upon the mind; we do violence to the dead and attend the process. Think of the horrors of the crisping, crackling, roasting, steaming, shriveling, blazing features and hands that yesterday were your soul's delight. Think of the oven flying open, as in the case reported, and to which I have referred. It was given to the public with all the particulars. Some subject whose girth needed hoops like a beer barrel had exploded from an overcharge of gases. Another body arrived to be dealt with just at the critical moment. The "mourners" were philosophers, prepared for the experiment, but they were "forced to retire." Nobody but the immortal Lincoln can give us the proper reflection on such experiences, and here it is: "For them that like such things, I should think it just about the thing they would like."

But, what will the law say about it? Clearly every body must be subject to an inquest, and the authorities must have full power to open any body where there is suspicion of strychnine. Nay, and where there is not; for nothing less than downright small-pox or yellow-fever can satisfactorily account for deaths in thousands of cases. Here's a nice process preliminary to incineration. A beloved child or a lovely wife must be mangled by a coroner's order! Well, again, "for them that like that sort of thing," etc.

But the Plutonists have assumed something beyond the mere sanitary conditions aforesaid: they propose to revolutionize our funeral rites and to introduce a philosophical entertainment at the last scene. It is even suggested to collect the residue of the departed into a beautiful urn, which may serve "as a parlor ornament"—till Bridget knocks it down and sweeps out the deceased into the cinder-box. But the preliminary ceremony may be thus described. A force of human ghouls fastens the body upon its iron bed and thrusts it into a furnace hotter than that

of Nebuchadnezzar. Those of inquiring mind are to be favored with a sight of "blue and red and lemon-colored tongues of fire," shooting forth from mouth and eye-holes, and exploding from the bowels, etc., etc., etc. All which I condense from late reports. So in ancient experience. A soldier, mentioned by Plutarch, exploded on the pyre, and his dropsical corpse put out the flames. He had been poisoned, and his abdomen was filled with gases. Ladies however are allowed to employ themselves in adjoining apartments "while the process is going on." At last, with steel claws and forks, the relics are loosened from the cradle and placed in a coffer, or urn, "at the pleasure of the parties interested." As for the solemnity of the occasion, I have actually seen it suggested that the burial office should be thus amended: "We commit his body to the flames," etc. Again, my mind recurs to that memorable *dictum* of Lincoln. That is all that can be said about it.

But, conceding that this process is a necessity, let it be suggested that it need not be turned into the orgies of heathenism. Let me grant to the cremationist that things may be done decently and in order, even under his *regime*. Let us conceive of a private *ustrinum*, in some remote suburban region, where, under care of the family physician the process could be consummated, in the presence of any relative able to endure the pain of attending upon it. The relics could then be reverently placed in a coffer, and, in due time, with due rites of the Christian church, "ashes" could be returned to "ashes." One cannot think the deposit of such a coffer in a grave would be perilous to the living. Deny not this to the Christian who clings to the associations of his religion. At last, and at least—

"Give us a little earth for charity."

To the moral considerations which bear upon the whole question I have hardly made any reference. They are of little weight with those who are subjects of a craze, and it is evident that mere Materialism is master of the situation in America. Will our people ever awake to what this means—to the inevitable consequences of materializing everything and ignoring the conscience and the religious element in human nature?

It means, ultimately, chaos and communism: but I say no more. As a divine, I admit that dogma has nothing to say about it: a Christian may be burned without loss to his soul. But religion has much to do with it; for religion means the *cultus*, the educating rites of Christianity. After the combustion, the interment must follow, or heathenism prevails. A clergyman would sully his surplice who should consent to officiate in Pluto's fane at the actual burning; he need not scruple to use the service, at a decent grave, over the relics. As part of our civilization, let us take a serious view of the subject. Few reflect upon the Christian base of our laws and institutions. That we are a Christian country—that is, by virtue of the laws and institutions which rest on Christian civilization—has over and over again been affirmed in courts of law. Dogmatically, our Constitutions are not Christian; socially, they are such; and this is my way of putting what Kent and Story and Webster have demonstrated in a form far more theological than that which I prefer. Stated as Webster has stated it, it excites antipathy and starts interminable discussions; but, as a mere matter of civilization, it is unanswerable, as was admitted by an antagonist, who accused me of being a Jesuit, because I had found it out and was "cunning of fence." Very well! Until you can give us a form of civilization that has stood the test of centuries in actual experiment, we may safely contend that the civilization brought to this continent by our forefathers, and which is embedded and embodied in our laws, must stand. Now, burial rites and the law of our primal sentence are worked into the civilization which ought to be so dear by ages of experience. The Plutonian process was only congruous in a lower plane of civilization, akin to barbarism. To a people whose wives and daughters enjoyed a Roman holiday, enlivened by the butcheries and martyrdoms of the Coliseum, it was not uncongenial. But, "Christians abhorred this way of obsequies," says Sir Thomas; and very naturally, for Christianity came as a softener of manners. It is the enemy of violence and brutality:

"Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

What it did for society may be inferred even from the heartless and cynical pages of Gibbon. The same civilization that

abolished the human hecatombs of the Coliseum, that created the family and made the matron a wife in a new and holier sense than was ever before conceived of, substituted for the burning of beloved bodies the gentle inhumation of the cemetery. They were laid asleep. To the secret and decent chemistry of nature the Christian surrendered his dead. The precious remains were left in the care of God, and, obedient to his decree, they were returned to the mother out of whose womb they were taken *—but, in sure and certain hope, that what was “sown in dishonor, should be raised in glory.” The violence done to the dead by Paganism was alien to the new civilization; tenderness suggested the example of Joseph of Arimathea and the pertinency of the Psalmist’s words, “Let me fall into the hand of God, not into the hands of men.” Centuries of Christian civilization have surrounded the grave with associations equally touching and august. Christian literature is full of it. We forfeit, for our children, a world of ennobling thought, if we remand them back to Paganism. Even Byron seems to plead necessity for his conduct in 1822, when he burned the remains of Shelley, “to render them fit for removal and regular interment.” Mark that. The whole process, as described by him, was in every particular preferable to the retorts and irons and ovens of your “crematory.” “You can have no idea,” he writes, to Moore, † “what an extraordinary effect such a funeral-pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame.” The Pagans themselves tried to soften their horrible rite by an appearance of sentiment. Of the averted face I have spoken. Sir Thomas Browne tells us they also “opened their eyes toward heaven before they kindled the fire, as the place of their origin or their hopes.” If so, there was less of Paganism there than in a late instance I could write of. Besides, “the Romans strewed the rose and the Greeks amaranth and myrtle about their dead. The funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larch, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, wherein Christians, which deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem.”

* Job, i. 21.

† August 27, 1822.

But under the name of progress we must revert to barbarism. The appetite which the age exhibits for such retrograde manners and devices ought to shock us, merely as men of feeling and taste. But it is the symptom of something much worse than coarse and unrefined sentiment. The natures which so readily adopt this Plutonism, even with a sort of greediness, and scorn the graves of their fathers and mothers without any sense of their sanctity, would thrust a gentle wife or charming child remorselessly into the oven to shrivel and crackle and roast, within reach of eye and ear. Such characters are already less sensitive than Pagans; they less appreciate Virgil's line—

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt ;"

and they are breeding a ferocity of manners and of thought among us which, in another generation, will be ready to erect the guillotine or to re-enact the dragonnades. Philosophers might prompt them to the one or fanatics to the other. A people perversely fond of change and experiment, may be destined to punish themselves, as nations have done before, by their own devices.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

THE COMING MAN.

SPECULATIONS in regard to the kind of being the man of the distant future will be, have at any rate the advantage of personal disinterestedness. We can approach the subject without bias or prejudice, for whether he will have wings, as some philosophers have supposed he will have, whether he will, as Mr. Charles Reade imagined, be ambidexter, or whether he will, as certain pessimistic writers believe, degenerate into a quadruped and walk the earth on all-fours, can be of no possible importance to us. No one asserts that any of these changes will take place within a period of several thousand years, and for us, therefore, they should have no other interest than such as the paleontologist bestows on the fossils of a far anterior age, or that with which we may regard the several stages of development through which man has reached his present mental and bodily position in the scale of organic beings. Indeed, the subject is probably far less influential in disturbing our emotional equanimity. Our remote ancestors are of more importance to us than our distant descendants. The former have of course existed; the latter are in reality mere figments of the imagination—potential, but far from being actual. The breath of life may never be breathed into them, and if they exist at all, it is merely as germs that may never be called upon to take a single step in the way of development. We may experience delight in standing before the portrait of some mighty ancestor, and may feel our hearts swell with pride as we read of his righteous or glorious deeds, and reflect that his blood runs in our veins; but our possible descendants of even twenty-five generations to come, and their sayings and doings, do not stir our pulses by a single beat. How, then, can it be expected that we shall care a fig whether or not in ten thousand or more years from now radical changes will have taken place in the physical and mental organization of our species? The

question of our origin is of infinitely more interest to us than that of our destiny. We quarrel rancorously with our neighbors as to whether we were created full-fledged men and women, or came up during countless ages from the lowest forms of life through the anthropoid apes to our present exalted position. We actually profess to have a feeling of pride in the belief that we did or did not in a prehistoric period have a prehensile tail, and even Mr. Darwin himself has said that for his part he would as soon be descended from the heroic little monkey that braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from the old baboon that, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs—as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstition. And, again: “Man,” he says, “may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not by his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future.”

There have not been wanting hypotheses in regard to the transformations that man is to undergo before he reaches—if he ever does reach it—perfection in his mental organization and bodily structure. It has been alleged that the tendency is toward assimilation into the essence of the divine being that created him; that the angels are men who by a miracle have been pushed ahead out of their natural turn, and that eventually all men will be constituted as are the angels. It is true that we have no exact data relative to the bodily form of these celestial messengers, but the idea appears to be widely prevalent that they are supplied with wings growing out of the body at the situation of the shoulder-blades. One advanced philosopher even goes so far as to allege that within the historic period there has been a development of these bones to such an extent as to indicate very clearly their ultimate destiny to be fully elaborated into wings. That there is implanted in the human brain an ambition to be endowed with the faculty of being able to

fly through the air, is very certain. Repeated attempts have been made in that direction, and if, as Lamarck declares, birds originated from fish that through countless ages had been cast ashore and had made, at first futile, but gradually more effective, efforts to move their bodies, there seems to be no physiological reason why man might not obtain wings by similar efforts to move through the air from the top of a church steeple. Myriads of fish doubtless perished before success came, and that a like fate awaits many men who may attempt to fly is equally certain. But then individuals are in the grand operations of nature disregarded when the welfare of the species is to be considered. To be sure the Church comes to our assistance and demonstrates that we have always, since the institution of monachism, had angels among us; for, as Labbé states in his "Concilia," a council of the Roman Church, presided over by Pope Boniface the Fourth, solemnly decided that monks were angels. And this is the syllogism by which it was done: All animals with six wings are angels. Monks have six wings. Therefore monks are angels. The arms, it was asserted, were two wings, the legs two, and the cowl two. Thus was the development of man anticipated by the Church twelve hundred years before Darwin began to write.

There are, however, other philosophers who declare that man is the ultimate point of creation, and that as God made man in his own image, and that as God is perfection, it stands to reason that nothing further in the way of development is to be expected. To this, however, we may answer, in all reverence, that there are white, yellow, red, and black men, and that it would be of importance for us before accepting the doctrine of our mental and physical perfection that we should be told which of these several types of man God is supposed to resemble. We should probably obtain four different answers were we to put this question to an intelligent representative of each one of the varieties mentioned.

It is not my intention at this time to discuss the several lines of advancement that man is taking. That he is being developed into something better than he was originally or even than he was yesterday admits of no doubt. The forces that brought him up

from a lower form are almost imperceptibly, but at the same time with a power that is irresistible, carrying him to a higher one, and new forces that he himself has brought into action are adding their influence. Even within the historic period his moral nature has undergone a vast improvement. He does not kill his old and useless relatives, or murder his superabundant children, or make a slave of his wife, or hold the power of life and death over his children, or delight in torturing to death the prisoners he may take in war, or commit many other acts that civilization tells him are degrading to him. His intellect has become more acute and profound; and if we could divest ourselves of the prejudices instilled into us almost from our birth—and they are rapidly going—we should perceive that the minds that we are accustomed to regard with feelings of awe are in reality more than matched by many of our own time. That the mind is destined as the brain advances in development to become infinitely more exalted than it is at this time, is scarcely a matter for doubt. There are even now indications that locked chambers full of knowledge will before long be opened to us. But the discussion of the many interesting points that could be adduced in this connection would lead me far beyond the limits to which I desire to confine myself.

Prehistoric crania, notably that known as the "Neanderthal skull," show that the form of the brain-case has very materially changed from that which it had ages ago, and the existence of parts of the body that are clearly rudimentary give evidence that even more striking alterations of structure have taken place. Without citing all of these, it may be sufficient to state that it is indubitable that man at one period of his existence had pointed ears; that he had the nictitating eyelid such as birds have, and by which he was enabled, as are they, to shut out the full blaze of light without entirely preventing its access to the eye; that he was possessed of an opposing great toe, acting as a thumb, and was in fact quadrumanous, as are the monkeys; and that also, like these animals, he had a tail, by means of which he was enabled to grasp objects such as the branches of the trees, in which he passed the greater part of his life.

It is also very certain that at a period far less remote than

that during which he swung to trees by his tail and moved his scalp and his ears—as do some persons of our own time, as though to remind us of our origin—his body was covered with hair to a far greater extent than it is at this day. In regard to this particular point I wish to say a few words. Darwin says: “The early progenitors of man must have been once covered with hair, both sexes having beards.” And it is a fact that at one stage in the ante-natal period of his existence, the entire body of man, male and female, is covered with hair, which is gradually shed as the time for birth approaches. Occasionally, too, we find that there is a reversion to the original type, and we have hairy individuals such as the dog-faced people that traveled about the country a year or two ago with a circus, and who were natives of Russia. It is well known, and Darwin calls attention to the fact, that idiots in whom the brain and the body generally are undeveloped, are usually plentifully endowed with hair. Every now and then in a “dime museum,” or some other place of exhibition, women with beards make their appearance. These also are instances of a return to that period in the life of the race when all women were furnished with similar hirsute appendages. Again, there are men whose backs and shoulders are as thickly covered with hair as are those of the gorilla, and who likewise make attractive exhibitions to the curious public.

It is very evident, however, that within the memory of those now living, the growth of hair upon the cranium has diminished to a marked degree, and if we consult the statues and pictures of a former age, we see that the men of the present day are bald to an extent unknown to their ancestors. It is no uncommon thing to find youths under twenty with the indications that in a few years the tops of their heads will be as bare of capillary growth as are the palms of their hands; and of persons over this age and not yet arrived at that period of their lives when the loss of hair on the scalp might reasonably be expected, the number is so great as no longer to be a subject of surprise.

Now it is established by the observations of Darwin and others, that there are certain causes that lead to the atrophy or disappearance of parts of the animal body. Chief among these are (1), the entering upon such a mode of life as to render the

part in question no longer useful; and (2), the principle of sexual selection by which offspring are propagated having like characteristics with their progenitors. Through the operation of the first of these it is probable that man lost his tail. His lower extremities becoming in the course of ages more and more differentiated from his upper limbs, he gradually came to pass a greater proportion of his life on the ground and less among the trees. As a consequence, the prehensile tail fell into disuse, and eventually reached the rudimentary state in which it now exists.

The second factor is perhaps equally influential. It is well known that individual peculiarities are transmitted from one generation to another. The father with six fingers on one hand is likely to have children similarly redundantly supplied. Of course, if both parents are endowed with a superfluity of fingers, the probability of the offspring possessing a like superabundance is doubled. It would be entirely practicable, therefore, to propagate a type of six-fingered people; and there are many instances on record of the hereditary transmission of the peculiarity in question.

Darwin supposes the probability that the comparative nakedness of the skin of man is due to the fact that the hair was at a far distant period removed for the purpose of enhancing the beauty of the person, and that then the principle of sexual selection came into operation. But however this may be, there is no reason to think that the hair of the scalp has ever been regarded as prejudicial to the æsthetic sense, or that it has at any time in the course of human development been pulled out or shaved off, except in the case of convicts and monks, whose influence in providing for the perpetuation of the species has been of course very small. We are therefore obliged to look to other causes for the rapid disappearance of the hair from man's head, it being quite certain that sexual selection has had nothing whatever to do with the matter, however powerful it may have been in causing the disappearance of other parts of his body.

The other factor to which reference has been made has certainly, however, exercised a potent influence in the direction under notice. At one time in his career man wore no artificial

covering on his head, and this is true even at the present day of many peoples living in a savage state. Civilization, and with it a change in his habits and mode of life, have caused him to cover his head when exposed to the open air. As a consequence, the necessity for hair as a covering has been to a great extent obviated, even if the growth has not, by increasing the heat of the head, become positively detrimental. It is very evident that women, who do not cover their heads closely as does the male sex, are resisting the proclivity to baldness with much more energy than do men; and that the savages, such as our North American Indians, who go bareheaded in all kinds of weather, show, as yet, no indications of such a fate as appears to be in store for the civilized members of the human race. Hence the necessity for a growth on the scalp capable of protecting the head from the vicissitudes of the weather is being gradually done away with by the action of the artificial defense invented by man.

But this covering which civilization has led him to adopt acts not only by obviating the necessity for hair, but it directly impedes the growth of this substance by subjecting it to abnormal conditions. In the first place it cuts off the access of the air, and thus directly interferes with the process of ventilation; and, second, by compressing the temporal arteries, it prevents the blood reaching the top of the scalp and nourishing the growth that nature has placed there. The hat in all its varieties is a product of civilization, and the more highly civilized a people is the more injurious to the well-being of the hair are the coverings devised for the head. Nothing could be worse than the stiff "stove-pipe" hat, pressing as it does on the temporal arteries with such force as frequently to close them altogether. I have often relieved persons of incipient baldness by causing them to dispense with hats even in cold weather, except during periods of severe exposure. No people wear hats so constantly as do Americans. In or out of the house, the hat is with many persons an inseparable article of attire. Whether in his shop, or behind his counter, or in his "living room," or in his club-house (as every passer-by can see), the hat is on the head, and in certain parts of the West and South is worn even during sleep in bed.

Overheating, bad ventilation, and arrest of nutrition are the consequences, and the hair drops off. Whether or not excessive mental exertion such as civilization involves, leads to the death of the hair, cannot yet be determined, but it is extremely probable that this is no unimportant factor in bringing about the result.

The principle of sexual selection, though up to this time an insignificant influence in causing baldness, is beginning to add its great force to the accomplishment of what is evidently an object of nature. Women who in general, even within the knowledge of the present generation, did not take kindly to bald-headed men, are gradually overcoming their prejudices, and see in the bare head an element of manly beauty. Should this tendency become wide-spread, the days of hair on the head of man are numbered, and a few hundred years will see the end. Some nations, however, will reach this stage of development sooner than others. If we may judge from present appearances, and from our knowledge of his advance in other directions, the American will distance all competitors in this race.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

"GIVE me your religious experience as you'd tell it to your mother."

These are my orders. And these orders must excuse, while they justify, all the apparent egotism both of statement and style. If any man, able intelligently to tell the story, would give the world his religious experience in a perfectly frank and simple way, it could not fail to be of value. If many would do it, from many different standpoints, this would be more valuable still. But much assumed frankness and simplicity are, after all, only veils of concealment, obtruding one thing while diverting attention from another. And when St. Augustin or Rousseau or Franklin grow very confidential, there is always a lurking question as to whether the deepest thing is told. Of course everything cannot be said; and even the reserve concerning those things we would most like to know may not be intended or conscious concealment. These things then are said not as charges against others, nor even as criticisms on them, but only to indicate my consciousness of the fact that profitable confession is not an easy thing. With the time at my disposal, then, I will be as little garrulous and as simple and frank as I am able.

I was born in Norridgewock, Maine, in 1841. I think I trace in my father certain tendencies toward independence and freedom in religious thought which makes my own after course look less like a break from and more like a development of his own; though he himself never severed his connection with the traditional faith. He was brought up in the straitest sect then known, the old Calvinism of New England. And much did I hear him tell of the sermons on predestination and election, and in general of the hard and narrow dogmatism of old Parson Emerson, of Woolwich, to whom he listened in his boyhood and youth. When the time came for acting out his own religious

convictions he joined the then new sect of Freewill Baptists, in avowed revolt from the old election and reprobation doctrines. At Norridgewock, however, there being no Freewill Baptist organization, he became a member of the Methodist church. But the Methodists were weak; and this little church was part of a "circuit" where the itinerant minister preached only one quarter of the time. On the other three Sundays in the month we usually attended the Congregational church, whose minister was old Parson Peet, the last of the town ministers who were settled for life. But my father was frequently restless under the "Orthodox" ministry; and I remember that, one year, dissatisfied with both the Congregational and Calvinist Baptist schools, he sent me, with the other children, to the Universalist Sunday-school. And yet he was a firm believer in the common doctrine of future punishment.

My father was stern and strict in his disposition almost to the point of asceticism. He was one of the earliest of the "temperance reformers," and a hater of tobacco in every form. He frowned on dancing and card-playing, and looked upon amusement of every kind as "frivolous" and unbecoming a Christian. A strict Sabbath-keeper, he did not encourage even a walk on Sunday except of the quietest kind—perhaps an excursion to the old grave-yard near by, where we were free to gather grasses and wild flowers and enjoy the lovely view up the river. We went to church twice, besides attending the Sunday-school and the evening prayer-meeting. My mother, on the other hand, while as devoutly religious as he, was much more sunny in her disposition, and more lenient toward our love for amusement and our boisterous outbreaks of fun. I was obliged to read three chapters of the Bible every Sunday—on which occasion the shorter Psalms were a delight—and our other reading was expected to be of the strictly religious sort. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War" were my favorites in this direction. Indeed, in all my earlier boyhood I had almost no books of secular amusement, such as childhood is now flooded with. A mutilated copy of "Cock Robin," a "Comic Almanac"—which we kept out of father's sight—and now and then a borrowed book, are almost all of that kind that I now remember.

Whether due to natural disposition, to training, or to both, I was always inclined to be religious. During nearly all my boyhood I was in the habit of private prayer. I looked upon boys who swore, or told lies, or chewed tobacco with horror, and as destined to come to no good in either this world or the next. But, though often prompted to do so, I rarely got the courage to speak to them about their evil ways. When the mail-coach came in from Waterville, fifteen miles away, where it connected with the wonderful cars which I had never seen, I used to be fired with the ambition to be a stage-driver. I was also greatly fascinated by the blacksmith and the shoemaker, both of whom I used to take every opportunity to watch at their work. But, with the exception of these temporary ambitions, I cannot remember the time when I did not expect to be a minister. And when my mother talked to me of foreign lands, or when I was listening to the reports—illustrated by big colored maps in the vestry—at the monthly missionary concert, I used to dream of preaching the gospel to the heathen. At this time I always pictured the heathen as quite conscious of the superiority of our only true religion—or rather, perhaps, as feeling their own lack of anything satisfactory—and so as quite ready to be “converted to the truth.”

During that part of Parson Peet's ministry which I can recall, I do not remember any “revival” of religion, though at the class meetings and Methodist prayer-meetings the work of conversion was always made prominent. The minister on his circuit visit was sometimes entertained at our house, and on such occasions I used to expect he would try to get me to “become a Christian.” (“To get religion,” “to become a Christian”—these phrases were always used as synonymous with “being converted” or “experiencing religion.”) And one faithful woman, whose house my sister and I used to love to visit, either with or without my mother, would often take me aside and urge me to escape the power and wiles of “the devil,” as she always pronounced the word, by becoming a Christian without delay. Though I was not conscious of being “a sinner”—for I was called a good boy—I grew up expecting some time to be converted as a matter of course; for I was taught to believe that all

men, no matter how good they were, must pass through this mysterious change, must have this inward experience, before they could hope for heaven. In those days hell was a very real place to me, and it burned with very real fire; and I had no sort of doubt that if I died before being properly "prepared," I should go there. And I used to try to imagine eternity until my mind sank weary and exhausted at the thought.

After Mr. Peet's death, a new minister, a recent graduate from Bangor Seminary, the Rev. Mr. Downs, was settled in his place. During his first winter he started a revival. Committees of the church were appointed, and, two and two, they visited all the houses in the parish. Notice of their coming was given from the pulpit, and we were expected to be ready for them. They talked with us, trying chiefly to revive religion in the hearts of the old church members, as the first step toward spreading the movement among those without. These home exercises were concluded with earnest prayers. As the result of these efforts there followed a great revival. Large numbers were added to the church, among them being many of my own school-mates. This naturally brought the matter closer home to me than ever before. After this these revivals became a feature of every winter, as much as the singing school and other country institutions. And I used to find myself wondering sometimes if the Lord was more anxious to save people in the winter than in summer. The religious fervor always seemed to die down as the spring came on. Prayer-meetings and the haying season never appeared to get on well together.

In the winter of 1855 a wave of revival interest swept over the whole country. Nor did it fail to reach high-water mark in our village. The whole town, as I saw it, seemed moved. Besides the nightly prayer-meetings in the church vestry, and the afternoon inquiry meetings, the young people held meetings of their own. Several of them were very zealous, and, with beaming faces, told us how happy they were in their new-found hope. Then I made up mind that I would seek this experience.

I think I hardly knew just what I was seeking, or how I was to obtain it. I found a great deal of trouble in being—as I supposed I must be—properly "convicted of sin." I was not

sorry for Adam's sin, though I was sorry for Adam. For his joining Eve in her downfall, instead of remaining good alone, always struck me as not only natural, but at least half-way commendable. We always considered it particularly mean at school to "go back on" our playmates, even when they were at fault. While, then, I could not feel sorry for inherited sin, I could not feel that I was a very great sinner on my own account. I never doubted that I was, for I had been told so on authority; but I could not experience the proper contrition for it. I wanted to realize my wickedness, and feel a deep repentance for it; then I expected a sudden sense of pardon and the illumination of a great joy. Such was the conversion I was looking for. I faithfully attended every meeting and did my best. At last one night, on my return from prayer-meeting, I was alone. All the rest in the house were in bed. I was in the old farm-house kitchen, the only room in which there happened to be a fire. The curtains were up, and, though no lamp was burning, the room was flooded with light from the white winter moon. The picture is very vivid in my memory. I knelt down by one of the kitchen chairs, and, in my prayer, told God I would not rise again till he had forgiven my sins. I know not how long I continued praying, but at last I experienced a feeling of relief that I took for the answer to my prayer. I went to sleep that night very happy, feeling, for the first time in my life, that should I die before morning I should be admitted to the celestial city of which I had dreamed.

This happiness continued for two or three days, and, with some shrinking, I told my mother that I believed I was converted. But soon a great and sad change passed over me. I had heard it preached all my life that only a few feet really enter the "narrow way," and that it was very easy to be deceived as to the genuineness of one's experience. A great fear took possession of me. I doubted the reality of my supposed change of heart. Then for weeks I went through "deep waters of affliction" such as I hope few children ever know. Being only thirteen years old, I was indeed a child for the bearing of such a burden of sorrow. My only peace was in my few hours of troubled sleep. Parents, brothers, friends, ministers, tried in

vain to comfort me. I spent my time in praying, in reading the Bible, and in all ways seeking for one ray of light. Night after night I cried myself asleep, and awoke in the darkness only to get up and kneel by my bedside over and over again in prayers that, like the Psalmist's, were "strong crying and tears." Still I got no relief. But, as weeks went by, my melancholy gradually wore away. I came at last to hope once more, but never with the joy of such complete assurance as others told about. I think my tardy peace was a half despair of doing anything more. And I came to feel that if God did not save me I could not help it.

In the spring of 1855 I joined the church, along with many others, assenting to a creed that I was not even taught to expect to understand. I tried then to be faithful in all church duties. But I found myself expected to bear some crosses that were, indeed, heavy for me. I was fairly appalled at being called on to speak or "lead in prayer" in public; and my first attempts were dreadful failures. But I felt that I ought to; and when I did not do it, or when—as sometimes happened—I stayed away through sheer horror of it, I carried a depressing sense of condemnation for my failure to do my "duty." Another heavy cross was the feeling that I must try to convert others. I used to wonder that my father did not oftener talk religion to his unconverted friends. I wondered how he could work with a swearing hired man all day and never say anything to him about his soul. And on several occasions I undertook, with much trembling, to perform the duty that it seemed to me he neglected. I have never gotten over this wonder. All my life it has seemed strange to me that Christians could work, and play, and travel, and associate by the year with persons they believed to be "going down to death," and never say a word to them on the subject. Comment would be easy; but it is enough to mark the point and leave it. So long as I held this belief, I tried to live in accordance with it.

It was soon after I joined the church that I got my first far-off glimpse of educated skepticism. I speak of it only to show how such a thing affected my boyish imagination. There was a college mate of my brother's whom I used to hear spoken of as

Ned Reed. He was sometimes in town during vacation. I was told one day that he did not believe the story of Adam and Eve. I had read of "infidels" before, but had never seen one. I knew of them only from Sunday-school books, such as I had read. And in them they were always very wicked persons who defied God out of pure malignity, and died dreadful deaths, repenting when it was too late, and tasting beforehand the pains that were to be their everlasting portion. It never occurred to me that this college student might possibly know more about it than I, and that therefore he might be right after all. So the next time I saw him I looked at him with something of the superstitious awe with which the barbarians of Melita regarded Paul when the viper came out of the fire and fastened on his hand; I thought God's vengeance must be lurking near and be about to strike.

Do I now believe this religious experience of my childhood to have had about it any touch of reality? Yes, it was even terribly real; only now my philosophy of it is entirely changed.

Following still the bent of my life, in 1861 I entered Bangor Theological Seminary to prepare for the ministry. This part of my story need not be long. The professors were earnest, noble men. Two of them, Dr. George Shepard, and Dr. Samuel Harris now of Yale, made strong and deep impressions upon my life. My only criticism is on the system, not the men. We were not taught to investigate, to seek for truth alone, and be loyal to our freely-found convictions. We were rather like religious cadets at a theological West Point, being trained and equipped to go out and fight for a system of belief we were taught to regard as infallible truth. Loyalty to this system we were made to feel was identical with loyalty to God. I was too young, I had read too little, I had seen too little of the world, my religious training had been too much in one direction, for me to think of this criticism then. I went through my course of study with scarcely a doubt.

During this time I taught a class in Sunday-school; but, beyond one or two attempts, not over successful, I did not get courage to address any public assemblies during my seminary course. I shrank from even a prayer-meeting talk, or from tak-

ing any part in our class or society debates. The latter, I think, I did not even once attempt.

On leaving Bangor, in 1864, I declined to settle in New England, wishing to have a taste of another kind of work. I therefore took a commission from the American Home Missionary Society, and went, by way of Panama, to California. I preached for a year and a half in a school-house in San Mateo, and then accepted a call to a church in Grass Valley, Nevada County. This was a town of 6,000 inhabitants, and then the center of the great quartz mining interests of the State. I here joined with Mr. Earle, the evangelist, in revival work, and did all I could to "save souls." I had as yet come to doubt none of the old beliefs. My nearest approach to rationalism was an attempt to explain the Flood as local instead of universal. I recall that my oldest deacon was pleased and mentally relieved by my theory. I still held so strongly to the Trinity that I almost wished myself back in New England, where the Unitarian heresy needed opposing.

Family reasons brought me to Massachusetts in October, 1867. I accepted a call to Framingham, where I remained two years. Here I often conversed with a retired Unitarian clergyman; but this only made me more earnest in seeking weapons with which to combat his views. Here, for the first time in my life, I read a sermon against everlasting punishment. It was written by the late Dr. H. W. Bellows, of New York. I wished, O so much, that I might believe it. But I shrank even from the wish with the fear that it might prove a temptation of the devil. I feared I might not only endanger my own soul, but be the means of leading others also astray.

I became restless at Framingham. It was an old, rich, beautiful town. But everything seemed finished; and, being young, I longed for more active work. At this time I received calls from Hannibal, Mo., and from Indianapolis, Ind. Without ever having visited either city, for certain family reasons I need not explain, I decided to go to Hannibal. Here I lived for three years and a half. Here I was born into what seems to me the larger life of my present faith.

I threw myself with all earnestness into my Hannibal work.

A wide-spread revival followed, during the progress of which for weeks together I preached every night except Saturday, besides twice on Sunday. I also found time for daily inquiry meetings and for personal conversation with those I wished to influence. The church grew and my work prospered. But after a while I found I was being regarded as unsound on many vital points. Complaints began to be made, not so much on account of what I preached as because there were certain things I did not preach. I had become an earnest student of science; and whispers began to reach me that I was coming to be looked on with suspicion, from the fact of having so large a number of scientific books in my library. About this time I was appointed to read an essay before our association of churches and ministers on the subject of Darwinism. And as Balaam, when called by the Moabitish king to curse the children of Israel, disappointed his employer by pronouncing a blessing instead, so I disappointed and scandalized the church authorities by declaring my conviction that this new, ridiculed and hated doctrine was the very truth of God. I had not indeed as yet outgrown the reconciliation folly, so I tried hard to think that Genesis and the "Origin of Species" might lie side by side and in peace together on a minister's study table. But I was not long in seeing that the fall and the ascent of man could hardly both be true. I tried indeed to believe that a miraculous Christ and a supernatural redemption might still be retained, though I had surrendered all faith in the supposed fact which constituted the only reason for their existence. But I soon became convinced that when Evolution came in at the door the whole Orthodox "plan of salvation" must go out at the window. I learned the fundamental and universal truth that every theological system springs out of and takes shape in accord with some cosmology or scheme of things. If, therefore, the new revelations of science were true, I felt sure that Evangelical Christianity could not be true. For science was telling us of a new universe, in which the fundamental conceptions of the nature of God, the nature of man, and their mutual relations were being radically reconstructed. If, instead of a perfect creation followed by a catastrophe, which called for a scheme of redemption by way of recovery, there had

been a gradual and orderly evolution from the first under the guidance of an all-wise Power, then there was neither necessity nor place for any of the cardinal points of the old faith.

But which of these irreconcilable systems of thought was true? Under the spur of this question I began an eager, prolonged, and earnest search. My situation was a most painful one. Blessed are the sitters in pews who can keep silent until they can determine what they ought to say! Painful indeed and dangerous is the position of the occupant of a pulpit who, while unsettled as to all the great questions of the universe, is nevertheless compelled to face an expectant audience every Sunday, and speak to them on matters of life and death! One thing at least my conscience is clear of. During this trying, this horrible time, when I felt I was fighting for my very soul, and not for that only, but for the souls of those I could not help but influence, I never preached one word I did not believe. But I was conscious all the while that I was expected to preach doctrines concerning which I was silent. And one other thing troubled me greatly. I knew I was not understood, and that my very standing in an Orthodox pulpit carried the implication to all who saw or heard me that I held to fundamental beliefs about which I was doubtful, or which I had given up altogether. And I used now and again to say to my wife—who sympathetically followed me in all my struggles, though her father was an Orthodox clergyman—that I felt that my whole attitude was false, and that if I maintained it long I should become indifferent to the truth, and so lose the edge of conscience and blur the dividing lines of all vital distinctions. Many were the hours in which I felt I would gladly lie down and fall into an un-waking sleep, if so I might escape the stress and bitterness of this mental and spiritual conflict.

All my life-long friendships were in the old churches. If I had any ambition, all my hopes of promotion were there. I knew I was causing anxiety and heartache to those I loved. It was not quite pleasant to have all one's friends think one was turning traitor to both God and man. So, after such a struggle, it was hard indeed to find that those you had loved were ready to misinterpret all your motives and perhaps charge the change

to a wish for notoriety. But many griefs must be quietly swallowed by one who undertakes faithfully to follow his convictions in a world where loyalty to party is frequently put above loyalty to truth. I did indeed have one comfort. My only living brother—two had died—was with me in all my doubt and search.

Meantime, I was reconsidering all the great problems of faith. I tried earnestly to master the questions pertaining to the theological system in which I had been trained. I also made a wide and careful study of the methods and achievements of modern science, so far as they bore on the matters at issue. I became convinced that, as an honest man, I must leave the old world in which I had lived and labored, the world associated with all my childhood memories, the faith in which my brothers had died, the faith my parents and all my friends still cherished. I must go out, but—whither? As Abraham heard the call, and went out, “not knowing whither he went,” so I heard a call as imperative and, I believed, as divine. I knew little of Unitarianism, so far as concerned its practical working. I knew not whether I could be, or wished to be, a Unitarian; I only knew I was not Orthodox.

When, however, I resigned my pulpit, the whole church, even those who had been my doctrinal antagonists, begged me to remain, heresy and all. But I had become convinced that honesty demanded a different course. I have never learned how ministers manage to march under a flag which all the while they are trying to discredit in the eyes of the world. It has always seemed to me like wearing the uniform of one army, and, safe in such disguise, fighting for the success of its opponents. I bring no “railing accusation” against any; I only say I could never carry on that kind of warfare. I have not yet learned for what a man preaches at all, unless he frankly and earnestly proclaims just that which he really believes.

In this connection one or two things are worth mentioning as bearing on the conditions of thought both in the pulpits and pews of some of the Orthodox churches. Though I did not conceal the fact that I had given up my belief in all the cardinal points of the Orthodox faith, I received calls from the leading

Orthodox churches of two other cities; and the leading man in one of them told me particularly that he wished me to come because he knew I was not orthodox. And just after I had left the old church, at least three Orthodox doctors of divinity told me they wished I had remained and helped fight out the battle from the inside.

While uncertain which way I was to turn for home or field of labor, I preached two Sundays as vacation supply in the First Congregational Church in Chicago. Having heard rumors of my heresy, a committee of the Third Unitarian Church in that city came to hear me preach. On Monday morning they met me at my hotel, and extended to me a call to become their minister. I told them frankly I did not know whether or not I was a Unitarian, but that if they would offer me a free platform, on which I could preach just what I believed to be the truth, I would accept. To this they cordially acceded; and for the first time in my life I stood in a Unitarian pulpit, and that pulpit my own.

Since coming to Boston, one curious thing has occurred that shows how mighty a theological difference can exist between things that to the unregenerate mind look very much alike. My first book, published while still at Hannibal, was received with universal favor by the Orthodox press of the country. Immediately after beginning my work with the Church of the Unity, a third edition of it was issued, without the change of a letter. The same papers which had approved of it before, suddenly discovered that it was a masked battery, hiding all sorts of hitherto unsuspected foes.

I have many times, in recent years, been commiserated on my supposed loss of all the certainties, the inspirations and other comforts of the religious life. But I never so thoroughly believed in God, and never had a God so worthy of belief, of trust and of worship, as to-day. I never so thoroughly believed in revelation, and never before had so grand a revelation to believe in as that which nature and human history unfold. I never so thoroughly believed in humanity, and never cherished so grand a faith in its future, both here and hereafter. I could as soon believe in worshiping the gods of Olympus as go back to what now seems to me the childish, baby-house universe in

which I was nurtured. It would be to me like exchanging the bright sunshine, the free air, the blue-topped mountains, the wind-swept forests and the wave-crested sea for the stifling air and the unsubstantial shadows of an underground cavern. I thank God for the ways by which he has led me, and believe that along this path must travel the feet of an emancipated, rejoicing and hoping humanity.

M. J. SAVAGE.

SHALL OUR LAWS BE ENFORCED?

IN a well-governed city if a man commits an open crime he is arrested by a police officer, examined by a police justice, committed for trial (or held to bail for the same), and then, through the district attorney, his case is put on the calendar, he is tried in the criminal court, the jury convicts him, and the judge gives the sentence. But this chain of proceeding can be interfered with at several links. The police officer may refuse to arrest, the police justice may discharge the criminal, the district attorney may indefinitely delay indictment, or the jury may acquit the prisoner. In these four ways, however excellent the laws may be, and however clear the man's guilt may be, the criminal may escape his just dues and the community be so far injured. In almost any civilized community the evils prevalent, at least those which are most destructive to society, are due not so much to the inequality or insufficiency of the laws, as to culpable neglect in enforcing the laws. The principle of evil in the officers of the law is the root of the disorders that shock the public sense, and hence the first great effort of the community should be toward the election of just and firm men to the responsible executive and judicial positions in the government.

Just as the certainty of punishment is the most efficient restraint upon crime, so conversely immunity from punishment is the most efficient nourishment for crime; and a city where the obstacles to justice exist, to which we have referred, is an unsafe place for persons or property. In inquiring into the causes of the non-enforcement of criminal law, let us first ask the policeman why he did not arrest the law-breaker, whose crime was wrought before his eyes. His answer is that of indolence or discouragement or timidity. The answer of indolence is, that the arrest would involve some degree of opposition and struggle

and would compel a tedious waiting upon court, and for this reason it is better to allow the lesser breaches of the law to pass unobserved. And so the garbage is thrown into the street to breed pestilence, and the liquor saloon keeps open all night to destroy families, and the butcher-boy drives his cart at race-horse speed to the peril of the pedestrian, while the policeman knows no more about it than a farmer in the rural districts. The answer of discouragement is, that the arrest would only be followed by a discharge in court through insufficiency of evidence (the policeman's evidence being offset by the evidence of the accused), and a reprimand to the policeman for having made a false arrest. This answer has some force in it as a defense of the officer, but in fact it reflects on the police courts for the readiness with which they discharge the accused on his own unsupported statement and against the presumptively unbiased testimony of the officer. The answer of timidity has relation either to personal danger or official position. The former is not very common, the fear of being assaulted by friends of the arrested; but the latter is daily operative, the fear of being removed to a disagreeable locality, or of being altogether removed from the force by the influence of political managers against a policeman who should dare to do his duty. The law-breaker has close connections with the alderman, or with the political committee that wields power in the ward or precinct, and any attempt to arrest him will bring the political power of the ward to bear upon the policeman. There are very few who have courage enough to brave this danger. Even those who would meet fearlessly a regiment of avenging friends quail here and become connivers at law-breaking.

Let us now interrogate the police justice as to the reason why he discharged the accused, when everything betokened him a criminal. His answer is that he wishes to be on good terms with the lowest classes, for they have votes. He desires the reputation of being an easy judge. It will be of immense value to him at the polls. Especially, if the accused in any way represents a political machine of any importance, must his interests be tenderly cared for. The police justice has an autocratic power. He discharges the prisoner, and there is

the end of the matter. There is no appeal. I have seen a burglar fined ten dollars by a police judge and then discharged with this mockery of justice, when the criminal should have been held for trial and sent to the State Prison for ten years. There was no redress but an impeachment of the judge, and who is willing to take upon himself the trouble, expense and responsibility of this proceeding? In the city of New York we have had police judges who were hard drinkers and in full association with the depraved classes who were brought before them for examination. The sympathies of these judges were with riot and disorder and not with law and order. They would leave the bench to go and carouse at a corner groggery. They were thoroughly corrupt men, and the principles of justice had no existence in their minds or hearts. If there may be none such to-day in the list of New York Police Justices, are there not some who have strong affiliations in a low direction? Are there not some who frequent the saloon and find fellows among the corrupt classes of society? Are there not some who would bend everything to political position? If I am not greatly mistaken, it is our police bench that chiefly needs a purification. I say this with full appreciation of the real worth that is there represented.

Now, if we proceed to the district attorney, and ask him why he has delayed indictment until a thousand cases lie covered with dust in his pigeon-holes, his answer will be a very gracious and plausible one. He is a higher style of man than those we have been considering and cannot afford to be rough and peremptory. He is suave and polite. He tells you that it is too bad; that he has longed to reach those cases, but that it is simply impossible, that the unbailable cases appeal to his tender heart, and these must be tried first; and that there are so many of these always coming up that the bailable cases must be indefinitely postponed. So a virtual proclamation goes forth from the chief officer of the law that no criminal need be alarmed, if only his crime is a bailable one. Commit any misdemeanor you please, and laugh at those who would threaten you with arrest. Your arrest will only be a temporary trouble of an hour or so. Then your case is snugly sleeping in the district attor-

ney's dormitory, and you can repeat your misdemeanor as often as you please. Doesn't the district attorney's policy make this a very free country?

Last of all, let us go and ask the jury why they acquitted our criminal, and let us get the answer of these twelve sages. We find at first they are so wise and ready-minded that they have no opinion about anything; otherwise the counsel would set them aside. They are the cream of simplicity. Then we find that the twelve are obliged to agree, so that one corrupt man in the jury can defeat all justice. We also find that appeals to their emotional nature, apart from all reasoning, are allowed by the court. And now, when we ask them about this unrighteous verdict, we are not altogether surprised to hear them tell us privately that they were afraid the judge would sentence the criminal to imprisonment, and they thought that would be too hard on Barney; but that if they had supposed he would have been content with imposing a light fine, they would have brought him in guilty. In other words, the jury have made themselves the discretionary adjudicators of the whole case, instead of being determiners of the fact. Their sympathy, their views of punishment, their prejudices and their affiliations are to settle the matter. The law has nothing to do with it. They are above and beyond law. The case thus put is one which actually occurred in the writer's experience, where the grossest offense, most overwhelmingly proven, escaped all punishment. How far the result was from natural sympathy with the accused and from bribery I cannot say, but the jurors individually, after the trial, gave the reason above mentioned for their verdict of acquittal.

Having examined the points where the execution of law fails and the reasons of this failure in each point, the question naturally arises, Is there any remedy, and if so, what is it?

1. The first method of cure, as we have already hinted, is in the appointment of high-minded men to official positions. The tickets for office-holders, especially such as have to deal with criminal affairs, should be carefully prepared by the better members of a political party, or, what is better still, both or all parties in a city should unite to ignore party lines in municipal matters and simply draw lines between the righteous and the

wicked. This cannot be done so long as ruling primaries are held in liquor saloons, and the representatives of prize-fights, gambling dens and houses of ill-fame are admitted into determining conferences. These moral dregs of a large city must be ignored by the mass of respectable citizens, who are always a large majority, but who lose all the effect of that majority in the present system by party division and subjection to party machinery. There would be no difficulty in such a city as New York in forever putting out of sight the low, depraved crowd, if only the respectable citizens would combine to nominate and vote for honest and upright men. Such a union for a pure municipal government is perfectly feasible without the slightest interference with the rightful and wholesome divisions of political parties in the affairs of the State and nation. The various citizens' committees, which have occasionally arisen and been successful in special cases, prove this. It is idle to hold that a man loses his standing as Democrat or Republican who makes a non-partisan effort in a municipal election. It is only the party hacks, who get their living on party politics, that propagate this doctrine and intimidate the weak-minded. A large city is too important a factor in the whole country to be slighted in its management on the ground of injury to the national politics. The real injury to the country will come from a neglect of proper care for the moral healthiness of the large cities, and every true politician, be he Democrat or Republican, will seek the pure government of the cities as conducive to the pure government of the nation.

2. Another method of cure for the municipal evils alluded to is the enactment of legislative measures that shall directly meet the present obstacles to the enforcement of law. In the first place, the testimony of the accused should not be counted as equal in weight to that of the policeman unless supported by testimony to his good character. This rule could be established by law. At present every depraved vagabond can swear away the charge against him when all the presumption is in favor of the policeman who has made the arrest. In the next place, the chief police authority in a city should have power to dismiss from the force after trial, without any appeal being allowed to the civil courts.

As it is at present, the Police Commissioners of New York know the abominable character of some men on the force, but cannot dismiss them, because the civil courts with their abounding technicalities will at once reinstate them. The thing has been tried, and with this result. Thus the police captain may defy the Board of Commissioners, for they dare not remove him. The Legislature should make the Board's power final. It is this defect that has kept in office in New York some of the most flagrantly corrupt men. Another act of legislation should be the requirement of publication in some prominent paper (the "City Record" in New York) of every case of a person discharged or held so that the conduct of each justice should be constantly before the people. Publicity like this would soon check these autocrats in their loose conduct. A bad public officer dreads the force of public attention, and winces under it. Depraved as he is, he does not wish to be considered so, and he will walk straight while the people are looking at him. But, as things are, the corrupt police justice knows that he can put justice out of joint without the knowledge of any but a few, who are either too weak to trouble him or too friendly to his wickedness to interfere.

Another law should compel the district attorney (or prosecuting officer) to give on one set day of each week the precedence to bailable cases. By the present system bailable cases can be postponed forever on the plausible ground that the unbailable ones (of which there are always a plenty) must be attended to, and those languishing in prisons be released if innocent. This gives virtual license to all law-breakers, provided the offenses be bailable ones. As many as six thousand cases have been found pigeon-holed at one time in the district attorney's office in New York. There were six thousand cases of law-breaking virtually ignored by the city's guardian of public order! This is making a farce of justice. A good district attorney would be glad to have the law bind him to the consideration of bailable cases at fixed times. It would save him from a disagreeable discretion.

The last legislation we should propose is the adoption of the Scotch method of jury verdict by a two-thirds vote. It is

absurd to allow a case to be lost through the corruption of one jurymen out of twelve. The desperation of a criminal who has control of money can almost always "fix" one juror, and that is enough. If five have to be "fixed," the undertaking is too formidable for any prisoner to attempt.

We may remark, in general, that the responsible heads in a government should be as few as possible. Where responsibility is greatly divided it is impossible to create reforms. A life-time would be spent in chasing the evil from one to another, each shifting the responsibility on his neighbor. The mayor should have supreme power of appointment and removal of every executive officer, and each head of department (each department being single-headed) should have like power over every subaltern. As long as courts and pettifoggers can interfere with the business-like conduct of departments, it will be vain to seek reform.

3. The third method of cure for our municipal evils is in the hearty participation in public affairs of our better citizens. Our merchants, tradesmen, bankers, mechanics, and other busy men should not abandon to the idlers and loafers the management of the city where they make their gains and wish protection for their families. The plea of business is a sorry one to escape public duties. It is a selfish and suicidal one. "Let others take care of the city while I make my money." That policy will in the end destroy the city. But the selfish heart says to itself: "That will not be in my day; after me the deluge." Perhaps not. Perhaps the deluge will come in your day. Your mean selfishness needs such a drowning. The apathy of citizens is about the worst omen for our future. Those who do turn aside to labor at public affairs and to see that public functionaries do their duty, receive but little aid or encouragement from their fellow-citizens. They vainly seek for either time or money from others to help in the cause of governmental purity, and this while the elements of crime are always united and helpful to one another against the peace and order of the community. A public-spirited man is a *rara avis*. Nine-tenths of the men of caliber in our cities never turn their minds for a moment to city affairs, except it is to exclaim as they read

the newspaper: "It is too bad; that ought to be stopped." If a representative of a reform association should call in just then and ask for a subscription he would be turned away without a cent. There are a few earnest reform associations in our cities. They demand the fostering care of all good men. They are the only centers of hope for the future, and the aim of honest citizens should be to strengthen them and make them more effective.

Until this is done we shall see a minority, composed of degraded, idle, licentious men, ruling the large majority of good and busy citizens, and undermining the city's prosperity while constantly disturbing its peace. Our cities can be preserved only by the vigilance and organization of their respectable elements.

HOWARD CROSBY.

The Forum.

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THE CHILD AND THE STATE.

"THE Homeless Boy" is the title of a wood-cut circulated by the Children's Aid Society. It is a sad picture. The little waif sits on a stone step, with his head bent over and resting on his hands, stretched across bare knees, his flowing hair covering his face, and his tattered clothes and bare feet betokening utter wretchedness. Turning the leaf, we are informed that twenty dollars will enable the society to give the boy a home.

Can this picture be real and the statement true? The picture is too real, and that the statement is made in good faith and for reasons sufficient, we have the guaranty of the society's good name and the known fidelity of its excellent secretary, Mr. Brace.

How many of such homeless children are there in the city of New York? We are told that there are at least twelve thousand under twelve years of age; seven thousand of them having no shelter, not knowing at morning where they can sleep at night, and the rest having only shelters revolting to behold. Less than \$250,000 then would give them all decent and comfortable homes. Every night that these twelve thousand children are wandering in the streets or lurking about rum-shops and dance-houses, or huddled in dens that are as foul in air as they are foul in occupants, that sum many times over is

spent in superfluous luxury. Rich parlors and wide halls are filled nightly with pleasure-seekers, where the air is sweetened with the perfume of flowers, music wafted with the perfume, and the light is like "a new morn risen on mid noon." The voice of mirth in the ball-room drowns the wail of the children beyond, and when the night pales into morning, the dancers go home rejoicing and the children go about the streets. Surely there must be something wrong with our civilization, our Christian civilization, so long as these strange contrasts are permitted to last.

It is not for the lack of sympathy or Christian charity. New York is charitable and generous beyond most cities, and I think I might have said beyond any city of Christendom, which is as much as to say beyond any city of the earth. Private charity is great and association for public charity is greater. On every hand are asylums, retreats, dispensaries; more than a hundred institutions organized for the relief of poverty and suffering; associations for mutual help established in all trades and nearly all professions; and over four hundred churches have their societies and committees in aid of needy members. How, then, is it that we behold this dreadful apparition of helpless and innocent suffering, these homeless children, who, by no fault of their own, are in want of food, clothing and shelter, and are lurking in corners or scattered in the streets. It is because there is not a wider knowledge of the extent of the evil and a closer study of the means to counteract it.

Let us enter into some details.

In one of the tenement houses of the city, and their number is legion, there is a room, nineteen feet long, fifteen feet broad and eleven high, where live a man and his wife and eight children. They sleep, dress, wash, cook and eat in this one room. These ten persons have altogether thirty-one hundred and thirty-five cubic feet of air, while the law requires at least six thousand feet—nearly twice as much as they get. From tenement houses like this there flows out daily a stream of children, ragged and dirty, to pick up rags, cigar stumps, and other refuse of the streets, or to pilfer or beg, as best they can. This is not the place to describe the horrors of the tenement house, nor to dis-

cuss the duty or failure of duty on the part of the state in respect of its construction and occupation. I ask attention only to the condition of the children, and for illustration take the case of a boy, five years old, who is found, in a chill November day, barefooted, scantily clothed, searching among the rag heaps in the street. He is a well-formed child, his face is fair, and as he turns his bright eyes upon you when you ask him where he lives, you see that he has quick intelligence. Altogether he is such a child as a father should look upon with pride and a true mother would press to her bosom. Yet the parents are miserably poor, the father half the time out of work, and the mother wretched with the care of her family. This is not all. Father and mother both drink to excess, and each is intoxicated as often at least as Saturday night comes round.

Has the state any duties toward this little boy, and if so what are they?

All will agree that it has some duty, at least that of protection from personal violence. May it go further, and rescue the child from its loathsome occupation, its contaminating surroundings and its faithless parents? I think that it may, and having the right, that it is charged with the duty of rescuing the child. This is a large subject, larger indeed than can be fully treated in this paper, but some of the reasons for my opinion shall be stated. At the outset, let me say that I am not a believer in the paternal theory of government. The great ends for which men are associated in political communities are mutual protection, and the construction of those public works, of which roads and bridges are examples, for which individuals are not competent. The state should interfere as little as possible with the economy of the family and the liberty of the individual to pursue his own happiness in his own way. And as a general rule parents are the best guardians of their children. The family is the primæval institution of the race. The love of the parent is the strongest of motives for the care of the child. But when parental love fails, and the offspring is either abandoned or educated in vice, the state may rightfully intervene. Its right is derived from its duty to protect itself and to protect all its people.

I am not deducing the right of interference from an impulse of the heart, though that be the foundation on which our hospitals and almshouses are built, but I place it upon the inherent and all-pervading right of protection and self-defense. Charity is an individual privilege; the impulse is an individual gift from Heaven. The state is not founded for charity, but for protection. The dictate of humanity is without doubt to take a child from an unfaithful parent and give it the training most likely to lead to an honest and industrious life. This is to transfer the child from an unclean home to one that is clean, from indecency to decency, from foul air to pure, from unhealthy food to that which is healthy, from evil ways to good. Who can doubt that the greatest good which can be done to a child neglected by its parent or taught beggary or crime, is to take it from the wicked parent, and give it into the care of one who will teach it not only the rudiments of learning but honest labor. In what other way can we better follow the example of the Divine Master than by caring for these little ones, who are unable to take care of themselves?

Protection, however, is the foundation of the right I am asserting. We must of course have a care that interference for protection be not carried beyond its rightful limits. If any general rule could be laid down for marking these limits it would perhaps be this, that the state should not invade one man's rights in order to protect another's. What the individual can do for himself the state should not undertake. But in the case supposed, the faithless parent has forfeited his right to his child, and the only point to be considered is the relation of the child to the state. This relation involves considerations of economy and of safety, each of which may be considered by itself.

The question of economy has political and social aspects. The prevention of crime and the punishment of the criminal impose upon the state some of its heaviest burdens. The cost of the police, of the courts and the prisons, makes one of the longest items in the roll of public expenditure. In the year ending September 30, 1885, the maintenance of the three State prisons cost about \$400,000. Besides these prisons there are penitentiaries at New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Syracuse,

Rochester and Buffalo, and there is a county prison in each county. What all these cost there are no readily accessible statistics to tell. The yearly cost of the police in the city of New York is about \$3,700,000, and that of the criminal courts \$300,000. The cost, defrayed from the city treasury, of prisons, reformatories, asylums, and other charitable institutions is over \$3,000,000. The expense of prisons alone is with difficulty separated from the rest. These are approximate figures. It is hard to find out how much the people of this State, in all their municipalities and political divisions, pay for police, courts and prisons. We know that the amount is appalling. Much of this, how much cannot be told, might be saved by fulfilling the scriptural injunction: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The question of safety is more vital still. Every one of these boys may be a voter ten or twenty years hence. His vote will then be as potent as yours or mine. In countries where the sovereign is a prince it has ever been thought prudent to bestow special care upon the training of an heir to the throne. Here the people are sovereign, and the little boy, now wandering about the streets, neglected or led astray, is in one sense joint heir to a throne. Every dictate of prudence points to his being fitted to fulfill the duties of his station. Who can say that if duly cared for he may not grow to the stature of a leader of the people ranking with the foremost men of his time, a benefactor of the race, a teacher of great truths, a helper of the helpless, a brave soldier in the "sacramental host of God's elect." If, on the other hand, he is left to himself in the swift current of want and vice, floating in the scum of sewers and the company of thieves, he will prove a scourge to the state, and may bring up in a prison, or perchance on the scaffold.

For this reason, and the one preceding, it should seem to be the duty of the community to look after children whose parents abandon them or lead them into evil ways, or are incapable of taking care of them.

We have already in many instances acted upon a like theory. The compulsory education acts, the corporations formed to prevent cruelty to children, and the unincorporated societies organ-

ized for their relief, are so many agencies established upon this principle. Take, for example, the eighth section of the elementary education act of 1874, as amended in 1876 : which provides that the board of education in each city and incorporated village, and the trustees of the school districts and union school in each town, by the vote of a majority at a meeting called for the purpose, shall make all needful regulations concerning habitual truants and children between the ages of eight and fourteen, who may be found wandering about the streets or public places during school hours, having no lawful occupation or business, and growing up in ignorance ; the regulations to be such as in the judgment of the board will be conducive to the welfare of the children, and to the good order of the city or town, and to be approved by a judge of the Supreme Court. Suitable places are to be provided for the discipline, instruction and confinement, when necessary, of the children, and the aid of the police of cities, or incorporated villages, and constables of towns, may be required to enforce the regulations.

The Penal Code makes it a crime to desert a child "with intent wholly to abandon it" (Sec. 287), or to omit without lawful excuse to perform a duty imposed by law to "furnish food, clothing, shelter or medical attendance" (Sec. 288), or willfully to permit a child's "life to be endangered, or its health to be injured, or its morals to become depraved" (Sec. 289), or "the child to be placed in such a situation or to engage in such an occupation" as that any of these things may happen. Another section (291) provides that a child under sixteen who is found "gathering or picking rags, cigar stumps, bones or refuse from markets," or without a home, or improperly exposed or neglected, or in a state of want or suffering or destitute of means of support, being an orphan or being in certain immoral company, "must be arrested and brought before a proper court or magistrate as a vagrant, disorderly or destitute child." The Code of Criminal Procedure (Sec. 887) declares, as vagrant, any child between five and fourteen, "having sufficient bodily health and mental capacity to attend the public schools, found wandering in the streets or lanes of any city or incorporated village, a truant without any lawful occupation ;" and it provides

in the next section (888), that when a complaint is made against any such vagrant, the magistrate must cause the child and its parent to be brought before him, and may order the parent to take care of the child, and if he does not, "the magistrate shall, by warrant, commit the child to such place as shall be provided for his reception." If no such place has been provided, the child must be committed to the almshouse of the county, and a child so committed may be bound out as an apprentice. A child found begging (Sec. 893) must be committed to the poorhouse, and there kept at useful labor until duly discharged or bound out.

These are very sweeping provisions, but they are said to fail of the effect intended, by reason of defects in the machinery for working them. Indeed, the theory upon which they are framed is in some respects erroneous. A child under twelve should never be treated as a criminal except after conviction for crime, in the few cases in which a child between seven and twelve may be convicted. To treat him as a criminal leaves a stigma, which after years do not efface. A friend who visited lately one of the reformatory schools in Boston described an inspection of the inmates, noting in particular the bearing of a little boy, three years old, who went through the exercises with the greatest spirit, intelligence and glee. Should this little child be classed with criminals, brought into contact with them, or be exposed ever to be told that he had been so classed? Our laws now use in regard to such a child the expressions "arrest," "prefer complaint," "bring before a magistrate for hearing," and the like. When the word "arrest" is used in respect of legal process it is darkened with the shadow of criminality. Why not say "take," or better still "rescue." A child under seven years of age is, and one between seven and twelve is presumed to be, incapable of committing crime. A policeman finding such a child homeless should be required to bring him before an officer specially charged with the duty of examining such cases, not a police justice. The state would thus appear to take the child under its protection as one of its wards or children. Such should be the treatment of every child under twelve years of age, whatever might be the circumstances; and the same officer should

be the one to decide in the first instance whether a child between seven and twelve should be sent to a criminal magistrate.

When a child not charged with crime is brought before such an officer and is shown to be abused or abandoned, what should be done with him and with the parent? The latter should be required to support the child, so far as the law can make him responsible. The like is required of persons classed as disorderly by Section 901 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, and under the education acts is also required of parents who fail to send their children to school. How to reach the parent is a question for the criminal law, with which we are not dealing at present. But for the child, what should be done with him? Most certainly he should be placed in a healthy and sufficient home and taught the rudiments of knowledge and honest ways. Here the state should seek the aid of private charity, acting through incorporated institutions, because the state can in this way best control the institutions, and look after the treatment and welfare of the children. These agencies are sufficient for the present and may be sufficient always. Show the people the way in which they can best help the outcast, and their benevolence will supply the motive.

If these views are sound, they lead logically to the following conclusions :

I. That there should be a public guardian of homeless children under twelve years of age, whose duty it should be to find out the condition and treatment of those brought before him, and when he sees that they require it, to place them in some institution incorporated for the care of such children, to be kept there or sent by them to homes here or in other States. In the category of homeless children may be included not only orphans without homes, but all children under twelve years of age, who are abandoned by their parents or so neglected or abused as to require that they should be taken in charge.

II. That every police officer should be required and every citizen should be permitted to bring a homeless child before this guardian.

III. That a child under seven years of age should never under any circumstances be treated as a criminal, and a child be-

tween seven and twelve should not be so treated until he has been examined by the guardian and by him sent to the criminal magistrate. No child under twelve should ever be left in the society of criminals under any circumstances whatever.

This paper has already reached the limit intended. It has not gone into particulars: on the contrary, it has been carefully confined to certain general propositions. Their development and execution are matters of detail. The aim of the article is attained, if it has helped to impress upon the reader this lesson, partly social and partly political: Take care of the children and the men and women will take care of themselves.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

AN EMPLOYER'S VIEW OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE struggle in which labor has been engaged during the past three hundred years, first against authority and then against capital, has been a triumphal march. Victory after victory has been achieved. Even so late as in Shakespere's time remains of villeinage or serfdom still existed in England. Before that not only the labor but the person of the laborer belonged to the chief. The workers were either slaves or serfs; men and women were sold with the estate upon which they worked, and became the property of the new lord, just as did the timber which grew on the land purchased. In these days we hear nothing of strikes or of trades-unions, or differences of opinion between employer and employed. The fact is, labor had then no right which the chief, or employer, was bound to respect. Even as late as the beginning of this century the position of the laborer in some departments was such as can scarcely be credited. What do our laboring friends think of this, that down to 1779 the miners of Britain were in a state of serfdom. They "were compelled by law to remain in the pits as long as the owner chose to keep them at work there, and were actually sold as part of the capital invested in the works. If they accepted an engagement elsewhere, their master could always have them fetched back and flogged as thieves for having attempted to rob him of their labor. This law was modified in 1779, but was not repealed till after the Acts passed in 1797 and 1799." ("The Trades-unions of England," p. 119.) This was only ninety-seven years ago. Men are still living who were living then. Again, in France as late as 1806, every workman had to procure a license; and in Russia, down to our own days, agricultural laborers were sold with the soil they tilled.

Consider the change, nay, the revolution! Now the poorest laborer in America or in England, or indeed throughout the civ-

ilized world, who can handle a pick or a shovel, stands upon equal terms with the purchaser of his labor. He sells or withholds it as may seem best to him. He negotiates, and thus rises to the dignity of an independent contractor. When he has performed the work he bargained to do, he owes his employer nothing, and is not under any obligation to him. Not only has the laborer conquered his political and personal freedom; he has achieved industrial freedom as well, as far as the law can give it, and he now fronts his master, proclaiming himself his equal under the law.

But, notwithstanding this complete revolution, it is evident that labor and capital have not yet evolved their permanent relations to each other. The present adjustment does not work without friction, and changes must be made before we can have industrial peace. To-day we find collisions between these forces, capital and labor, when there should be combination. The mill-hands of an industrial village in France have just risen against their employers, attacked the manager's home and killed him. The streets of another French village are barricaded against the expected forces of order. The shipbuilders of Sunderland, in England, are at the verge of starvation, owing to a quarrel with their employers; and Leicester has just been the scene of industrial riots. In our country, labor disputes and strikes were never so numerous as now. East and West, North and South, everywhere, there is unrest, showing that an equilibrium has not yet been reached between employers and employed.

A strike or lockout is, in itself, a ridiculous affair. Whether a failure or a success, it gives no direct proof of its justice or injustice. In this it resembles war between two nations. It is simply a question of strength and endurance between the contestants. The gage of battle or the duel is not more senseless as a means of establishing what is just and fair than an industrial strike or lockout. It would be folly to conclude that we have reached any permanent adjustment between capital and labor until strikes and lockouts are as much things of the past as the gage of battle or the duel have become in the most advanced communities.

Taking for granted, then, that some further modifications must be made between capital and labor, I propose to consider the various plans that have been suggested by which labor can advance another stage in its development in relation to capital. And, as a preliminary, let it be noted that it is only labor and capital in their greatest masses which it is necessary to consider. It is only in large establishments that the industrial unrest of which I have spoken ominously manifests itself. The farmer who hires a man to assist him, or the gentleman who engages a groom or a butler, is not affected by strikes. The innumerable cases in which a few men only are directly concerned, which comprise in the aggregate the most of labor, present upon the whole a tolerably satisfactory condition of affairs. This clears the ground of much, and leaves us to deal only with the immense mining and manufacturing concerns of recent growth, in which capital and labor often array themselves in alarming antagonism.

Among the expedients suggested for their better reconciliation, the first place must be assigned to the idea of co-operation, or the plan by which the workers are to become part owners in enterprises, and share their fortunes. There is no doubt that if this could be effected it would have the same beneficial effect upon the workman which the ownership of land has upon the man who has hitherto tilled the land for another. The sense of ownership would make of him more of a man as regards himself, and hence more of a citizen as regards the commonwealth. But we are here met by a difficulty which I confess I have not yet been able to overcome, and which renders me less sanguine than I should like to be in regard to co-operation. The difficulty is this, and it seems to me to be inherent in all gigantic manufacturing, mining and commercial operations. Two men or two combinations of men will erect blast furnaces, iron-mills, cotton-mills or piano manufactories adjoining each other, or engage in shipping or commercial business. They will start with equal capital and credit; and to those only superficially acquainted with the *personnel* of these concerns, success will seem as likely to attend the one as the other. Nevertheless one will fail after dragging along a lifeless existence, and pass into the hands of

its creditors; while the neighboring mill or business will make a fortune for its owners. Now, the successful manufacturer, dividing every month or every year a proportion of his profits among his workmen, either as a bonus or as dividends upon shares owned by them, will not only have a happy and contented body of operatives, but he will inevitably attract from his rival the very best workmen in every department. His rival, having no profits to divide among his workmen, and paying them only a small assured minimum, to enable them to live, finds himself despoiled of foremen and of workmen necessary to carry on his business successfully. His workmen are discontented and, in their own opinion, defrauded of the proper fruits of their skill, through incapacity or inattention of their employers. Thus unequal business capacity in the management produces unequal results. It will be precisely the same if one of these manufactories belongs to the workmen themselves; but in this case, in the present stage of development of the workmen, the chances of failure will be enormously increased. It is indeed greatly to be doubted whether any body of workingmen in the world could to-day organize and successfully carry on a mining or manufacturing or commercial business in competition with concerns owned by men trained to affairs. If any such co-operative organization succeeds, it may be taken for granted that it is principally owing to the exceptional business ability of one of the managers, and only in a very small degree to the efforts of the mass of workmen owners. This business ability is excessively rare, as is proved by the incredibly large proportion of those who enter upon the stormy sea of business only to fail. I should say that twenty co-operative concerns would fail to every one that would succeed. There are, of course, a few successful establishments, notably two in France and one in England, which are organized upon the co-operative plan, in which the workmen participate directly in the profits. But these were all created by the present owners, who now generously share the profits with their workmen, and who are making the success of their manufactories upon the co-operative plan the proud work of their lives. What these concerns will become when the genius for affairs is no longer with them to guide, is

a matter of grave doubt and, to me, of foreboding. I can, of course, picture in my mind a state of civilization in which the most talented business men shall find their most cherished work in carrying on immense concerns, not primarily for their own personal aggrandizement, but for the good of the masses of workers engaged therein, and their families; but this is only a foreshadowing of a dim and distant future. When a class of such men has been evolved, the problem of capital and labor will be permanently solved to the entire satisfaction of both. But as this manifestly belongs to a future generation, I cannot consider co-operation, or common ownership, as the next immediate step in advance which it is possible for labor to make in its path upward.

The next suggestion is, that peaceful settlement of differences should be reached through arbitration. Here we are upon firmer ground. I would lay it down as a maxim that there is no excuse for a strike or a lockout until arbitration of differences has been offered by one party and refused by the other. No doubt serious trouble attends even arbitration at present, from the difficulty of procuring suitable men to judge intelligently between the disputants. There is a natural disinclination among business men to expose their business to men in whom they have not entire confidence. We lack so far in America a retired class of men of affairs. Our vile practice is to keep on accumulating more dollars until we die. If it were the custom here, as it is in England, for men to withdraw from active business after acquiring a fortune, this class would furnish the proper arbitrators. On the other hand, the ex-presidents of trades-unions, such as Mr. Jarrett or Mr. Wihle, after they have retired from active control, would commend themselves to the manufacturers and to the men as possessed of the necessary technical knowledge, and educated to a point where commercial reasons would not be without their proper weight upon them. I consider that of all the agencies immediately available to prevent wasteful and embittering contests between capital and labor, arbitration is the most powerful and most beneficial.

The influence of trades-unions upon the relations between

the employer and employed has been much discussed. Some establishments in America have refused to recognize the right of the men to form themselves into these unions; although I am not aware that any concern in England would dare to take this position. This policy, however, may be regarded as only a temporary phase of the situation. The right of the workingmen to combine and to form trades-unions is no less sacred than the right of the manufacturer to enter into associations and conferences with his fellows, and it must be sooner or later conceded. Indeed, it gives one but a poor opinion of the American workman if he permits himself to be deprived of a right which his fellow in England has conquered for himself long since. My experience has been that trades-unions upon the whole are beneficial both to labor and to capital. They certainly educate the workingmen, and give them a truer conception of the relations of capital and labor than they could otherwise form. The ablest and best workmen eventually come to the front in these organizations; and it may be laid down as a rule that the more intelligent the workman the fewer the contests with employers. It is not the intelligent workman, who knows that labor without his brother capital is helpless, but the blatant ignorant man, who regards capital as the natural enemy of labor, who does so much to embitter the relations between employer and employed; and the power of this ignorant demagogue arises chiefly from the lack of proper organization among the men through which their real voice can be expressed. This voice will always be found in favor of the judicious and intelligent representative. Of course, as men become intelligent more deference must be paid to them personally and to their rights, and even to their opinions and prejudices; and upon the whole a greater share of profits must be paid in the day of prosperity to the intelligent than to the ignorant workman. He cannot be imposed upon so readily. On the other hand, he will be found much readier to accept reduced compensation when business is depressed; and it is better in the long run for capital to be served by the highest intelligence, and to be made well aware of the fact that it is dealing with men who know what is due to them, both as to treatment and compensation.

One great source of the trouble between employers and employed arises from the fact that the immense establishments of to-day, in which alone we find serious conflicts between capital and labor, are not managed by their owners, but by salaried officers, who cannot possibly have any permanent interest in the welfare of the working-men. These officials are chiefly anxious to present a satisfactory balance-sheet at the end of the year, that their hundreds of share-holders may receive the usual dividends, and that they may therefore be secure in their positions, and be allowed to manage the business without unpleasant interference either by directors or share-holders. It is notable that bitter strikes seldom occur in small establishments where the owner comes into direct contact with his men, and knows their qualities, their struggles, and their aspirations. It is the chairman, situated hundreds of miles away from his men, who only pays a flying visit to the works and perhaps finds time to walk through the mill or mine once or twice a year, that is chiefly responsible for the disputes which break out at intervals. I have noticed that the manager who confers oftenest with a committee of his leading men has the least trouble with his workmen. Although it may be impracticable for the presidents of these large corporations to know the working-men personally, the manager at the mills, having a committee of his best men to present their suggestions and wishes from time to time, can do much to maintain and strengthen amicable relations if not interfered with from head-quarters. I, therefore, recognize in trades-unions, or, better still, in organizations of the men of each establishment, who select representatives to speak for them, a means not of further embittering the relations between employer and employed, but of improving them.

It is astonishing how small a sacrifice upon the part of the employer will sometimes greatly benefit the men. I remember that at one of our meetings with a committee, it was incidentally remarked by one speaker that the necessity for obtaining credit at the stores in the neighborhood was a grave tax upon the men. An ordinary workman, he said, could not afford to maintain himself and family for a month, and, as he only received his pay monthly, he was compelled to obtain credit and to pay

exorbitantly for everything; whereas, if he had the cash, he could buy at twenty-five per cent. less. "Well," I said, "why cannot we overcome that by paying every two weeks?" The reply was: "We did not like to ask it, because we have always understood that it would cause much trouble; but, if you do that, it will be worth an advance of five per cent. in our wages." We have paid semi-monthly since. Another speaker happened to say that although they were in the midst of coal, the price charged for small lots delivered at their houses was a certain sum per bushel. The price named was double what our best coal was costing us. How easy for us to deliver to our men such coal as they required, and charge them cost! This was done without a cent's loss to us, but with much gain to the men. Several other points similar to these have arisen, by which their labors might be lightened or products increased, and others suggesting changes in machinery or facilities, which, but for the conferences referred to, would have been unthought of by the employer and probably never asked for by the men. For these and other reasons I attribute the greatest importance to an organization of the men, through whose duly elected representatives the managers may be kept informed from time to time of their grievances and suggestions. No matter how able the manager, the clever workman can often show him how beneficial changes can be made in the special branch in which that workman labors. Unless the relations between manager and workmen are not only amicable but friendly, the owners miss much; nor is any man a first-class manager, who has not the confidence and respect, and even the admiration, of his workmen. No man is a true gentleman who does not inspire the affection and devotion of his servants. The danger is that such committees may ask conferences too often; three or four meetings per year should be regarded as sufficient.

I come now to the greatest cause of the friction which prevails between capital and labor in the largest establishments, the real essence of the trouble, and the remedy I have to propose.

The trouble is that the men are not paid at any time the compensation proper to that time. All large concerns necessarily

keep filled with orders, say for six months in advance, and these orders are taken, of course, at prices prevailing when they are booked. This year's operations furnish perhaps the best illustration of the difficulty. Steel rails at the end of last year for delivery this year were \$29 per ton at the works. Of course the mills entered orders freely at this price, and kept on entering them until the demand growing unexpectedly great carried prices up to \$35 per ton. Now the various mills in America are compelled for the next six months or more to run upon orders which do not average \$31 per ton, at the seaboard and Pittsburgh, and say \$34 at Chicago. Transportation, iron-stone, and prices of all kinds have advanced upon them in the meantime, and they must therefore run for the bulk of the year upon very small margins of profit. But the men noticing in the papers the "great boom in steel rails," very naturally demand their share of the advance, and under our existing faulty arrangements between capital and labor they have secured it. The employers, therefore, have grudgingly given what they know under proper arrangements they should not have been required to give; and there has been friction and still is dissatisfaction upon the part of the employers. Reverse this picture. The steel-rail market falls again. The mills have still six months' work at prices above the prevailing market, and can afford to pay men higher wages than the then existing state of the market would apparently justify. But having just been amerced in extra payments for labor which they should not have paid, they naturally attempt to reduce wages as the market price of rails goes down, and there arises discontent among the men, and we have a repetition of the negotiations and strikes which have characterized the beginning of this year. In other words, when the employer is going down the employé insists on going up, and *vice versa*. What we must seek is a plan by which the men will receive high wages when their employers are receiving high prices for the product, and hence are making large profits; and *per contra*, when the employers are receiving low prices for product, and therefore small if any profits, the men will receive low wages. If this plan can be found, employers and employed will be "in the same boat," rejoicing together in their prosperity and calling into play their fortitude together in ad-

versity. There will be no room for quarrels, and instead of a feeling of antagonism there will be a feeling of partnership between employers and employed.

There is a simple means of producing this result, and to its general introduction both employers and employed should steadily bend their energies. Wages should be based upon a sliding-scale, in proportion to the net prices received for product month by month. And I here gladly pay Mr. Potter, president of the North Chicago Rolling Mill Co., the great compliment to say that he has already taken a step in this direction, for to-day he is working his principal mill upon this plan. The result is that he has had no stoppage whatever this year nor any dissatisfaction. All has gone smoothly along, and this in itself is worth at least as much to the manufacturer and to the men as the difference in wages one way or another which can arise from the new system.

The celebrated Crescent Steel Works of Pittsburgh, manufacturers of the highest grades of tool steel, pay their skilled workmen by a sliding-scale, based upon prices received for product—an important factor in the eminent success of that firm. The "Scale" adopted by the iron manufacturers and workmen is only an approach to the true sliding-scale; nevertheless it is a decided gain both to capital and labor, as it is adopted from year to year, and hence eliminates strikes on account of wages during the year, and limits these interruptions from that cause to the yearly negotiation as to the justice or injustice of the scale. As this scale, however, is not based upon the prices actually received for product, but upon the published list of prices, which should be received in theory, there is not complete mutuality between the parties. In depressed times, such as the iron industry has been passing through in recent years, enormous concessions upon the published card prices have been necessary to effect sales, and in these the workmen have not shared with their employers. If, however, there was added to the scale, even in its present form, a stipulation that all causes of difference which could not be postponed till the end of the year, and then considered with the scale, should be referred to arbitration, and that in case of failure of the owners and workmen to agree at the

yearly conference, arbitration should also be resorted to, strikes and lockouts would be entirely eliminated from the iron business; and if the award of the arbitrators took effect from the date of reference, the works could run without a day's interruption.

Dismissing, therefore, for the present all consideration of co-operation as not being within measurable distance, I believe that the next steps in the advance toward permanent, peaceful relations between capital and labor are—

First: That compensation be paid the men based upon a sliding-scale in proportion to the prices received for product.

Second: A proper organization of the men of every works to be made, by which the natural leaders, the best men, will eventually come to the front and confer freely with the employers.

Third: Peaceful arbitration to be in all cases resorted to for the settlement of differences which the owners and the mill committee cannot themselves adjust in friendly conference.

Fourth: No interruption ever to occur to the operations of the establishment, since the decision of the arbitrators shall be made to take effect from the date of reference.

If these measures were adopted by an establishment, several important advantages would be gained.

First: The employer and employed would simultaneously share their prosperity or adversity with each other. The scale once settled, the feeling of antagonism would be gone, and a feeling of mutuality would ensue. Capital and labor would be shoulder to shoulder supporting each other.

Second: There could be neither strike nor lockout, since both parties had agreed to abide by a forthcoming decision of disputed points. Knowing that in the last resort strangers were to be called in to decide what should be a family affair, the cases would, indeed, be few which would not be amicably adjusted by the original parties, without calling in others to judge between them.

Whatever the future may have in store for labor, the evolutionist, who sees nothing but certain and steady progress for the race, will never attempt to set bounds to its triumphs, even to its final form of complete and universal industrial co-opera-

tion, which I hope is some day to be reached. But I am persuaded that the next step forward is to be in the direction I have here ventured to point out; and as one who is now most anxious to contribute his part toward helping forward the day of amicable relations between the two forces of capital and labor, which are not enemies, but are really auxiliaries who stand or fall together, I ask at the hands of both capital and labor a careful consideration of these views.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

TRULY he is to be pitied. Suddenly set free, suddenly cut off. The tie of interest, not to speak of charity, which bound his master to him, and which secured to him clothing, shelter, food, care in sickness and old age, and protection at all times, was severed at one rude blow, and left him destitute of all, except some trifles of personal property which his master in kindness allowed him to keep. Hard, grinding poverty came down at once upon him, putting him more than ever at the mercy of his now many masters. And what made the case worse was that this happened in a war-swept land, where the most intelligent, active and skillful were already engaged in a desperate struggle for bread. Necessarily the slow negro suffered, and he suffers still; for the twenty years that have passed, owing to the complete disorganization of the labor system and the hundred hinderances set in the way of recovery, have been insufficient to re-order affairs so as to give these poor wretches a chance to rise from the dust. They live from hand to mouth, where they live at all, for the diseases that consort with poverty, hunger and dirt are burying them fast. Unhappily this is compensated by that reckless fecundity which also attends extreme and hopeless poverty, and thus while the race is degenerating its numbers are increasing. Freedom is, no doubt, a very fine thing, but is it really a blessing unless some little material independence comes along with it? Helpless penury brings on a sort of slavery, very hard of its kind, though it keep the name of freedom. In this case it is certain that the blessing has come really to the master, who was set free, while to the slavishly dependent freed-man it has proved thus far merely a sentimental chimera.

Coupled with this poverty is ignorance; not illiteracy, but an ignorance that is vast and dense. The negro is ignorant of the arts of life, of the commonest domestic thrift, of all busi-

ness forms, of any varied industry, of all but the rudest mechanical work or the simplest and cheapest field-labor; ignorant, too, of the plainest social obligations, of law and order, of all his best interests, of his strength and of his weakness. On all these matters he sadly needs a little light. His new-found friends have undertaken his relief, but deeming ignorance to be simply illiteracy, they have set up school-houses, furnished with school-masters and spelling-books, by which some have been raised to the height of reading dime novels and police reports. This goes in the name of education. No industrial schools to impart habits of industry and foresight, to teach him how and for what to live.* But we must not forget the word that is due to the half-dozen "colleges" established here and there to enlighten this mass of five million blacks, wherein a handful learn to despise work and to become social parasites. A shining bit of philanthropy this! Poor Sambo! He asks for bread, and you build him a college; he asks for a fish, and you send him a professor.

Poverty and ignorance beget vice. There can be no question that a general demoralization has spread among the freedmen, and that there has been a decided lowering of the religious tone of the Christianized class. Along with the general decline, it was inevitable that many individuals should plunge into personal vices and crime. It may be the number is not large in proportion, but even a small percentage is an intolerable evil. The special vices of the slave, lying and petty thieving, are yet alive. Those of a free civilization are growing. Cheating, gambling, drinking, profanity, and blackguardism generally are getting more common. Brutality and cruelty are rife. The marriage tie is so freely disregarded that it is impossible to enforce the laws against bigamy and like crimes. Burglaries and murders are increasing. Our penitentiaries, which before freedom were for whites only, are filling up with blacks; we shall have to enlarge them. We view with dismay these growing evils, and look forward with gloomy anticipations to the day when our laboring class shall become as corrupt and noxious as that of other communities.

* The only exception, perhaps, is the school at Hampton, Va.

Because of his poverty, ignorance and growing vice, the negro is at the foot of the social scale. So long as these continue, there he must stay, not because you or I will it, but because that is the nature of the case. There is a budding science called Sociology. It has already formulated some laws which, being natural laws, cannot be broken with impunity. By these the negro must stay where he is until he is other than he is. Legislation may disorganize society, and armies may destroy it, but neither alone, nor both together, can invert it, or re-order the social scale. The clamor for the social recognition of the negro is senseless noise. His social position is clearly and completely recognized. It is at the bottom, and is fixed immovably there so long as he stays what he is. The best of his class are our house servants, the rest of the workers are mostly field-hands. Their duties are honorable, their occupations useful, and their rights in these relations are fully recognized and respected. Their elevation cannot be brought about by any force except that of inherent personal excellence, together with some means of independence; and no force whatever can permanently prevent their attaining any rank to which they may hereafter become entitled. Talking otherwise only excites disorder, unfits the negro for his present place, and so checks his advance.

A political status has been decreed him. From being merely a man and a brother, he has come to be a fellow-citizen with the saints. Let us see how it came about, and how it has worked. As soon as his manacles, so to speak, were stricken off, the Freedman's Bureau was set up, ostensibly to protect and provide for him. It injected into his turbid mind the notion that the Southern white was his natural enemy. Bitter strife was stirred, and a general hostility to those in whose hands his true interests lay was fostered, and took deep root. Then came the absurd process called Reconstruction, with its swarm of leeches, carpet-baggers and scalawags, a disgrace to the quarter whence they were sent, mere missionaries of malice in the interest of sin, sowing seeds of vice, spawning evils, and propagating the new gospel of strife—thou shalt hate thy neighbor and be at war with him. As far above the negro in shrewdness as they were below him in virtue, they won his adherence by whispering the lie that, but

for a reconstruction guarded by bayonets, his old master would surely reduce him to slavery again. And so the poor, deluded fools closed up around a whipper-in whose tender mercies even were cruel.

When this much had been thoroughly done, the ballot was placed in the negro's hand, and his citizenship was complete. He was told that his ballot was a weapon of defense against his natural and implacable enemy, to be used according to directions. He had no other conception of it. The scheme was transparent, however, to all but the poor victim. It was expected that the increase thus effected in the popular suffrage of the Southern States would be wholly given to the party in power by the negro, together with the renegade vote. But it did not so turn out. The inevitable and easily to be foreseen consequence was, a solid South, with its increased representation, against the dominant party. Then came the prolonged struggle to hold place and power; the effort to produce a counteracting solid North by continually fanning the old war flame; the desperate attempt to break the Solid South, in which Old Virginia was dragged into the dirt and trampled on, but has risen again, though soiled and bruised. Throughout this wretched business, the silly negro has been the blind and passive tool of his political master, used and abused as a mere instrument, degraded from a busy producer to an idle nuisance, allowed only to hold the stirrup for vaulting ambition. The man and brother, instilled with venom, reduced from slave to savage, has been hounded on his brother man. But this was the intent rather than the result. For the negro, though ignorant and weak, is not altogether a fool nor naturally bad, and so there is at last a revolt against such base subjection. He is beginning to emerge from the slime of partisan servitude, beginning to rise from his political degradation, beginning to see men as trees walking, and there is a dawning of better things for him.

But for their naturally good disposition, this severe ordeal would surely have ruined the negroes. Their saving traits are worthy of note. The savagery of their remote ancestors has long since disappeared; they are neither revengeful nor malicious. Very many are gentle, mild and kind. Quite generally they are good natured, impressible, easy to be entreated, loving the sun-

shine and hours of idleness, ready to laugh or sing, ready to help, and truly and heartily affectionate. All this less so now than twenty years ago, but yet inborn and ready to grow again. With strong emotions of their own, they are also highly sympathetic. Though passionate and sensual, they are not naturally vicious, and, if let alone, would probably develop no other vices than those that are the inevitable offspring of poverty and ignorance in a premature civilization. Their marked docility is native, but alas! their stupidity also. The children are often bright, quick and apt to learn, as much so as those of any race; but as years progress and maturity comes on, they grow dull, slow, heavy and thick-headed, in spite of any schooling or domestic training. Still they are not fools unless befooled, nor wanting in many excellent traits of character that command the esteem at least of those who rightly know them. These traits exist, of course, in a low degree, undeveloped, and accompanied by strong ethnic marks, and the coarseness and vulgarity inseparable from a low grade of humanity.

The negroes are easily brought under the influence of the Gospel, though their religion is rather emotional than practical. Before their freedom much care was given to their spiritual interests; they were properly and soundly instructed, and multitudes of them were devout, sober and consistent Christians. Under subsequent influences they have haughtily withdrawn from the churches and watch-care and instruction of the whites, and demanded preachers of their own race. As they have but few that are competent, their religious tone has greatly declined; being very excitable, they are often led into wild extravagance and fanaticism; and, in some quarters, a truly fetish superstition has taken the place of sober religion. They are, in general, more heathenish than they were twenty years ago; but still there is much sincere, though untutored and erratic, piety amongst them.

In order to judge rightly of the status and prospects of the negro, and of the ways and means to help him, it is needful to take into view the general sentiment relative to him of the other half of our community. Immediately on the close of the war many Southern-born men, some who had been good soldiers,

hastened northward, ready and eager to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee. Others have spouted sentimental patriotism, avowed rapturous affection for the blood-cemented Union, sung peans to Federal heroes, and given themselves over to negrodom with shameless publicity. They have not yet ceased to splutter flattery in the magazines, to cringe on the rostrum, and to fawn in the parlor, either in shallow sincerity or in deep hypocrisy. Is it needful to say that such men are not representative? The true Southern man has been silent. Having no apology to make for the past, nothing to repent of, nothing to regret, save failure, and being incapable of whining sycophancy, he deems it a further virtue to suffer quietly what cannot be helped, and to protest against aggression only by such effectual means as are yet within his power. The opinions he held in '61 are unchanged, and were the general situation to recur, he would do as he then did, only guarding more providently against overwhelming numbers and resources. Were he not ever prompt to resist interference with his domestic concerns, and to repel armed invasion, he would be unworthy of his race. We admire whatever was admirable in our opponents, but admiration is not love; and we find it very hard to love our enemies, or even to forgive those that trespass against us; and we search with a microscope in vain for the boasted magnanimity that proposes itself as an example. Let no one suppose that these sentiments are peculiar to the place where they happen to be written,* "the hot-bed of secession," "the nursery of treason," "the nest of the rebellion," kept alive by a pride in this flattering, but false, distinction. They prevail throughout the thoughtful classes, and though still, are deep. We have yielded our swords, but not our manhood; we are pressed on every side, yet not straitened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed.

As to slavery, a word may be said. Forced upon our fathers by the connivance of New England, it was inherited by us, and we endeavored to discharge its obligations according to the instructions of the great Apostle. It was clearly recognized to be, not a wrong to the slave, but an evil to his master. No way of

* Virginia.

escape, however, appeared without inflicting on the black an injury as great as the advantage to the white; and so we were restrained. When, as a result of our contest, not for slavery but for non-interference, the tie was sundered, we rejoiced with a joy unspeakable, for it was not so much the slaves that were set free as we their masters, and that, too, without responsibility for their new condition. Our hands are clean, and we are free. A war, not less determined than the last, would be requisite to bring us again under the yoke of holding slaves. Not that conscience revolts, for the old slave-holder dies quite impenitent of the "heinous sin," but that it is a grievous burden, too heavy to be borne. Few of those who have unburdened us are willing to touch the burden with one of their fingers. We have waited until the woes of our old companions and inmates of our homes stir our compassion, and we ask: Shall this go on? Shall we not rather resume our old relations, not of master and slave, but of guardian and ward?

For, in spite of all these things, we feel a strong attachment to the negro. We are unwilling to forget his good behavior during the war, when, though sedulously incited to insurrection and even to massacre, he nevertheless continued, quietly and submissively, to render domestic service. Our attachment has been rudely shaken by much bad behavior during the last two decades, but, seeing that he has been misled by demagogues, intoxicated by bad politics, and elated beyond measure by having a choice between working and starving, we are indulgent in our regard, and are still strongly inclined to hold him in great favor. Every true Southern man and woman has a sincere affection for the negroes, not so much because of their virtues, which, however, are fully recognized, as because they did once in form, and do still in fact, belong to us; they are our people, they are an element in our society, they are in the habit of serving our needs, and we in the habit of serving theirs. We do not feel the repugnance toward them that is manifested elsewhere to the Irish and Chinese, and also to themselves; for we were together born to the soil, under the same roof-tree. We were induced early to honor them. Aunt Tabby cooked patties for us, Uncle Remus told us stories. We were nursed and tended and scolded by the

old Mammy, and rebuked and patronized and looked-after by the old Daddy. Their children and we were playmates, and grew together, and have stuck to each other. I would have trusted, and did trust, my brave and noble boy Ben, who stood by me through the war, rather than any bank in America. He was as true as steel. He has gone up higher, and his humble grave is wet with many a tear. You will please pardon us, but we have a sort of love for our negroes. They were members of the family, kneeled with us at the common domestic altar, attended the same church, wept over the same grave. Our property was common property, our interests were one; in sickness and in health we served each other, in peace and in war we clung together; and so we can't quite give them up. Our wives and daughters are feeding the hungry, nursing the sick, and contriving cottage-hospitals for the infirm. We must follow the example, and do for them what we can.

There has been much sterile talk and print about "The Negro Problem," as it is called. Just what this means is hard to say. Let us suppose, however, that it asks: What is to be the position of the negro, say fifty years hence, socially and politically? and: How is the white race likely to be affected by his presence and probable position? Now, while the details of the future are inscrutable, and therefore should not trouble us, it does not require prophetic inspiration to foresee what, in general, will surely come to pass.

Hunger, that great motive-power of humanity, and strict laws against pilfering, will gradually drive the negro to work more steadily for his livelihood. This will be the best part of his education. He will gradually get whatever knowledge of himself, of others and of affairs may be possible to his heavy brain. He will acquire property, and with it social independence. We shall see, or our children shall see, white servants and laborers under negro employers. Resistance would be vain, and regret senseless. Brains, not color, must settle rank. There is now, and has always been, a multitude of blacks more worthy of esteem and more valuable members of society than very many whites, and we have always heartily recognized their worth. There is a reasonable hope that the race will progress in intel-

ligence and virtue, in industry and possessions, and work out for its members a position both comfortable and creditable. God speed the day. Give them a fair chance. Let merit take its rightful place in all the world.

But what about social intercourse? That is another thing. There is a race instinct, given by the Creator, which must forever check fusion. A negro may be my superior in wealth, intelligence and piety, but he may not sit in my social circle, or at my table, or be entertained as a guest in my home. Some fanatics have practiced this thing in spite of nature and of decency, but their example serves only to disgust and warn. We will be true to our blood. So, too, let the negro be. When he becomes my social equal or superior, the same instinct in him will rightly repel social fusion. Doubtless there will be a mixed race. Alas, the brutality under the sun! It will give interminable trouble. This problem our children must work out. Let us bequeath to them the right principles, teaching them to respect honorable descent, to frown upon impurity, and to enforce the injunction: Let not man join together, what God hath put asunder.

The future position of the negro in the State is likewise to be determined by merit. When his growing intelligence has set him free from demagogues, we may expect him to take a responsible and creditable place in public affairs. The gross and injurious blunder of the war-party in giving suffrage to the indigent and ignorant negro has happily resulted in its overthrow. But for many years to come this must still be a disturbing and dangerous factor in our politics, and our only hope is to bring the negroes up to a fair understanding of their privilege. The existence of two socially incompatible races in a common government is certainly to be lamented, but Jews and Gentiles have found it possible to harmonize their interests, and we may expect a like result. All mere prejudice must give way. What should we care whether the laws, so they be good laws, be made by white or black. We want in Congress men of capacity, honesty, strength. Color is non-essential; a man's a man for a' that. Time and talent made Disraeli the Lord Premier. The time may come when a negro shall be our Secretary of State; and who will be foolish enough to object? With a sublime

faith in the vigor of Anglo-Saxon blood, we do not apprehend the dominance of any other race, but hopefully look forward to the day when the best men, regardless of their origin, shall be our public servants.

All these facts and notions are familiar to Southern people. But there is need to spread them abroad, however distasteful they may be. Truth sometimes offends, but it does not harm; and so, what I have written, I have written.

NOAH K. DAVIS.

SHALL AN EIGHT-HOUR SYSTEM BE ADOPTED?

THIS question is one of the live issues connected with the problem of social economics that calls for more than a merely sympathetic answer. Industrial relations cannot be adjusted by feelings or sentiments. However strong the desire for an ideal social state, the industrial interests cannot to-day be conducted on any other than a profit-and-loss basis; and any proposition relating to the economic conditions of society must be judged, not by the spirit in which it is proposed, but by the letter of its industrial and social effects.

The laboring classes will not support, nor ought they to be expected to support any proposition which will not tend either to lessen their labor or increase their wages; nor can the manufacturing and mercantile classes be expected to favor any change which will not tend to promote a healthy business prosperity. Therefore, the question, should an eight-hour system be adopted, practically resolves itself into two: (1) What would be its effect upon wages and prosperity? (2) How can it be most successfully inaugurated?

First, then, what would be its effect upon wages and general prosperity? Let us see.

According to the United States census of 1880, the total population was 50,155,783. Of this number, 36,761,607 were over ten years of age, and 17,392,099, or nearly one-half of those over ten years of age, were employed in the various occupations. Out of these 17,392,099, 1,017,034 are engaged in the various professions, as lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, actors, journalists, etc.; 4,479,634 are manufacturers, merchants, bankers, traders, clerks, etc.; leaving 14,895,431 who properly come under the head of laborers. Of this number, however, 4,347,617 are farmers and others engaged in agriculture, who work for themselves; hence we do not class them as wage-laborers, although

a large percentage of this number work for wages a considerable part of the time. The remaining 10,547,814 are exclusively wage receivers; but if we exclude the 1,075,655 domestic servants, there are still 9,472,159 actually employed in productive industries who work exclusively for wages. The general adoption of an eight-hour system would properly include the whole 14,895,431, but we will, in this paper, consider its economic effect upon the community if applied only to the 9,472,159 who are exclusively wage-laborers.

The average nominal length of the day's work in this country, outside of Massachusetts, is eleven hours and a half, and it is greatest in those industries where the largest number of women and children are employed; but taking eleven hours to be the average length of the working-day, if an eight-hour system were adopted there would be a uniform reduction of three hours' labor a day, the effect of which upon the industrial and business interests of the community must be obvious. The first and immediate effect of such a measure would be to reduce the average daily production over one-fourth. In other words, the product of 28,416,477 hours' labor a day would be withdrawn from the market without discharging a single laborer. The commercial vacuum thus produced would, in its effect upon labor and business, be equal to increasing the present demand over one-fourth; that is to say, without increasing our home or foreign market, but simply to supply the present normal consumption, it would create employment for 3,500,000 laborers. To meet this demand, about one-sixth more factories and workshops would be needed, besides setting our present machinery in operation; and a further demand for labor would be created in the mines, forges, furnaces, iron-works, and the various industries that contribute to the building and equipment of the requisite new factories and workshops. This in all would create employment for about four million laborers, which would more than absorb all the unemployed labor both in this country and in England to-day. Nor is this all. The new demand for labor thus created would necessarily increase the number of consumers, and thereby still further enlarge the demand for commodities; and, according to the popular doctrine of supply and demand,

the increased demand for labor, by reducing competition among laborers, must tend to increase wages.

We shall, doubtless, be told by "wages-fund" economists, that although the immediate result of this measure would be to give employment to an increased number of laborers, yet, as the increased employment was only in proportion to the hours reduced, the aggregate production and consumption would be essentially the same. If no more wealth is produced, no more can be distributed; hence, in proportion as the number employed is increased, must the amount given to each be reduced; and, they will add, should the product of each day's work be reduced, it will follow that either wages must fall or prices must rise in the same ratio, and consequently that no real and permanent advantage can ensue.

If this were the only effect that would be produced by an eight-hour law, there would be some force to such an objection. But a further examination into the operations of this law will reveal other and greater effects to follow in its application, the influence of which, though more gradual, will be far more extended and permanent. What Adam Smith calls "the extent of the market" finally determines business prosperity and industrial progress—in short, all economic movement. The extent of the market is governed by the normal consumption of wealth by the masses, and the consumption of wealth in any community is determined by the general standard of living in that community; and the standard of living is ultimately determined by the habitual desires, tastes, and wants that have become necessities *i. e.*, the habits and customs or character of the people. Therefore, whatever tends to increase the wants, improve the habits, and raise the standard of living of the masses, must necessarily tend to permanently increase the consumption and production of wealth, and thereby conduce to industrial and social advancement.

And this is precisely what, from the natural operation of economic forces, must result from the adoption of an eight-hour system. In addition to, and along with the immediate effects referred to, the mass of laborers throughout the country, having three hours a day extra time for leisure and opportunity, and

being less exhausted, mentally and physically, will be forced into more varied social relations—a new environment, the unconscious influence of which will naturally awaken and develop new desires and tastes that will slowly and surely crystallize into urgent wants and fixed habits, making a higher standard of living inevitable. As Prof. Hearn truly observes:*

“It depends upon the education, in the widest sense of the term, of each individual, and upon his character as mainly resulting from that education, how many and what kind of objects, and with what persistency he desires. We know that the desires of educated men are more varied and more extended than those of persons without education. We know that wages of educated men are higher, and consequently the means of gratifying their desires greater than those of the uneducated. . . . Those nations and those classes of a nation who stand highest in the scale of civilization are those whose wants, as experience shows us, are the most numerous.”

To raise the standard of living of the masses, is to increase the general consumption of wealth. This increased consumption necessarily implies a corresponding increase in production, and consequently an increased demand for labor and higher wages. Nor does a rise of wages thus naturally produced imply a rise of prices. “The larger the market, the lower the price,” is one of the best established principles in political economy, as all experience testifies. In fact, the successful use of improved machinery, which is the only means of permanently reducing price, can become possible only through increased consumption. That whatever tends to increase the permanent demand for commodities, tends to reduce the cost of production and lower prices, is a fact that is demonstrated in the history of every manufacturing industry in the world. It is therefore manifest that the general and permanent economic effect of an eight-hour system would be to naturally increase the aggregate consumption and production of wealth. When the masses have learned, through habit, to use wealth sufficiently to appreciate the refinements of life, tenement hovels will give place to civilized homes, the reading-room will supplant the rum-shop, and churches, schools, libraries, lectures, art galleries and museums will become

* “Plutology,” pp. 19, 20. See also Bastiat’s “*Harmonics*,” pp. 51, 52; Banfield’s “*Organization of Industry*,” pp. 11, 12; McCulloch’s “*Prin. Pol. Econ.*,” pp. 181, 182.

public educators of the millions, instead of remaining the luxury of the few. When the masses have opportunity, natural law becomes the great educator; for, as Emerson truly says, "we educate not by lessons, but by going about our own business." Even Mill admitted that "no remedies for low wages have the smallest chance of being efficacious which do not operate on and through the minds and habits of the people."

Is the proposition for an eight-hour system feasible, becomes the next question. Fortunately, the answer of experience is ample and conclusive on this point. The regulation of the hours of labor by the State is not an untried experiment. A ten-hour law has been in operation on a small scale both in England and Massachusetts; and although it was adopted in both instances for humanitarian rather than economic reasons, after nearly forty years' trial in England and eleven years in Massachusetts, its beneficial influence upon the material and social condition of the masses is a fact well attested in the public documents of both countries. This is the only legislation on the subject of labor that has stood the test of experience. All efforts to deal with this question by schemes of a socialistic nature, such as co-operation and colonization, as well as legislation upon land, profit, interest, currency and taxation, have failed to appreciably affect the situation. But not so with this legislation. Wherever it has been adopted its success has more than sustained the claims of its most sanguine friends.

England was the cradle of the factory system. It was there where the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and the steam-engine came into existence; it was there that the division of labor and the use of machinery in productive industries were first generally adopted; and it was very naturally there that the evils growing out of the system of congregated industry and long hours of labor, under the pressure of severe competition and speed of machinery, first forced itself upon the attention of statesmen. Legislation upon this question began to be asked for early in the present century; and I may add that the history of this legislation is the history of the progress and prosperity of the English working classes.

Before the hours of labor were reduced, and half-time schools

for working children were established (which was part of the same legislation), the condition of the northern laborers was very little better than that of the agricultural laborer of the south of England, of whom the Bishop of Manchester said in his report as one of the Agricultural Commission: "They huddle together in mud-cabins, frequently under conditions which compel the eating and sleeping, births and deaths of large families to take place in the same room." And Earl Shaftesbury, in an address before the British Social Science Association, said: "Dirt and despair, such as ordinary folks can form no notion of, darkness that may be felt, odors that may be handled, and faintness that can hardly be resisted, hold despotic sway in these dens of despair."* Not more than one in fifteen, and in many places one in twenty, could read or write. Women, and children only seven years of age, worked in coal and iron mines fourteen hours a day. Poor-law authorities sold pauper children to distant factory masters, and the truck system so prevailed that the mass of laborers seldom received any money, having to take their wages in store orders.

The first law relating to the hours of labor was adopted in England in 1802, but applied only to apprentices, and was never enforced. In 1819 a law was passed applying to cotton mills only, prohibiting the employment of children under nine years of age, and reducing the working hours for women, and children under sixteen years of age, from fourteen to twelve a day. The beneficial results of this legislation became so immediately apparent, that in 1825, six years later, another law was passed reducing the hours of labor of cotton operatives from twelve to eleven and a half per day, and increasing the penalty for its violation. The improvement to the laborers and the absence of injury to the capitalists was so marked under these new conditions, that this legislation grew in public favor. In 1831 another bill was passed still further reducing the working hours of factory operatives. This law reduced the hours of labor from eleven and a half to eleven per day, and included women, and all minors under eighteen, instead of sixteen years of age, and pro-

* See also Rogers, "Work and Wages," p. 511; Walker, "Wages Question," pp. 22, 23, and 61.

hibited night work for all under twenty-one years of age. In 1833, only two years later, a measure was adopted reducing the working time of children under thirteen years of age to eight hours a day, and requiring two hours a day of schooling. This law also provided that all previous legislation which had only affected cotton mills should, together with this act, be applied to silk, woolen, and flax mills also.

The effect of this measure upon the condition of the working classes was such that it rapidly gained in popularity, and in 1844 a law was passed reducing the working time of children under fourteen years of age to half-time, and compelling attendance at school the other half. It is from the passage of this measure that the educational progress of the English working classes really dates. The gradual and permanent improvement resulting from the limited experiments in this legislation during the previous twenty years had so established it in public favor that in 1847, only three years later, and against the united opposition of the free-trade Manchester school, the ten-hour law was adopted by a handsome majority. Such was the unexpected result of this measure, both upon the social condition of the people and the business prosperity of the community, that Sir Robert Peel, Earl Grey, Sir James Graham, Arthur Roebuck, and other leading statesmen who had spoken against the bill, rose in their places in the House of Commons and openly apologized for their opposition to the measure. And, since then, even John Bright has admitted his "mistake in opposing this bill." After this law had been in operation for twenty-seven years, its rigid enforcement being provided for by the appointment of factory inspectors, and after amendments had been adopted making it more effective and extended in its application to all the commercial, mechanical and mining as well as the manufacturing industries of the country, its influence upon the progress of the people was such that in 1874 another law was passed, still further reducing the working hours to nine and a half.

Our free-trade friends will, doubtless, be ready to ascribe all of England's progress during that period to their free-trade policy. But those who take that position will be called on to explain how it is that, while England's free-trade policy applied to

her whole people, it is only in those portions of the country where short-hour legislation has had effect that this progress is to be found. They must explain how it is that the laboring classes in those sections of the country not affected by this legislation have made very little more progress during that period than the laboring classes in other European countries, while in the districts that have been under the influence of this legislation the industrial classes have made more progress during the last forty years than those of any other country. They will have to explain how it is that during the same period wages in the north of England, where this legislation has prevailed, have been nearly trebled, while the wages of agricultural laborers have only been slightly increased. The wages of agricultural laborers to-day are from ten to fourteen shillings a week, while those of the northern laborer range from twenty to forty shillings a week. And they will also have to explain how it is that the homes of English agricultural laborers at present are very little better than those of the Irish and German peasantry, while those of the Lancashire and Yorkshire operatives are fully fifty per cent. better than those of the laboring classes in any other country outside of America.

Nor is this all; the good results of this legislation are not only to be seen in the improved material condition of the masses, but in their intellectual and moral condition as well. Public opinion and legislation on the side of freedom and human rights have been moulded and directed by its effects. Every important reform that has occupied the public mind in England during the last quarter of a century has originated among and received its main support from the people who have been most directly under the influence of this legislation. The great Reform League, which created a public opinion that forced Lord Derby, in 1867, though he had declared that his "mission in taking office was to stem the tide of democracy," to introduce a measure granting the working men the right to vote; the abolition of Church rates in England; the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church in Ireland; the popular demand for unsectarian and compulsory education, all emanated from the people in those portions of the country where the influence of short-

hour legislation, half-time schools, and the consequent free reading-rooms and libraries have prevailed. Not one of these important reforms has either originated with or received any appreciable support in or out of Parliament from the agricultural districts where this legislation has not been adopted.

Nor has the influence of this legislation upon progress been limited to England. We in America owe more to the moral results of these measures than we have yet learned to recognize. During the dark days of the rebellion, when the success of the Union arms was very doubtful, and the English Government stood ready, as we then feared and still believe, to give aid and comfort to the enemy, the one bright spot above the horizon was the public opinion created by the working-men in the manufacturing districts in the north of England. Although the cotton industry was prostrated there for years, and thousands of operatives were out of employment, many of whom were on the verge of starvation as the result of our war, they not only bore it without a murmur, but they turned England into a hot-bed of agitation by monster open-air meetings from 100,000 to 500,000 strong, unanimously declaring for the freedom of the slave and the success of the Union, and instructing their representatives in Parliament to oppose every effort of the Government to recognize or assist the rebellion. In the face of this popular force the ministry did not dare do more than wink at the building of the "Alabama."

I repeat, it was not from the agricultural districts that this declaration against slavery came. Not a single meeting was ever held nor a voice heard, in or out of Parliament, from those parts of the country, on this question. No! it was from Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Oldham, Bolton, Stockport, Rochdale, and the manufacturing districts of the great north, that, as the first fruits of the seeds of progress that had been planted by the ten-hour law and half-time schools, there arose a popular power which, at an opportune moment, stayed the hand of the British Government, and helped us to save the republic.

The effect of similar legislation in Massachusetts is equally encouraging. The results there are not so pronounced as in

England, because the ten-hour law has only been in operation a few years, and it affects a much smaller proportion of the population. But, notwithstanding this fact, its elevating influence upon the masses is so apparent that it has become very popular among all classes in the community; so much so, that many of those who strongly opposed its adoption would now, with equal force, object to its repeal. In 1880, six years after the passage of the ten-hour law in that State, as the result of an argument made before the legislative labor committee by a prominent free-trade advocate, Edward Atkinson—who has always been an active opponent of the law, on the ground “that its operation was injurious to the working-men, as they had to work for one-eleventh less than similar laborers in other States”—the legislature ordered the Labor Bureau to investigate the hours of labor, and the wages paid in Massachusetts and in the other New England States, and also in New York. This was done, and the result, which appeared in the Bureau report for 1881, was as follows:

In Maine, average hours, $66\frac{1}{2}$; average wages, \$7.04 per week.						
“ N. H.,	“	“	$66\frac{1}{2}$	“	“	7.44 “ “
“ Conn.,	“	“	$65\frac{1}{4}$	“	“	7.81 “ “
“ R. I.,	“	“	66	“	“	8.61 “ “
“ N. Y.,	“	“	$65\frac{1}{4}$	“	“	7.57 “ “
“ Mass.,	“	“	60	“	“	8.32 “ “

It will be seen from this investigation, which was instituted by the enemies of the law, that in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York, the average working-time is sixty-five and a half hours per week, and the average wages of labor \$7.67 per week; while in Massachusetts, with only sixty hours a week, the average wages are \$8.32 per week, or sixty-three cents a week more for five and a half hours a week less labor. That is to say, the laborer in Massachusetts works twenty-two hours, or over two full days less, and receives \$2.52 per month more wages than similar laborers in the other States referred to. There never was any legislation adopted in any country in the world that has yielded such good economic fruit! It operates alike under a monarchy in Europe and a republic in America. In fact, it is the one

species of industrial legislation that has never failed, and its results have only been limited by the extent of its application.

For an eight-hour law to be economically and morally effectual, however, it must be national; international would be even better. There is nothing that is susceptible to governmental influence, with which local or State legislation is so inadequate to deal, as economic and moral interests. Under our present system of industry, with the division of labor and the extensive use of machinery, production has to be conducted on such a large scale that no industry of any importance can be sustained by the consumption of its own locality. Indeed, it is too well known to need stating, that there is no important industry in the country that does not depend for its success mainly upon the consumption of many and distant localities. New York and California, South Carolina and New England, Pennsylvania and Texas, are all inseparable parts of the same industrial confederacy, and, therefore, any legislation upon this subject, to be effectual, must be general. Some good result will follow the local adoption of this measure, as in Massachusetts; but its advantage will be proportionally greater in each locality, according as the area of its application is extended. Accordingly, we find that the economic and moral influence of the eight-hour law, as applied to the isolated navy-yards, is almost imperceptible; while that of the ten-hour law, when applied to a whole State, as in Massachusetts, is very marked and general; and in England, where it has been applied to a whole country, the results are still more striking and permanent. Thus, while the good influence of the general adoption of an eight-hour system upon the prosperity of the community is a scientific certainty, its local or partial adoption would not produce the same proportional benefits. The question, therefore, is, how can its general adoption be most effectually accomplished?

There are two methods by which the eight-hour system may be brought about. (1) By the united refusal of the laborers to work more than eight hours a day, *i. e.*, by strikes. (2) By legislative enactment.

The first is the most difficult, the most costly, and the least feasible. In order for this method to be successful it is neces-

sary to have the laborers in all industries throughout the country not only thoroughly united upon this issue, but also ready to assume all the risks and hardships of a general strike for its enforcement, which is almost impossible. And if they were sufficiently organized and determined for such a struggle (which they are not), it would be a costly undertaking, such as no labor organization that ever existed could sustain.

Again, even admitting that it were possible to inaugurate an eight-hour system by a general strike, it would be equally necessary to maintain intact the same complete organization and unanimity of purpose and willingness to strike among the laborers, in order to enforce it and prevent the employers from returning to the old system, which a certain portion of them will always be trying to do. It is unnecessary to say that this would be practically impossible.

Legislative enactment is open to none of these objections, and is more feasible in many other respects than the efforts of trades-unions. Under the legislative method a bare majority can adopt it for the whole State or nation ; and the effort does not involve any of the risk and hardship inseparably connected with an industrial war.

Again, when it is once established by law it is removed from the domain of controversy to that of authority, sustained by the moral and legal influence of the whole community. In a word, it has become "respectable," and its violators, instead of posing as injured innocents endeavoring to resist the cruel encroachments of the working-men, will figure as common law-breakers and enemies to society. Thus, all the power of government can be evoked to enforce it—a policy far more certain than the doubtful experiment of strikes. It is therefore manifest that the most feasible method of establishing a general uniform eight-hour system is the adoption of a national eight-hour law.

The necessity for such a law has already begun to be recognized, not only by the laborers, but by intelligent manufacturers and statesmen ; and the first step toward its adoption has already been taken. Last winter a proposition was introduced into Congress by Representative Davis, of Massachusetts, to amend the Constitution so as to enable Congress to regulate the

hours of labor throughout the country. This proposition will be up for consideration during the present session. In view of the fact that a general reduction of the hours of labor has become an economic necessity, demanded alike by the industrial prosperity of the country and the moral and social well-being of the laboring classes, it becomes the duty of every American citizen not only to ask for but to urge the adoption of this amendment, that a national eight-hour system may be speedily inaugurated.

GEORGE GUNTON.

FLORIDA.

"WILL you tell me why, with all Europe open, you persist in traveling to and through a country that has no art, history, or scenery?"

So spake one, half-angered, outward-bound for Florence, to me, southward-bound for Florida.

And, indeed, the question is hard to answer. I can only reply, a little doggedly perhaps, that at least the country is my own, and it is my business to know it! Of art, certainly not much can be said. Of history—no history? What world's drama had ever a loftier motive, a statelier march, a grander succession than that which opened upon the colonial South, advanced along the fortitude of hardship, the bravery of battle, the patience of hope and the labor of love, and closed triumphantly upon the scenic surrender at Yorktown?

Of scenery—Richmond is on the site for a noble city. High-poised on the banks of the James, with the ever-beautiful, swift river far below, the ever-beautiful soft sky not so far above, and with gentle hills sweeping afar to the Southern horizon—a half-way store-city for the overflowing energy of the North and for the newly-developing energy of the South; forgetting some of the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto the best things which are before, Richmond may well look for a fair future. But from Richmond, southward, along the old "tide-water settlements," we fare indeed through a pale, spiritless country. There is no clear line in heaven or earth, or the waters that are upon the earth, no depth in the woods, no verdure of turf. The scrawny forests sprout a scanty green from a long-lost habit of foliage, but there is no wanton tangle of underbrush and fern and vine and moss. It is a poverty-smitten land, and its poverty is matched by the misery of sentient life. The houses are sad abodes for human beings—small, shabby, unshapely, revealing

no attempt at decoration, the sweet embellishment of home, within or without. The garb of the people is unmitigated early English—limp and dingy feminine drapery, the *toga virilis* equally dingy and more severe. The inevitable and conspicuous feature of every railroad station is a “bar,” and near each bar is a languid group sitting on rough, wooden benches or sauntering at limitless leisure, smoking, gazing, not apparently because they are interested, but because it is easier to look than not to look; and presently you are surprised to discover that they are not wretched. It is you whom their aspect makes wretched. They are happy enough—not boisterous, not perhaps mirthful, but serene, content, desiring apparently nothing better or different; and you plunge into unfathomable depths of gloom. What is to become of our country? How shall this people be raised to real life?—for rise they must, or they will drag the nation down. Human aspiration, divine discontent—whence shall they be invoked? This tranquil resting on a wooden bench with a clay pipe and inexhaustible leisure, this strange blank of vanity and coquetry, what does it portend? Oh, for the toss of a saucy head, the flutter of a smart ribbon, the stiffness of one starched dickey! For that ribbon would flutter upward; that torture of starch would mean at least the momentary sacrifice of ease to an ideal.

Yet from this meager earth, from these rough benches, came soldiers whose valor surprised the world. For these sombre homes they abandoned ease, and embraced toil and submission and suffering and death through four endless years. Their cause was wrong but their conduct was heroic; all theories must take that fact into the account. These lands, outworn by unwise cultivation long before the war; these homes, shriveled under the blight of slavery, produced men, how patient, how proud, how brave, we never should have known, we never could have dreamed, but for the war. Perhaps, too, only the actual and awful compact of war could have convinced the South that the mud-sill, money-making North was also not without the courage which could scorn money and fight fiercely. From this new mutual respect may there not spring a more real unity than could ever have existed with the misconceptions and the conse-

quent mis-steps of continuous peace? War is a hard way for people to become acquainted, but it was better for the North and the South to get acquainted with each other by war than not to be acquainted at all!

And ere we are aware the gray wastes are succeeded by broad, tilled, rolling fields, the careful cultivation of industry and hope. We are gliding westward through South Carolina; we approach Columbia; we enter Paradise. It is a great house, with wide halls and spacious chambers opening upon broad verandas overclimbed with roses, set in a beckoning wilderness of great trees and flowering shrubbery alive with flash and song of bird, and tinkling fountains all aglint with bronze and golden fish; securing our fragrant and musical seclusion by a high, close wall between us and the surrounding city. Nor is Eve wanting, beautiful, bountiful, Queen of Paradise in her own right. After an eternity of eight-and-thirty hours in heat and dust and disheartening, I wake high up above a bounteous earth in a brilliant heaven of magnolia trees shining in at every window—dense, dark-green, polished and splendid; still above, a heaven-blue, heaven-clear sky, with airs from Araby the Blest, and inwardly I promise myself never to leave this Paradise. Florida may flaunt her orange groves and the “Crackers” smoke their pipes of peace. I will not yield this caressing cleanness for any patriotism whatever.

But when the delightful bewilderment of novelty is past, one cannot be quite at peace. In this lulling, restful Paradise we see the South at its best. The amplitude and openness, balcony and breeze and sun and shade, are of the gracious and friendly South, her welcoming hospitality, her sweet-to-do-nothing charm. But the master is far away. I am a Spaniard in the Halls of the Montezumas—by honest purchase, true, nor were the purchasers more glad of the Halls than the Montezumas were of the money; yet I cannot help a twinge of regret. This great door-way and wide aisle of entrance stretching from bloom of front to bloom of rear, and making the house a part of sheltered park and colonnaded paths in fairy-land—all are of the baffled and excluded South. Silken couch and curtain, dainty devices of toilette, thrift and beauty of board, orderly

march of cuisine under the all-seeing eye of the canny, just and faithful Scot, who rules her retinue with iron hand not half concealed under a glove that is but uncut velvet—this is wholly North. How can the South forget her bitterness, seeing the victorious legions of war followed by these more victorious legions of peace? Nothing, I think, has ever surpassed the dignity and simplicity with which these men, masters of broad estates, lords of soil and slaves, met the decision of war, accepted failure and poverty, fraternized with their friend-foes, and started on the new path. It is for the North to be gentle, forbearing, courteous, considerate. We must walk softly before those who staked all on a wrong cause—and lost. Well for them and well for the coming generations that they lost; but they lost. The North won. Nor is anything more politic than courtesy; for the South is not only noticeably gentle and courteous, but responds instantly to gentleness and courtesy, however promptly and passionately resentful of rudeness, and even childishly sensitive. It is a child-like race, in some respects, compared with the business-trained maturity of the North, but with the charm as well as the unreason of childhood. Its women—I hardly know how to say it without offense, and Heaven forbid I should in one jot offend my dear New England, our royally rowdy West, or any remotest section of the Great Republic; nor can I perhaps say it with consistency, and there is no need of saying it at all; yet I will hazard the suggestion that Southern women are prettier than Northern women! It is not that the withered wisp of the “tide-water settlement” is more beautiful than the perfect final flower of Northern culture, or the saxifrage of the New England frontier farm—a hardy plant, that has as little time as its Southern counterpart has turn for the æsthetic of the garden of God. But the ordinary Southern woman, on Columbia Heights, on the South Battery, in Forsythe Park, is pleasant to the eye. Neither men nor women have the color and contour, the rich costume, the aggressive prosperity of the never-ending procession going down to the Everglades in search of health!—portly men, full-bearded and ruddy, close-buttoned to the chin; buxom dames, every one with a seal-skin sacque on her shoulders and a supererogatory camels’-hair shawl over her arm—weighted with money, beaming

with satisfaction, eating and drinking the best of everything and plenty of it. Southern women are fragile in figure, delicate of complexion, with soft, bright, abundant hair, soft, melodious voices in which a certain flatness of enunciation becomes far from disagreeable. Their dress is of modest cost and palpably home-made; Worth and Redfern—a plague o' both their houses!—feather no nests from these quiet birds. The sombre blacks and heavy fabrics which our long winters drag even into our short summers, count ill beside these cheerful taffetas and fresh cambrics whose lightness and grace suit well the light and graceful forms. And their kindly wearers meet kindly the stranger that is within their gates. Brusquely accosted, roughly touched where their hearts are sore, and no doubt these kind eyes would flash with angry fire—the pale ashes of secession still cherish a vital spark—but why approach them brusquely? They endure a suffering all their own. They have felt the heavy hand of the North; let them feel now only its ministrations. As a pathetic and tender prophecy, I cherish an Easter gift of Easter lilies on Easter morn, and the most precious tribute of the rose-tree—from the avowed secession South to the avowed anti-slavery North—and feel that indeed and in truth Christ the Lord is risen.

And even ministrations must be tactful. One of those buxom health-seekers, of the best of the class, full of intelligence and of benevolence as of vitality, tarried a week or two on her supposititious health-pilgrimage, and by some magnetism of the heart was borne straightway to the haunts of poverty. Even in the city's refuge were crippled and suffering old women, without fire, almost without food, and with insufficient clothing. A pallid child, a chronic invalid, sore and loathsome, lay in his wretched bed, without sheet or blanket or fresh bandages, utterly unable to touch the coarse corn-cake and salt pork which was the sole viand to tempt his failing appetite or sustain his fainting strength. The city charity was scant of funds, and, worse still, was wholly destitute of system to use its funds to the best advantage. What saintly sop my lady threw to the watchful Cerberus on guard, by what magic she insinuated cord-wood through the key-holes, blankets upon the beds of rheumatism, and dain-

ties into the mouth of famine, I may not say, lest Cerberus be alert against another onset—but no burglary was ever more carefully planned or more warily, wisely and successfully executed—since no success can be more complete than that in which not only does the burglar secure his plunder but the victim never discovers that he is robbed!

Courtesy is certainly the law of the South. Gentle ways and words characterize all classes. The “poor white”—thin, sallow, ague-shaken, lifts his brimless hat with a winning smile and a gratified voice to your queries. The colored “uncle,” driving his indescribable garden “truck” to market in pre-eminently Ethiopian cart harnessed by fragments of rope to a storm-swept cow, and his still darker brother left at home on the plantation, receive your advances as if you were the long-lost Light of Asia. “Ain’ gwi’ pay no taxes dis yeah,” says he, smiling broadly back from his glistening teeth; “I pay fif’ cen’ unready fur to vote; an’ ur raise five chil’n an’ six gran’chil’n. De one stannin’ back dyar, she’s one ur ’em; an’ I dun nuf fer de State. I airn las yeah sixty-five dollar’. Dat’s a heap o’ money. Don’ seem’s I ought to work no mo’. But ’pears like ’e go mighty quick. Ole woman she say ‘Out o’ coffee,’ ‘Want li’l m’lasses,’ n’somehow, I ev to keep workin’.”

“You would like to be back in the old times?”

“Oh, no!” with almost a guffaw; “rather own m’self!”

With plenty of hard work, and suspicion of employers, and laments for the idleness of young and upstart “niggers,” I never found one who did not rejoice at owning himself.

In the State House, crowning the city’s fair hill, and commanding a wide and varied prospect, but bearing yet in its broken columns and unfinished walls—battered before they were wholly built—the marks of war, the spirit of complaisance is almost too visibly astir. The picture of Calhoun is pointed out by the volunteer colored attendant.

“And who was Calhoun?” we ask.

“He was”—swallowing hard for one palpable second—“he was de fus Guv’nah Souf C’r’lina.”

No balking of the inquirer by a useless avowal of ignorance. In one short moment consideration for the stranger has nomi-

nated, elected, and installed a Governor without recourse to convention or ballot-box.

I ask to see the Ordinance of Secession, said to be in the State archives, and the lively servitor plunges instantly into the waste paper left in large and loose abundance on and around the speaker's desk.

"No," I interpose. "You will not find it there. It would have been put away. It was an important paper—the one on which the war was fought."

"Oh, yes!" and his rich dark face lights up with instant and complete comprehension. "Dey done tore 't up!"

Who but must promptly, admiringly, gratefully follow the working of his swift mind and compelling heart?

An official of higher rank and the right caste color spares no pains to show everything of interest, including the majestic robe of purple silk and velvet which, in South Carolina alone of all the States, has been handed down from an earlier age to the Speaker of the House. Thoughtlessly I suggest that he put it on for better exhibition. He blushes and hesitates for one modest moment, but chivalrously complies, though he is quite lost in its too ample folds. He divines that I am Northern as surely as I know that he is Southern, and perhaps a little pardonable malice lurks in his free-hand drawing of the dishonest carpet-baggers who swarmed upon them, the greedy officials who came down and devoured them—"that ticket-of-leave chap Chamberlain."

"And Moses," I add blandly, just to show I am no blind partisan.

"M—Moses—well, no," he hesitates; "he wasn't a Yankee. He belongs a few miles out of here;" and we gaze innocently and silently into vacancy.

"But those nigger legislatures," he exclaims, recovering heart, "I should like to show you a photograph I have;" and he rummages the never too orderly array of a man's desk and brings out a time-stained picture. I am honestly surprised. I had expected a motley crew. We have all heard of the "nigger legislatures" of South Carolina, who went up every man to his pigeon-hole and took his money for his vote as openly as if his

vote had been a basket of Carolina potatoes. But this represents an assembly of decent men decently dressed. They may be rascals but they look respectable. They may be the most stolid field-hands, but they hold their heads erect as if every man were a member of the Congregational Club in Boston.

"Why!" I cannot help exclaiming, "this is not bad. Is this the one?" and he looks at it for a moment under my eyes.

"No, that's not so bad," he admits candidly; "not so bad as the other one. I have another—the worst—but I can't find it!"

And on the morning when I leave the Capitol, the Republican Convention which met the day before is leaving it also. The railroad station and the train are filled with delegates, chiefly colored. They are not slaves. They are not "niggers." They are men, colored men. They are quite at home alike in their "store clothes" and in their citizens' responsibilities. I cannot believe that they will long rest under outside repression. They have not only tasted the sweets of liberty, but they have been touched with the dignity of self-government. It is to be always remembered that we are now nearly a generation removed from slavery. The colored persons whom we meet in ordinary travel—the hotel and railway servants, the students and teachers and preachers and workmen—are in large numbers personally as unfamiliar with slavery as are we. Their parents were slaves, but they were born free or were freed so young as to have no recollection of bondage. It is not only that they cannot be reduced to slavery, but they are constantly breathing the air and making the associations and transmitting to their children the cumulative power of freedom. The coming generations will hold their own. Heaven send it be with the consent and co-operation of the white race, but they will hold their own.

Our problem is grave, complicated, vast. It is not intellectual ignorance so much as the low level of life, that appals. There seems to be no rural district to counteract the shadow of great darkness which broods over the poor sections in and about the cities. I discerned no country community, intelligent, independent, gathering strength from the soil to replenish the ever-draining civilization of cities—draining through luxury into

lassitude or through helplessness into barbarism. The refinement of the South is sweet, social, chivalrous, but not propagandist. Her hope lies in the few focal points which gather the glow of the past and radiate the light of the future. Men and women, especially women, have gone down from the North and come out from the South and cast in their lot with the lowliest. Plain they may be in dress, homely of feature, with all the courage of their defects, the typical New England school-ma'am of literature; or fair enthusiasts tenderly reared in luxurious homes, crusading for an idea; but alike is due to them the homage of the true apostolic succession. They are patriots leading a silent Revolution; noiseless van-guards in one of the great movements of the world.

To say that they live among the poor is to say nothing. The trig New England imagination cannot picture the negligent desolation of whole villages within a stone's throw of Southern cities—villages of pig-pens, dog-kennels, hen-coops—all rattle-traps; but the indwellers are human beings, well content. Such homes these women haunt, and gather thence pupils black and white to teach them not merely how to read, but before that, how to live—the primal decencies of humanity. From their civilized surroundings these women expect nothing—at best mere toleration, indifference, sometimes censure and misrepresentation. To meet this they have only silence and patience. Time is too short to be passed in explanation. The coldness, the hostility, are not unnatural, are no mark of unusual selfishness; it is only that the atmosphere of defeat is not yet sufficiently cleared of bitterness for fair judgment, still less for friendly prepossession. But it is clearing.

One of these apostles, always begging for her clientelage, is accustomed to select from her numerous Northern boxes whatever is too fine or gay—silk gowns and butterfly bonnets—and, with double-edged wisdom, sells these to such of her graduates as have advanced far enough to buy them, and with the money replenishes her ever-emptying store of medicines and dainties for the sick; and the ugly rumor lifts its head that she sells for profit the goods sent for charity!

Opposite the flag of Sumter, in beautiful Charleston Harbor,

on fitly-named Mount Pleasant, Miss Monroe has set the Union flag of the new South. Bright, breezy, comely, as spotless in her belongings as if she were presiding over a white-shuttered, marble-staired Philadelphia mansion, she has gathered a family of twenty-two colored children, and makes for them a Christian home. We visited her untirely unannounced, and her household, conducted, except for the aid of one woman, wholly by the children, was attractively neat and thrifty. I saw them all, from the funny little three-year-old, whose monkey-mimicry was most amusing, and whose funny little kinks of hair her mistress stroked as fondly as if they had been the golden curls of Caucasians, up to the tall lad of eighteen, just starting into the outside world. The older children dress and tend the younger; washing, ironing, sewing, sweeping, cooking, are taught the girls, and all feasible man's-work the boys. I saw the fences which they had mended and made, the buildings they had painted and whitewashed, the gardens they had planted, the yard which they kept neat. As soon as they are old enough, they are sent out to earn their living, knowing something of some trade; knowing also how to read the Constitution under which they live, how to write their own letters and keep their own accounts; something aware of the obligations of morality and of religion—intelligent citizens of the Great Republic of which they are to be in part the rulers, and which can remain great only by their uprightness and their wisdom.

Major Bingham's school in North Carolina I did not see, but his persistence, his enthusiasm, his enlightened patriotism, are of wide report. A Southerner of Southerners—a rebel, if you will—an officer in the Confederate Army, since they choose to call it so, he seems to have devoted his life to rearing the orphan children of his brother soldiers; and he fights for the children just as bravely as he fought beside their fathers. Single-minded, with great acumen, wiser in his own unhampered individual insight than a score of our machine-ridden Northern "boards," large and liberal in his range of thought and action, he roams North and South, and hives honey from every flower that grows. For such a worker there can be only success, and to our common country immeasurable benefit.

From Boston to Wilmington, and I know not how far beyond, one comes constantly upon the little rills and the goodly rivers of Mrs. Hemmenway's beneficence, till her health-tours and her pleasure-trips need only be from outpost to outpost of her own camp. Schools are taught, tables spread, dinners cooked, images modeled, lands tilled, at her charge, and under teachers whom she has first taught for the teaching; so that we may reverse the moral of the sarcastic Dean, and infer how greatly Providence prizes wealth, seeing the wise and generous hands into which He has given it.

With his dancing, boyish eyes, his jocund voice, his merry words, and his true apostle's work, General Armstrong seems always to be a St. Paul on a lark—but a lark that soars as well as sings. Like the pied Piper of Hamelin, he lures from their pleasant homes the young teachers, who follow him, nothing loth, to Hampton, and teach to a great community of negroes and Indians the rudiments of a literary education, of mechanical arts, of elegant culture. A, b, c, harness-shops, laundry, theology stand side by side in beneficent harmony. The strong point in all such schools is that they teach industry, system, manual labor, as well as letters. Their course of study is, as it ought to be, hardly beyond that of the common school at the North; added to this is education of the hands. Two Indian pupils have married, built a house with their own hands in the neighborhood, and are rearing a Christian family—an object-lesson which needs no comment. Near by, the Butler School, one of General Butler's little side-shows—a “happy thought” of that fertile brain for the children of the contrabands who flocked to him at Hampton—still trains the minds and the hands of hundreds of colored children under colored teachers, and still attests the wisdom of one who may not be always wise, but who is always a genius. Two colored teachers had just come home from their wedding-journey. Bright lights, bright flowers, bright rugs from General Armstrong's own house turned the school-hall into a brilliant reception-room, and a table, prettily spread, was decorously served; and, behold, I show you a mystery—a Congo “nigger” and an Apache chief eating side by side with silver forks! And General Armstrong fears, apparently, lest I mistake

the significance of his pomp, and half apologizes for the splendor of his trumpery ice-cream! Apologize! It is the dew of the fresh, new morning. Nay, on the lowest grounds of economy, which is cheaper, an Apache using the nation's silver fork, or brandishing his own steel knife?

But Florida? Alas! for Ponce de Leon and me; we never reached the fountains of immortal youth! The road thither was fatally fascinating. I lingered in a few sunny spots along the enchanted way with ever-deepening interest, till the summer lighted on us and it was too late. Ponce de Leon drank—and died.

Come home! Your country calls you, fair Florentine, from Valdarno, to descry new lands beneath the Stars and Stripes. The walls of lofty Rome entomb a lone mother of dead empires; but *we* sit at the springs of empire!

GAIL HAMILTON.

WHAT THE ROMAN CATHOLICS WANT.

CATHOLICS only desire to enjoy their religion, and to practice it with the full freedom which the Constitution of the United States guarantees to them; and we may add that they do not desire to interfere with the rights of those who are not Catholics. We desire that all non-Catholics, whatever may be their creed, should enjoy the perfect freedom which we claim for ourselves. There is quite a difference of opinion between them and us on the very important subject of education. How far the views of Protestants may be to them matters of conscience we do not know. They may have opinions which from their point of view touch no moral question. If they have conscientious convictions on this subject, they ought, in a land of liberty, to have the privilege of governing their own children by them. It could hardly be said that they could have the right to interfere with the children of others who are their equals before the Constitution of the country.

With us Catholics the question of education is a part of our religious duty. Our faith commands us to instruct our children in accordance with the principles of our creed. We are bound in conscience to do so; and if we are restrained from doing so, we possess not the freedom to practice our religion. If there were a law forbidding us to do so, we could not obey that law, since our consciences would demand that "we should obey God rather than man." To make plain our views and principles on the subject of education we will state briefly the following propositions:

1. The responsibility of educating children falls upon the parents, whom God has made their natural guardians. They cannot evade this responsibility. They will have to answer to God for the souls of their children; and neglect of the duty they owe to them will be a serious crime. They may use the aids

which divine Providence affords them. They are bound to yield obedience to those spiritual pastors whom God has set over them; but they can never hope to save their own souls if they fail to discharge the duty which the parental relation implies. These remarks are made in opposition to the views adopted by some statesmen and philanthropists, who consider the children as really the property of the State which is *in loco parentis*, and is empowered to legislate concerning them, as it does concerning houses and lands. Children, though subjects of the State in civil obedience, are not goods and chattels; and there is no "eminent domain" which can extinguish their rights, or relieve parents of their obligations. It follows from this that all Catholic parents are bound in conscience to educate their children in the faith which they profess. It is not necessary to say that duty to God is the first and most imperative of all obligations, and that even duty to our country and its civil rulers flows from the higher obedience which we owe to our Creator.

2. We hold also that religion cannot be divorced from education. In this we have at least the theoretical support of many non-Catholics. In the instruction of children we believe that it is our duty to teach them the truths of our faith while we open their minds to the light of natural science. It is our conscientious conviction that the elimination of religion from a course of education is really to inculcate atheism, and to seek to banish God, who is the fountain of all light, from the young heart and mind. Religion in education cannot be simply let alone as an unknown quantity. It must either be ignored, or fully taught, or partially taught. If it be ignored altogether, our system of instruction is atheistic, and we really, as far as we are able, teach our children that there is no God. If it be partially taught, we expose ourselves to an inconsistency which cannot fail, sooner or later, to show itself to an inquiring mind. Why can we willfully suppress a portion of the truth which we profess? It is either all true, or not true at all. Moreover, all truth is one, and the articles of our creed, coming from divine revelation, are one harmonious whole which cannot be broken. Who will presume to suppress any part of that which God reveals to man? To do so is to imply that we do not firmly believe our creed, and gives to

the infidel the unanswerable objection that our professions are not sincere. In the revelation of God there are no non-essential truths. To assert this is to accuse the infinite wisdom of the folly of teaching us what it is not important for us to know.

3. We believe also that morality, in the common acceptance of the term, is so bound up with religion that no moral principles can be taught without it. We can hardly conceive of a man without some religious principles. Even if he denies the existence of God, he is forced to act in contradiction to this denial. But if he were really to have no religion at all, there surely would be no foundation for the distinction between right and wrong, and hence no principle of morality could exist.

We are not alone in these views which are so consonant to right reason. The words of George Washington have been often quoted. It would be well if they were remembered. "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that natural morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." The Protestant Episcopal Church has more than once recommended the establishment of parochial schools, for the reason, which we allege, that religion and education should go together, and that their separation is full of evil consequences.

A Methodist Convention, held in Syracuse in 1871, passed the resolution, "That we as a convention insist upon the moral element in the instruction afforded in our common-school system, and especially the teaching of the moral system of Bible Christianity, which is the foundation of our civil law."

The Rev. Dr. Steele in his inaugural address to the Syracuse University says: "There are systems of religion in which morals are divorced from religion. Such is not Christianity." Rev. Dr. Stone, in a report on elementary public instruction made to the General Assembly of Ohio, December, 1839, also declares "that every well informed man knows that, as a general fact, it is impossible to impress the obligations of morality with any efficiency on the heart of a child, or even on that of an adult, without an appeal to some code which is sustained by the authority of God."

Mr. W. O. Bourne, in his history of the Public School Society

of New York, says: "The religious nature must be fed, cherished, and developed, or the nation will become a nation of skeptics, and virtue will be almost a forgotten name." "It seems plain that no system of education can be productive of very desirable advantages, which shall entirely reject and exclude that amount of moral teaching which shall not only co-operate with the lessons of the Sunday-school, the Church, and the parent, but which shall aim to impart it where no such instruction is given." "Can the state be safe while hundreds of thousands of its youth are growing up without any moral education? If this question be answered in the negative, we have our justification for making moral lessons an important part of our system."

These words are in accord with the declarations of the Supreme Pontiff: "Catholics cannot approve that method of instructing youth which, while putting aside the faith and authority of the Church, looks exclusively or at least chiefly to the knowledge of natural things, and the ends of worldly social life." His Holiness Pius IX., in a letter to the Archbishop of Freiburg, expressed the conviction of the whole Catholic world: "No one can be ignorant that the sad and deplorable condition in which modern society has fallen, comes from the many attempts which are made to drive from public institutions and private families the holy faith of Christ, His religion and salutary doctrine. These pernicious attempts have their origin from the false doctrines which have made such progress in our day, to the great detriment of the state." "Education without the aid of Christian doctrine cannot fail to produce a race which, given up to private judgment and depraved appetites, will be the source of the greatest evils to private families and to the republic." The present Pontiff, Leo XIII., has many times uttered the same sentiments, and from the beginning of his pontificate, has earnestly exhorted all bishops and pastors of souls to spare no efforts for the establishment of Christian schools and the proper instruction of the young in the principles of our faith.

These remarks are important to show that our conviction of the necessary union of religion with education is a conscientious conviction which we cannot disobey. It imposes upon our consciences duties which we must discharge, if we would be

faithful to God. Were we placed where we could not fulfill this duty, we should be in a land of religious intolerance where we could not practice our religion. We are sure that there are many of the citizens of our country who are believers in some form of Christianity, and who are alarmed at the rapid growth of infidelity. They see their children growing up without the faith they themselves profess, and without any belief in the truths of even natural religion. They see what they deem sacred everywhere derided, and feel that their hold upon the young is fast going from them. Under these circumstances they are consulting among themselves to see what can be done, to inquire if the primary education, which has excluded all religious teaching, cannot be in some way amended so as to embrace at least some points of Christianity, or of the moral law. Their action is a proof of the correctness of our principles.

4. It being then our duty, from the teaching of our faith, to unite religious training with the education of the young, the question arises as to the mode of accomplishing this end. How shall it be done? If we lived in a country where all agreed in the confession of one faith there would be no difficulty. The tenets of one common creed could be easily taught with every step taken in imparting human knowledge. No one could be offended, and, indeed, the wishes of all would be gratified. But when our society is made up of many religious persuasions, all teaching different and contradictory beliefs, and of many who have no faith at all, and who vindicate to themselves the right to have none, the question is not so easily answered. There are Catholics, Protestants with many widely differing creeds, Jews with the traditions of their ancient faith, unbelievers of various ranks with discordant views of God, and atheists who assert that the idea of a God is an absurdity to reason and an infringement upon human liberty. Will it be right to give up everything to this latter class, and because those who call themselves Christians cannot agree, to surrender our children to the atheist who believes in nothing? By this plan the class which has the least to believe, and therefore the least right to teach anything, takes possession of the whole commonwealth and begins to form society at its will. We have been very much surprised to see good Protestants will-

ing to surrender all they professed to hold dear to that class of society which has no belief, and therefore the least right to impose its preferences upon the public. Still if they can conscientiously do this, it is certain that we cannot.

Nor can it be said that the defects of such a system of education, from which all religious belief is excluded, can be supplied in other ways. There are no ways by which this radical defect can be made up. The Sunday-school is utterly impotent to teach the young mind the truth which has been practically ignored, if not contradicted all the week. Experience proves this to every one who has ever made any attempt in the instruction of children. One hour a week cannot be set against thirty with all the impressions and associations which the day-school brings. The mind, as it expands from day to day in the knowledge of truth, must also see in every line the growing light of the Creator and the lessons of His divine revelation; otherwise each step will be an advance on the path of negation, which, though called the path of philosophy by many, is really the way of infidelity. Children are to be taught positively the dogmas of faith revealed. These dogmas are not to be either put aside or doubtfully referred to, as if they were only questions to be examined.

And, in fact, there is no place where children can be addressed but the daily school. There is no other place where the lessons of religion or the teachings of the Church can reach them. We believe there is no just way of denying this fact. At any rate it is the conscientious conviction of Catholics, founded upon their own knowledge and experience. If, therefore, the elimination of all religious teaching from the schools satisfies no one, or should satisfy no one but atheists, there is only one portion of society which can be pleased with what we may call godless schools.

The system which would select out of the articles of the Christian creed a few articles, or seek to teach a few of the truths of natural religion, is a practical impossibility. There are no truths upon which all classes are now agreed. Unhappily there is not one which is not denied by many. And where is the arbiter who has the right to decide upon the truths which shall be deemed essential? If Protestants, inconsistently as it

seems to us with their professions, are willing to adopt such a system, we Catholics surely are not, and our rights of conscience are to be respected.

There remains then only one way by which the principles we hold sacred can be subserved, and the freedom to practice our religion be granted to us. This is the establishment of denominational schools, in which from early childhood the truths of revelation and of the Divine law may be impressed upon the growing powers of the young mind. These powers will grow for good or for evil, for truth or for error. In this way every religious denomination would be able to provide for its own children, and to preserve what it professes to hold dear. And we will say that every denomination must do this, or be instrumental in its own destruction by the neglect of the most ordinary means of self-preservation.

We are told that, granting all this, "we have our liberty; we may establish as many Christian schools as we choose. There is no one to hinder us." To this we reply that we recognize our legal right, and that we make use of it. But there is an injustice practiced upon us which is a species of persecution. It is strange that candid minds fail to see it at once. The state imposes a large tax upon all its citizens for the support of its schools. These schools are not according to our conscience. We ought not to be forced to patronize them. If we cannot use them with a good conscience, ought we to be forced to pay for them? Is it just to tax us for them when we cannot send our children to them, and when we are obliged to pay heavy sums for the building and maintaining of parochial schools? It is amazing to us that honest people do not see the injustice of this. There are those who know well that the public schools are the principal cause of the perversion of many of our children from the faith of their fathers.

Because they are glad to see this result, are fair-minded citizens willing to be so unjust to us, and to do to others what they would not tolerate for themselves?

The public schools are godless. We say this with no intention of speaking ill of them, nor of ignoring their real merits. All their merits we appreciate. But they are, and must be god-

less, as neither the existence of God nor His revelation to man can be taught in them. They have only one end in view, and can have no other. This is the direction of the mind and all the impulses of the heart to the needs of time at the expense of eternity. The materialism of our day ignores altogether the life after death with its great and endless destinies. When we are taxed to support such schools we are forced to contribute to that which according to our conscience is wrong in principle and evil in its results to children and to society. Is this just? Is it in accordance with the fair principles which should govern a State like ours? If it be admitted that the state shall assume the expense of primary education, we ought either to be exempted from the tax imposed or receive a proportion of the sum raised according to the number of the children we educate. Can anything be more reasonable? The same privilege would apply to all private schools, which would in strict justice share in the tax paid by all. This is what Catholics want. They want their proportion of the tax levied for primary education, and they want all others who desire it to enjoy the same privilege. They want it for their own children alone. Neither in schools, nor in institutions of charity, nor in reformatories, do they desire to meddle with the children of Protestants or unbelievers. No instance of such proselytism on our part can be found. We want to preserve the faith in our own children, and we must do it, even if we are unjustly taxed to support schools which we cannot conscientiously approve.

In brief, we want the denominational system for ourselves. We leave others to decide what they want in the same liberty we claim for all.

Sometimes we are met by the assumption that we are claiming something new and unheard of when we assert our convictions and our wants. Ignorance and prejudice alone are the source of such an objection. The godless system is new, and has grown out of the contentions of Christian sects and the rapid increase of infidelity. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." In this country the common schools were once Protestant institutions whose influence was directed against our religion. The denominational

system exists in almost every nation of Europe, and gives more perfect satisfaction than ours, while it insures more universal instruction. In Prussia and in other European countries the denominational system is carried out to minuteness, and while the harmony of all classes is secured, the children of the whole country are blessed with the benefits of education. "In 1844," says Kay, a Protestant writer, "the Prussian people had established 23,646 schools, which were attended daily by 2,328,146 children, and were directed by 29,639 highly educated teachers, of whom nearly 28,000 were young professors who had obtained diplomas and certificates of character at the normal colleges. Could this magnificent result have been obtained if the people, the clergy, and the government had not been at unity on the great question of religion?" *

Statistics could easily be given to show the beneficent operation of the denominational system wherever it is established. Every attempt in Europe to disturb it has been the fruit of atheism, or an attack upon all religion, and has led to evil consequences. It has found favor with many of our wisest and most influential statesmen. It ought to find favor with every Christian who really values the creed he professes. Governor Seward, in his message of 1840 to the Legislature of this State, recommends "for the children of foreigners the establishment of schools in which they may be instructed by teachers speaking the same language with themselves and professing the same faith." So far as I know, we in the United States are the only people in the civilized world which does not give support, in part at least, to the denominational schools which are established by the zeal of the various Christian bodies. When we ask, therefore, either for exemption from the school tax or for our proportion of it, we are only asking for that which is granted nearly everywhere else, and in most cases is conceded as a right.

Before we close this brief article we may look a moment at the disadvantages and the advantages of the system we propose, which we deem the only just one. There may be some disadvantages in every system, as it is almost impossible to reach absolute perfection. The question is, which system is the

* "Social Condition and Education of the People."

best and the least open to objection. I know of only two objections which are worthy the consideration of fair minds. We are not dealing in a journal of high character with prejudice, nor with those who love to propagate falsehood many times contradicted.

It is alleged that the denominational system would break up the public schools as they now exist. The answer to this is that it would do so, if the majority of the people wished it. Is there any wrong in this? The denominations which wish to establish these schools would have the privilege. Those who do not wish to do so would still have the public schools. Who would take them from those who wish to have them? The will of the people would be fulfilled, and the rights of the minority would not be trampled upon.

It is said again that the interests of secular education would suffer, that the schools intrusted to the different denominations would lose their high character. In reply to this I would say that the state could easily see to this, and any inspection deemed necessary could be required. There would even be a rivalry between the different schools, and from just emulation good results would flow. Wherever the denominational system prevails such results have been seen, and no one has had just cause to complain.

These objections, it seems to me, are easily answered, and are of little account compared with the great advantages to individuals and to society.

The religious rights of all would be secured, and no one would have to make the charge that in a land which guarantees freedom of worship, the minority are forced to violate their consciences, or are unjustly imposed upon by the majority. This is indeed a great advantage, securing the peace and happiness of all. It could no longer be said that here, where people boast of liberty, any are forced to an education without God, or are compelled to bear alone the burden, which, if there be taxation for the purpose, should fall upon the state.

Again, if the state pay for primary education, which seems to be the plan generally deemed wise and salutary, the expense incurred would be much reduced by the denominational system. As far as we can estimate by the experience of our Catholic schools, it would be at most one half of what it is now. Is this

not some advantage, when at the same time there would be much greater peace and happiness? Statesmen are constantly seeking for economy in the administration of public affairs. Why not apply this economy to the schools, if the interests of education do not suffer thereby?

Catholics have found that we can maintain charitable and all other institutions at a much less expense than can the state. Why not let the gentle hand of religion, guided by the love of God, do its part in the commonwealth, and save vast outlays from the state treasury? Surely there is no just reason which can move any fair mind to draw from the public great sums which are not necessary. Every school which we establish, every charitable institution which we found, saves the state much more than people generally realize.

Finally, the great and inestimable advantage of a truly religious education would flow from the system we recommend as the only just one. Our children would be brought up in the principles of some faith in God. We are not denying the atheist or infidel his right to take care of his own children, we only deny him the right to educate in infidelity the children of those who call themselves Christians. Most Protestants believe that the fabric of society rests upon the divine law, indeed that Christianity is the true foundation of civil government. We believe, though we wish we were mistaken, that their children to a large extent are growing up without any religion whatever, and with even a repugnance to the dogmas of revelation. And we predict evil to our country and its hallowed institutions when once the faith of Christ is ignored and its obligations are forgotten. Atheism will never support any stable order of society upon the shifting foundation of good will or mutual consent. We Catholics love our country next to our God, and we freely live and die for it. Men may reason as they will, they may let their unjust prejudice lead them to trample on the sacred rights of their fellows; but an education without religion will be the ruin of all we hold most dear, and there is no religious education possible in our present common-school system.

THOMAS S. PRESTON.

HOW I WAS EDUCATED.

IN Pope's once famous "Recollections of P. P., Clerk of this Parish," the original materials for the work are described as being contained in a large manuscript volume, which might well be lettered, the author says, "On the Importance of a Man to Himself." Every piece of autobiography, however slight or indirect, might be classed under this title; and perhaps that man is fortunate who finds, as in the present case, an editor who consents to assume the responsibility of the whole enterprise. THE FORUM desires, it seems, to obtain from a few authors an honest statement of their educational experience, good or bad, for encouragement or for warning, as the case may be. If we could truly respond to this demand the result would certainly be useful, since the secret of our success or failure might thus be revealed; and even our other work might perhaps assume a slightly increased value, because connected with so frank a commentary.

My literary life, such as it has been, affords no lesson greatly worth recording, unless it be the facility with which a taste for books may be transmitted and accumulated from one generation to another, and then developed into a life-long pursuit by a literary environment. To go no farther back, my paternal ancestors in America were Puritan clergymen, who wrote many books, a few of which are still quoted; my paternal grandfather was the supposed author of the "Laco" letters, which were aimed against John Hancock, and were thought by the zealous Bostonians of their day to rival Junius; my father wrote several pamphlets, and my mother some children's books, in one or two of which I figured; my eldest brother wrote a little book against slavery. All this must surely have been enough to guarantee a little infusion of printer's ink into my blood. Then as to externals; my father, having lost a moderate fortune by Jefferson's embargo, came to Cambridge and became

Steward—or as it is now called Bursar—of Harvard College. He built a house, in which I was born, at the head of a street then called Professors' Row, because so many professors lived on it, but now known as Kirkland Street. This house then stood just outside of the college grounds, and is now almost surrounded by them, having the Lawrence Scientific School close beside it and the Jefferson Physical Laboratory behind. Soon, probably, it will be engulfed and make way for some great academic structure, as has been the case with the "gambrel-roofed house," once its next-door neighbor, and the birthplace of Dr. O. W. Holmes.

I was thus born and cradled within the college atmosphere, and amid a world of books and bookish men, the list of these last including many since famous, who were familiar visitors at our house. My small collection of autographs is headed by a note in the exquisite handwriting of Edward Everett, inquiring after the health of "the babe," and offering in behalf of Mrs. Everett to send some tamarind water, I being the unfortunate infant for whom—or perhaps for whose mother—that unpleasing medication was designed. My first nurse, if not a poet, was the theme of poetry, being one Rowena Pratt, the wife of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," and no doubt her singing made the heart of her young charge rejoice, as when she sang in that paradise to which the poet has raised her. Later, I "tumbled about in a library," as Holmes recommends, and in the self-same library where he practiced the like gymnastics; that of his kind old father, Dr. Abiel Holmes, whose grandson, now Dr. C. W. Parsons, of Providence, was my constant playmate. At home the process could be repeated in a comfortable library of Queen Anne literature in delightful little old-fashioned editions, on which I began to browse as soon as the period of "Sandford and Merton" and Mrs. Edgeworth's "Frank" had passed.

It passed early, for it was the custom in those days to teach children to read, and sometimes to write, before they were four years old—a practice now happily discontinued. Another more desirable custom prevailed in the household, for my mother read aloud a great deal in the evening; and I thus became familiar with Scott's novels as I sat gazing in the fire or lay stretched in

delicious indolence upon the hearth-rug. Literature was also brought freely in from without. I remember that Jared Sparks used to come with whole portfolios of Washington's and Franklin's letters—which he was then editing—and leave them for the household to look over; and I can recall Dr. Palfrey's reading Hawthorne's "Rill from the Town Pump" to my mother, during a morning call, with the assurance on his part that the author, then almost unknown, was worthy attention. Judge Story, then esteemed the most brilliant of Americans, was sometimes at our house; as was my cousin Henry Cleveland, the intimate friend of Sumner, and a most cultivated scholar. Margaret Fuller was there a familiar guest, and so were the sisters of Professor Longfellow, not yet a citizen of Cambridge. Later, Lowell and Story were my schoolmates, though five years older; and when to all this early circle of literary persons was added the unconscious weight of academic influence behind, with all the quaint bookish characteristics of that earlier Cambridge, it will be seen that merely to have lived in such a *milieu* was the beginning of a literary training. This must be my justification for dwelling on items which would otherwise be without interest to any one but myself; they indicate the class of influences which not only made a writer out of me, but accomplished a similar result for Hedge, Holmes, Margaret Fuller, Lowell and Norton. No small town in America has given birth to so many professional authors, I believe, as Cambridge; for the Concord authors were not generally natives of the town.

My father's financial losses secured for me a valuable combination of circumstances—the tradition of social refinement united with the practice of economy. This last point was farther emphasized by his death when I was ten years old; and I, as the youngest of a large family, was left to be brought up mainly by women, and fortunately by those whom I was accustomed to seeing treated with intellectual respect by prominent men. Their influence happily counteracted a part of that received from an exceedingly rough school to which I was sent at eight years old, after a few years' experience under a woman's teaching. The school of which I speak was kept by a well-educated Englishman, William Wells, a most painstaking and worthy

teacher and a good classical scholar—he having edited the first American edition of Cicero—but one whose boarding-school was conducted essentially on the old English plan, and was somewhat brutalizing in its effect on the boys. Yet it was then considered the best preparatory school in the neighborhood of Boston, and the children of the most influential families in that city were sent to it. Being only a day scholar, and walking a mile each way, twice a day, beneath the beautiful trees which then shaded Brattle Street, I have mainly pleasurable associations with the period; the more especially as, being one of the more studious pupils, I rarely felt the weight of the birch which was never absent from Mr. Wells's hand. In an essay "On an old Latin Text Book" I have recorded some of the enjoyments of that time.

At thirteen I entered Harvard College, being already very tall for my age and of mature appearance, with some precocity of intellect and a corresponding immaturity of character—an inconvenient combination which perplexed me till my graduation at the absurdly early age of seventeen. It is an odd coincidence that Mr. Hale, who has preceded me in this course, was just two years older, both in years and in date of graduation, each of us being the youngest in his class and each holding the same rank in that small body. We might therefore be supposed to take identical views of college life, but this is not quite the case; I perhaps rating the value of strict discipline higher than he does, and at any rate having liked everything that was taught in the college, though often wishing for things that were not there attainable. But I had the great advantage over my predecessor in this series that the elective system, which in his time only covered the choice between the different modern languages, was extended during my course to a variety of studies, although the experiment was only temporary, and was afterward unaccountably withdrawn. As to mathematical instruction this reform was an especial benefit, for Professor Peirce's genius reveled in the new sensation of having voluntary pupils, and he gave a few of us his "Curves and Functions" as lectures, with running elucidations. Nothing could be more stimulating than to see our ardent instructor, suddenly seized with a new thought and for-

getting our very existence, work away rapidly with the chalk upon a wholly new series of equations ; and then, when he had forced himself into the utmost corner of the black-board and could get no farther, to see him come back to earth with a sigh and proceed with his lecture. We did not know whither he was going, but that huddle of new equations seemed like a sudden outlet from this world and a ladder to the stars. He gave a charm to the study of mathematics which for me has never waned, although the other pursuits of life soon drew me from that early love. This I have always regretted, and so did Peirce, who fancied that I had some faculty that way, and had me put, when but eighteen, on a committee to examine the mathematical classes of the college. Long after, when I was indicted for the attempted rescue of a fugitive slave, and the prison walls seemed impending, I met him in the street and told him that if I were imprisoned I should have time to read Laplace's "*Mécanique Celeste*." "In that case," said the professor, who abhorred the abolitionists, "I sincerely wish you may be."

But the elective system could go no farther than the studies actually carried on in college, and the range of those studies was then small. Of all the world of modern science we had but a few experiments in chemistry or electricity, and a few recitations from memory in Smellie's "*Philosophy of Natural History*." A few of us joined a voluntary class in entomology with Dr. Harris; and we carried on for ourselves a natural history society, without guidance and in the crudest way. With a strong love for all the natural sciences, I am sure that I have permanently suffered from the want of such systematic early training as is now accessible to every student. But it was not such as I who were the worst sufferers—omnivorous persons, who loved all study and found plenty to occupy our time. The real sufferers were those whose instinct led them to the natural sciences and to nothing else, who were born observers, and went straight to the details of out-door knowledge as a bee goes to a flower. One of my class-mates lately died in Worcester—Rufus Woodward, M.D.—who was, as I have always thought, one of the very ablest men in the class, yet stood near the foot of it all through

college simply because he had no outlet. In these days he could hardly have failed to graduate with high honors in two or three scientific departments; and he would at any rate have been recognized, stimulated, trained and kept at work. For want of this his college life was well-nigh wasted, perhaps worse than wasted, for it impaired the habit of systematic application; and though a fairly successful practicing physician, he remained always in some degree an amateur in the sciences of which he might have been made a distinguished ornament. He suffered more than others, as being a born specialist, but the one-sidedness of the curriculum hurt us all.

We all suffered, too, from the fact that we were not encouraged or even permitted to do thorough work in anything. We lived intellectually from hand to mouth, or from book to mouth, which is worse. It was lamentable to see a man like President James Walker, who might have grasped our young minds and trained them to explore the hard problems of ethics and metaphysics, obliged to sit, pencil in hand, while we recited the words of the book, he meanwhile giving half the power of his fine intellect to deciding whether our little performance should be valued at "seven" marks or at "eight." We had no extended examinations, obliging us to review our whole knowledge on a given subject; we wrote no theses, such as now give the student the opportunity, if only for once in his life, to learn what real research means. Our study of Latin and Greek might or might not be accurate, but it was mainly grammatical. Once or twice, when the elective system was first brought to bear on us, the accomplished Felton attempted a few lectures on Greek life and mythology, but they were soon dropped; the mere labor of calling up for recitation his large class and awarding to each the little meed of marks was quite enough for him. At graduation I could read simple Greek or Latin easily enough, and this was something; but of the world of ancient art or manners we all knew little. I had a useful lesson on this subject, not long after my graduation, from a lively young girl, whose training, though briefer, had been more comprehensive. We were looking at some small casts of Greek friezes, and I was kind enough, as became a young Harvard alumnus, to explain them to her. I

called her attention to the graceful figures of the young riders in the bas-relief; and said how strange it was that the Greeks, who delineated human beings so well, should have made their horses so clumsy—with such thick necks, I said. “But,” said she, “did not the Thessalian horses have those thick necks?” Alas, I did not even know that the Greek horses came from Thessaly!

It does not seem to me, in looking back, that the Harvard teaching was then as good in any respect as it is now, except in English, where I do not see that it could have been much bettered for working purposes. On the philological side, certainly, even this was not strong—nobody then studied Anglo-Saxon or Sanskrit—but as regarded sense and simplicity and methodical arrangement, and the supreme importance of having something to say, Prof. Edward Channing’s criticism and hints were invaluable. I suppose that to this day I rarely write for three hours without half-consciously recalling some caution or suggestion of his; and it is certainly a great deal for a teacher thus to impress himself upon a pupil’s life. His praise of one’s composition, even if he named no names, gave a thrill of delight; and his reading of favorite passages from authors, even if only the citations from Campbell’s “Rhetoric,” left a lasting pleasure. In the department of oratory, which also fell to him, he was less successful; and although I have been, all my life, a public speaker as well as a writer, I cannot recall any suggestion given, during our course in that branch, that ever helped me at all; unless it were a few hints as to variety of gesture from his assistant, Mr. R. H. Dana. It is my impression that no man is much benefited as a speaker of his own thoughts by reciting those of other people; and indeed I suspect that the orator is almost as much born as the poet, in spite of Cicero’s dictum to the contrary.

In saying that no other department was as well administered as now, it would not be fair to ignore the debt we owed to several other teachers. To Jared Sparks, himself a rather unimaginative man, I owe the early conviction, confirmed by reading Hawthorne, that imagination is a desirable quality for an historian. The teachers of modern languages did much for us; I had fortunately been fairly grounded in French, in childhood, by a cousin

who had lived long in Paris; and Professor Longfellow's instructions always had a charm, not diminished by the eager interest inspired by his "Hyperion," and by the proof-sheets of "Voices of the Night," brought occasionally to the recitation-room by the printer's boy. As Peirce had, as it were, shown us science in the making, so this was literature in the making. It was an advantage also to read Dante with a cultivated Italian exile, Pietro Bachi, whose vigorous accent made the strong lines impressive; and for Spanish we had delightful old Francisco Sales, whose powdered hair and pigtail seemed a perpetual scene from "Gil Blas." German was not then so much sought for as now, and I, unfortunately, did not study it until after leaving college.

The influence of feminine society was of course an essential part of one's college education; and all this was then very attractive and simple in the little village, where the large influx of Southern law-students just then gave much vivacity to social intercourse. A world of new poetry and literature was moreover just beginning; Tennyson's thin early volumes were being handed about and seemed to bring a richer coloring into the universe; Carlyle was talked of in the evening by my elder brothers, and one day the fresh wit and wisdom of "Pickwick" came to delight us all, when my mother read it aloud. "The Dial" was seen in the house sometimes, as my cousin, William Henry Channing, was one of the contributors. Emerson had often lectured in Cambridge, and his first volume of essays had just appeared. This was given to me by my mother, and was read as I never had read any other book, I having been first led to it by my friend, Levi Lincoln Thaxter, since well-known in this vicinity as an interpreter of Browning. He introduced me also to Hazlitt, then a favorite with young men of literary tastes; we read Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" together, and had a common faith in the dawning genius of Lowell, whose "Year's Life" had just appeared.

I graduated at about the time when young men now enter college—seventeen and a half years; and spent two years in teaching before I came back for post-graduate studies to Cambridge. Those two years were perhaps the most important in my life.

Most of them were passed in the family of a cousin, the late Stephen Higginson Perkins, of Brookline, where I taught his three fine boys, of one of whom I afterward wrote a memoir in the "Harvard Memorial Biographies." All my experience of college instructors had given me no such personal influence as that of my cousin, and it so fell in with the tendencies of that seething period—the epoch of Brook Farm, of receding Transcendentalism, of dawning Fourierism—that it simply developed more methodically what would probably have come at any rate. My cousin was born an artist and bred a merchant; he was an Athenian in his love of beauty, and a Spartan in personal habits; lived with the greatest frugality, yet would have a private tutor for his boys; took care of his own horse and stable and furnace, yet had bought and kept two or three of the most costly paintings then to be found near Boston—a Vandervelde, a Joshua Reynolds, and a fine oil copy of the Sistine Madonna by Moritz Retzsch. With this last my own glimpses into the world of art began, and I wrote at nineteen some verses about it which Professor Longfellow did me the honor to reprint in his "Estray." These pictures Stephen Perkins bequeathed to the Boston Art Museum. When I came to him I had begun the study of the law and all my ambition lay that way; but his unconscious attrition, combined with the prevailing tendencies of the time, turned me from that pursuit and from all "bread-studies," as they used then to be called, toward literature and humanitarian interests.

Stephen Perkins belonged to a type of merchants created by the East India trade, and, so far as I can see, extinguished with it. He had spent his boyhood at school in Germany and his youth in the East Indies. He had thus had a cosmopolitan life, and had been, during long voyages, an immense reader of English, French and German, while he knew nothing of the classics. He was also an ardent admirer of Carlyle, whose direct influence upon myself had been very much less, since Emerson had done for me what Carlyle did for others. It happened that a lady who lived near us in Brookline, Mrs. Thomas Lee, had just written a "Life" of Jean Paul Richter, and this was for me an epoch-making book. In this and in his "Fruit, Flower and

Thorn-Pieces," reprinted soon after in an English version, I found a picture of what would now be called "plain living and high thinking," which converted me forever, and made it seem easy to make sacrifices in order to pursue one's own studies and live one's own life. Mrs. Child's "Letters from New York" also had an influence in the same direction. Then came the "Social Reform" conventions which preceded Fourierism, and of which the inspiring spirit was another cousin, already mentioned, William Henry Channing. Already, before leaving college, I had felt a great desire to ally myself with all classes of people and see with their eyes; and with this came a Quixotic purpose, possibly imbibed with the milk of good Rowena Pratt, of giving a year to the blacksmith's trade for this sole purpose. I have often regretted that the project went no farther. Undoubtedly the literary man works, on the whole, harder than the mechanic; but I should like to have known for a few months the sensation of earning the day's wages by the labor of the hands; and to have penetrated personally behind that perplexing door of non-communication which separates, after all, the life of the mechanic from that of the professional man.

I came back to Cambridge expecting to fit myself for some professorship in philology, or metaphysics, or natural science. Not knowing exactly what the result would be, I devoted two happy years to an immense diversity of reading, in which German literature on the whole predominated—I having learned something of that language by a process of self-teaching, introduced by a learned German who, about this time, was lecturing in Boston—Dr. Charles Kraitser. Moved by him I made my way, through sheer reading and dictionary work, with small regard for Ollendorff, and dabbled in other cognate languages—Dutch, Danish, Swedish—at the same time; even beginning the translation of Tegnèr's "Frithiof's Saga," and of a novel by Frederica Bremer. So far as the thorough knowledge of any language went, it was all a mistake, but it was very pleasant; and I am firm in the opinion that it is a good thing for a young man naturally studious to have a year or two of intellectual wild-oats, when he reads just what he pleases, with none to molest him or make him afraid. Circumstances and certain influences drew me at last

aside to the liberal ministry; a thing which I have never regretted, though it occupied me only temporarily, and I gravitated back to literature at last.

There were some students of marked attainments and influence at Cambridge during this time, especially Edward Tuckerman, now Professor at Amherst College, an enthusiast in botany and Coleridge; with him I took long walks, and tried to comprehend lichens and the "Aids to Reflection." At this time, also, the Anti-Slavery Reform took hold of me, as of many others, and was itself a liberal training; nor do I see where the young students of the present day can encounter any such group of strong and heroic men as were our instructors there. Two years of this desultory life and two years of more systematic work in the Theological School were all that was left for me of academical existence. This was my so-called education; but when I finally parted company with the University, I had made the discovery that my education was just beginning, and I have ever since been trying to carry it along. Perhaps this was an adequate result for twenty-three and a half years of life. With an omniscient adviser at my elbow, it might probably have been bettered; but no such person was at that time accessible in Harvard University, nor can I see that he has since been developed there or elsewhere.

The key-note of that early life was best struck for me in a phrase used by Emerson in his "Man the Reformer:" "Better that the book should not be quite so good and the book-maker himself abler and better; and not himself often a ludicrous contrast to all he has written." It is a phrase that possibly needs to be kept before us in this age of multiplying specialists; and it is after all only an amplification of Sir Philip Sidney's terse aphorism in the "Defence of Poesie:" "The ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE INTERVIEWER.

THE duties of the newspaper, especially in a country like ours, where the people are interested in each other, and want to know everything that goes forward, are many, various, and difficult. There is necessary a careful summary of facts; then a comment on the facts; next, a classification of the facts in order to show their relation to other groups of events; and finally, an analysis of the motives, feelings, ideas, that work in distinguished individuals to create history. There must, therefore, be the observer, the interpreter, the philosopher, and the psychologist. All need to be capable, industrious, keen-sighted men, skillful with the pen, thoughtful, discerning; but it is evident that the last must be the most penetrating of all, for the task that he undertakes is the most arduous, and requires the highest qualifications. He who would look into the heart ought to be sagacious, truthful, sincere. He should be an excellent writer, able to express shades of thought in exact language; he should be possessed of the power to distinguish between passing moods and permanent dispositions of mind; he should have some knowledge of temperaments and some gift at reading spirits; and he should be absolutely simple, free from personal conceit, veracious. None but a person of the highest order can meet these requirements. It is manifest that the ordinary interviewer does not. There is no apparent sign that he has any just conception of his function; no indication of a desire on his part to obtain such a conception. He must be a fair writer, otherwise his performance would not find its way into print. He must be bright, spicy, alert, else his essay would not be read. There is no market for dullness. But into the deeper recesses of his calling he does not and is not invited to go.

Is not invited, I say. There is no general demand for nicety or profundity. The public taste is not cultivated to that extent,

and the reporter gives only what is desired. The demand for the comical, the rage for sensation, the craving for immediate effects, the passion for personalities, the love of surprises, the delight in novelties, the appetite for gossip, leading to the actual subordination of servants and the intrusion into kitchens and stables for items, effectually prohibit useful information about minds and hearts. It is simply impossible to give a serious account of character to a gaping assembly. Even if the talent were there it would have to be suppressed, or exercised without popular notice. The public appreciate by this time close and accurate observation. They are beginning to value at its worth editorial comment. The importance of philosophical generalization is dimly seen. But there is no call for the analysis of intellectual processes, and every attempt at a real knowledge of men is discouraged.

Why then, it may be urged, is not the public educated up to this elevated standard, and rendered sensitive to fine influences? Ah! why, indeed? Such a process requires time, and is to be accomplished only by those who work on long lines, and not for momentary results; by the poets, essayists, novelists, men of letters, artists, and the whole class of instructors. This task does not belong to the interviewer, who is obliged to make a living, find a ready sale for his wares, and must take things as they are. It is not his duty to improve the public but to gratify it. He is a servant, not a mentor. He exists from day to day, and must be always ready on demand. He cannot wait for the world to become more refined than it is. The course of evolution is too slow for him. When men ask for better things and will pay for them they shall have them.

This explains the interviewer's method, and accounts for his chief imperfections. The people he deems worthy are conspicuous for the moment, people on whom the public eye is fixed, or who can be made to produce a sensation—actors and actresses, singers, eminent lecturers, "sensational" preachers, mountebanks, strangers of distinction from foreign climes, popular speakers, celebrities of whatever class, about whom stories are or may be told. And the subjects are such as lie on the surface—the day's experience, the haps and mishaps of a season, the incidents of a journey, the adventures of a voyage. "What did you do at

such a time?" "How did you feel at such a crisis?" "What did so and so say?" "What is your opinion of mankind in general?" "Do you like German opera?" "What sort of a passage did you have across the Atlantic Ocean?" "Do you enjoy America?" "Do you expect to have a good time?" Quite in the style of an old phrase book. Both questions and answers are insignificant, of no value and of no use. The press is filled with personalities of no importance to anybody. The merest charlatans are raised to a temporary eminence, and the veriest twaddle is thrown abroad as if it was wisdom. If deeper waters are ventured into, nothing is preserved but what is entertaining. Amusement, at any rate, must be furnished. A fillip must be given to the sensibilities. Excitement of a kind most called for is indispensable. The consequence is that words are distorted, impressions are falsified, statements are overlooked, thrown out of proportion, in order to produce the wished-for effect; if necessary, an entirely wrong notion is started, and the individual is ground into paint for the entertainment of people who read as they run. Instances are numerous where an entirely different account has been given from that which a just report would have allowed; but then a just report would not have been entertaining. If one who was opposed to Mormonism, for example, can be represented as a favorer of the system of polygamy; if a prominent Conservative can be made to appear as a Radical, or a leading Radical can be made to pose as a Conservative; if a conspicuous Republican can be passed off as a Democrat, or an influential Democrat can be changed into a Republican, the soul of the average interviewer jumps for joy. If the person so dealt with is, or is supposed to be, a man of some importance, the sport is the greater. The power of the interviewer is sometimes, in such cases, immense, so that it is no wonder he is dreaded by delicately organized men.

To give an illustration drawn from personal experience. For many years I was an Independent preacher in New York, a preacher of pure, spiritual Theism, quite unsympathetic with "Christian" institutions and doctrines under every form of interpretation, even the most liberal; in fact, finding fault with them from the historical, the critical, the scientific, the philo-

sophical points of view. There was nothing peculiarly striking about my attitude or my performance. Certainly my Sunday addresses were not popular in the usual sense, that is, they did not draw the multitude; nor were they in the smallest degree "sensational," either as to subject or treatment. There was no attempt at eccentricity. It is needless to say there was no genius or wit, or coruscation of brilliancy. The papers, and possibly my interest in the Free Religious Association, alone drew outside attention toward me. My congregations were composed of quiet, sober people of different Christian sects, and of no sect at all, seekers after knowledge, philanthropists, humanitarians, reformers, lovers of intellectual freedom, philosophers, literary men, artists, men and women who came for light and for liberty. The organization was perfectly harmless, and was kept as simple, sincere and honest as possible. It was, indeed, as far from "demonstrative" as such a thing could be. Many people were attracted to the services by the absence of pretence. The preacher was on pleasant terms, personally, with men of opposite extremes of opinion on speculative matters, with Catholics on one hand and materialists on the other.

After a time, having said my say, and done all that was practicable then in the direction of "radical" thought, having reached the end of my tether, and seeing nothing in the shape of organization before me, I resigned and went to Europe. There everything seemed orderly, regulated, subdued. The ferment of speculation was not intrusive. The feverishness of the mind was not thrust upon the traveler. An aspect of content was presented. A placid, uninquiring spirit of belief was spread over the surface of society, and the surface of society is all the passing observer has opportunity to notice. Time was allowed for repose, for recreation. Men and women did their work—often hard, repulsive work—patiently, cheerfully, as if they were used to it, and were without covetousness, or envy, or unsatisfied ambition. They were not perpetually looking over the fence to observe what their neighbors were doing. The greed for money, or place, or "influence" of some sort was unawakened, so that, for the moment, the sentiment of peacefulness overcame every other, and it seemed as if the one thing needful in this short life was acquies-

cence; as if a stable condition of society was better than a fluctuating one like ours. At last the feeling was engendered that a fixed order was favorable to such acquiescence. This was a feeling merely, not an intellectual conviction, by any means. The tired man was dreaming.

Then Radicalism as I saw it in Europe was coarse, vulgar and violent. It swaggered and strutted, and wore its cap on one side of its head; it swore, and smoked in the streets, and blasphemed, and denounced all law and orderly arrangement of society. On the other hand, law was more merciful than I expected to find it; government was less absolute, more gracious, generous, humane. The charities of the Church affected me; the meekness of its ministers, the gentle submissiveness of its working clergy, the absence of dogma, the picturesque character of its symbols and sacraments. The calm, unswerving steadiness of its administration was fascinating to the imagination; its indifference to dissent, its consciousness of power, its silence when questions were put, its stillness and confidence, so unlike the mental turmoil I was used to. No special study was instituted. No investigations were set on foot. No doctrines were examined. No authorities were consulted. The critical intellect was not awake. The sense of irresponsibility that accompanied all my steps through Europe lent itself to a complete absence of all aggressive faculty. It was a night vision.

On my return home, nothing occurred to disturb the impression. A private, secluded life had no provocation to conflict or struggle. The mind was turned away from theological questions. The warfare of sects was unheard. The general contest for pre-eminence went on as in another sphere. Among the letters that came to me was one from a man totally unknown to my acquaintance—an innocent-looking letter, asking an interview. There was nothing surprising in this, for I had often received similar notes from strangers. The man came, as any gentleman might, without paper or pencil, or that eager, inquisitive look which characterizes the common reporter. There was no air of curiosity—no questioning or cross-questioning. The talk was frank and free; on my own part ingenuous and unstudied. It never occurred to me that my agreeable visitor was a reporter till

the instant of his leaving the room. Then a suspicion flashed across me, and I asked him if he wrote not to say anything that might compromise me. His assurance that he did not mean to—an assurance which I presume he kept according to his understanding of it—satisfied me, and when nothing appeared for several days, my fears were allayed.

Suddenly the letter came out in a prominent paper, and such was the skill with which it was written, such the easy flow of the narrative, such the adroitness and deftness of the composition, that it was copied and went through the country. The account was most ingeniously contrived to cause a sensation. Occasion was taken to bring radicalism into disrepute in an orthodox community. The tale was too plausible to be answered except by a more elaborate statement than I was inclined or able to make at the moment. It was in a measure true, yet it was not true. It was true, inasmuch as I was still, sentimentally, under the spell of European travel, and was disposed to lay more emphasis than I had previously done on the theistic aspect of my old creed, as well as the spiritual origin of fundamental symbols and beliefs. It was untrue, inasmuch as my intellectual position remained unchanged. My questions were unanswered, my critical doubts were unremoved. My attitude toward institutions and creeds was unaltered. I still discarded everything like orthodox Protestantism, everything like sacerdotalism, everything that was commonly called Christianity. In a word, the idea that I had gone into another camp—an idea that was generally entertained on the strength of the letter that has been referred to—was as much news to me as to anybody. I still respected and loved my old comrades, still held by my old views in regard to the Bible, Jesus, the details of belief, the efficacy of rites, and was naturally a good deal provoked by the misrepresentation.

Soon the results were manifested. Letters arrived, of congratulation, condolence, abuse. Newspapers were sent me, pamphlets, volumes. Church doors flew open to receive me—Romanist, Calvinistic, Swedenborgian. The Shakers made overtures, the Presbyterians, the "Evangelicals." I was made the subject of sermons, was preached about, prayed about, scolded, praised, bewailed, commended. The din became so intolerable, the per-

secution so violent, that I was obliged to leave word, as I took refuge in a neighboring house, that my whereabouts should not be divulged. And I could not help thinking that if I, a private individual, suffered so much, it was not surprising if more important men, more severely afflicted, got angry, and were even tempted to become profane. In such cases it must be as when a mouse sets a house on fire by nibbling a match, or a sportive kitten overturns a precious vase. Last winter, a lecturer amused an audience by describing his adventure with a bell, the tone whereof he wished to hear; but it hung in a high belfry, was never sounded except as an alarum in case of an invasion, or a conflagration in the city, and, in consequence, was carefully guarded. By some ingenuity he reached it, and could not resist the temptation to test its quality. He struck the bell, but, frightened by his temerity, descended, took flight through a back door, got away safely, and, looking back, saw the pale citizens running to learn what the matter was. Such a commotion may an interviewer cause, who is mindful of his own reward in money or fame, but does not sufficiently think of the consequences of his action, or is not well enough acquainted with the difficulties of his subject to divide truth from error.

Nevertheless, in spite of occasional obtuseness, incidental mistake, and a little obliquity of vision, the office of an interviewer is important. He draws forth to the light subtle, hidden, or dark thoughts, and often obliges a man to overhaul his own mind, and define his private opinions. Many a victim ought to return blessing for cursing, when he considers the service done him in the way of exact though painful thinking, of sincere self-examination, of close scrutiny of sentiments, of honest estimate of motives. In our communities nothing essential ought to be concealed. The secret cogitations of leading men should, in so far as they concern the public, be known. Matters of consequence are sometimes held back from indolence or shyness or fear; and the interviewer acts as a kind of public conscience, supplementing private thinking. This is worth a good deal of rasping misconception and individual discomfort. Really, no one regrets the misconception and suffering more than the interviewer himself who is the innocent cause of it. He does his

best, and will be glad when his best can be made better. At least the higher order of interviewers will be; the others may be ranked with the rest of our social nuisances. The intrusiveness is a slight evil, after all. The inquisitiveness raises a smile as often as a malediction. The tenacity is amusing as frequently as it is exasperating. One can always refuse to say anything; but this is ungracious, and may be churlish. The nobler the spirit in which the reporter is met, the more substantial will be the justice he renders. His task, when conscientiously regarded, is an arduous one, needing encouragement rather than blame.

Foreigners are shocked at our system of interviewing, as they would naturally be, not being democratic. The French are a democratic people, but their government is aristocratic, and demands an engrossing attention. The English are essentially aristocratic, and although their government is popular, they cherish their individuality, and resent intrusion. The Englishman's house is his castle, the American's is the place where he permanently stays. We have no castles. The latch-string hangs out. The American lives out of doors. If he does not like it, he must learn to, for it is his privilege, and he should endeavor to give it welcome, bearing its burdens while grateful for its advantages.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

OUR BOYS ON SUNDAY.

ONE of the most discouraging phases of life in our large cities on Sunday is the multitude of young men and boys, congregating hour after hour on the corners of the streets in search of amusement. They have been at work all the week—some in school, some in offices, some in the trades, some in all kinds of drudgery; but however varied their employments, all alike desire change and recreation. They listlessly query with one another, "Where shall we go?" "What shall we do?"—puzzling questions that no one answers. Young people are not fertile in inventing innocent amusements, but they generally wait for something to offer, and if nothing attractive does offer, and the day passes unoccupied, they have a feeling of disappointment, unless, for want of something better, they have found excitement in forbidden paths. Hence Sunday is a day of weariness and dissatisfaction with most young people. Even those of us who have abundant resources in ourselves are conscious of a feeling of unrest when our regular occupation is interrupted, and unless there is some definite pleasure in store for us, holidays are the saddest days in the year, and Sundays, above all others, because of the superstitious restraints imposed on us.

It is really lamentable to see how few means of entertainment are provided for our boys on Sunday. There are the street cars for a short ride to some park in fine weather; a long walk in the sunshine; the fatal hospitality of the saloons; the Sunday-school; the church services; or the youth may occupy himself with reading at home. Such, in brief, are the pleasures in store for our boys on each returning Sunday.

But a large class never go to church or Sunday-school; many have no homes nor books, only an attic room, without light or fire, and, perchance, a dime novel; the most vigorous

soon tire of walking; the cars require money, and the majority have none to spare. When the storm king comes, with wind and sleet, and rain and snow, and the thermometer goes down to zero, what becomes of the multitude whose only resorts on holidays are the streets? Let the complacent Pharisees who deny our boys all pleasure elsewhere, go themselves and see the dens of iniquity and vice to which they are driven, in order, as some say, "to keep the seventh day holy."

In view of these facts, would it not be rational, to say the least, for the city authorities to open the libraries, picture galleries, museums, menageries, and concert halls; and to multiply the facilities of transit to all points of interest, that those who can do so may get out of the city one day in seven? It would be an inestimable blessing to the more intelligent working-men, if our school-houses and public halls could be thrown open for courses of popular lectures on the sciences or on travels in the Old World and the New, with pictured representations of celebrated places and historic events and of the wonders of the natural world. The theatre, too, should be made, not only a means of entertainment, but with plays of a moral tendency, an agency for promoting the mental and moral welfare of the people. At all events, until such plays are produced the theatre should be thrown open for readings, recitations and concerts, to furnish cheap amusements. A fine band of music in the skating rinks, affording free entertainment to multitudes from the gloomy tenement houses, would be a sight worthy of the liberality and common sense of the nineteenth century.

There are many good men and women who have the true missionary spirit who would gladly devote a few hours each Sunday to the systematic entertainment of boys in some special department of art, science and literature. A person with a genius for telling stories could hold the rapt attention of an audience of three thousand boys as long as the narrator had breath to continue.

Our city authorities could not do a better work for public morality and good order on Sunday, than to make an appropriation for a corps of teachers expressly for that day, to give the multitude in all our public-schools some practical lessons for

this life, in the rudiments of learning, in music, drawing, games, deportment, gymnastics—anything and everything in which the young could be interested.

Sentimental young men and women are longing to go as missionaries to Eastern lands and the isles of the sea, to convert their people to a belief in our theological system, while multitudes needing their benevolent ministrations are crowding all our cities, living in ignorance, poverty and vice. Two thousand little boys in New York alone, sleep like rats night after night, in any hole where they can find shelter—boys whom nobody owns, for whom nobody cares, ignorant alike of whence they came and whither they are going. How and where can they keep one-seventh of their time holy?

There is no man nor boy so stolid that he cannot be interested in something, and to rouse his enthusiasm on that, whatever it may be, is the starting-point for his development. Suppose it could be announced in the morning papers, that the Rev. Dr. Goodspeed would deliver a course of lectures to boys on Sunday afternoons in Cooper Institute on the wonders of the human heart and the circulation of the blood; with maps and a manikin, explaining and illustrating from week to week the whole human organization. Can any one doubt that he would attract a far larger audience than he could if he should announce a sermon from the text, "the human heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." An eminent man recently remarked that "what America needs to-day is a new enthusiasm in some noble cause." Would it not be as easy to arouse the enthusiasm of the masses with the promise of some rational and attainable pleasures here—better homes, better work, better wages—as it is to get up a religious revival by playing on their hopes and fears, with respect to the life hereafter?

Some of our conservative churchmen are making special efforts just now to enforce a more rigid observance of sabbatical ordinances. They are opposed to opening the libraries, picture galleries, museums and concert halls, on the only day when the laboring masses have an opportunity to visit them. They would stop all railroads and street cars on the only day when large classes can get out of the city. They would prohibit the

publication of newspapers on Sunday, the only day when many of the more intelligent tradesmen find time to read.

On close examination, as matters now stand, it will be found that Sunday is simply a day of restraint for the laboring classes, and for women and children. The majority of wealthy gentlemen make it a day of rest and recreation. With their palace homes, well stored libraries, beautiful pictures, good dinners, their own horses and carriages, their luxurious clubs, it requires no self-denial on their part to have public places of amusement closed, public travel stopped, newspapers suspended, and the children of the multitude shut up in gloomy tenement houses or turned into the street.

To say nothing of those who have pleasant homes, who go to church and Sunday-school where they have moral and religious instruction, the question remains, What shall be done for those outside these influences? We know that education and virtue generally go together. In proportion as men understand the laws of their organization and their relations to the outside world, they pass from the vicious to the virtuous, from the helpless to the helpful classes, hence the best possible charity is a thoroughly scientific training for the laboring masses in the moral and physical laws of life. To dedicate the Sunday to this purpose would make it indeed a blessed day for the people. Heber Newton, in a recent discourse, said :

“The time has come for a protest. This strict observance of the Sabbath stands in the way of physical progress to hosts in our city who need it to redden their blood and cheeks. It stands in the way of morality. The multitude in our dark and over-crowded tenement houses should have the day in which to go out and come back with sunshine enough to last a whole week. It stands in the way of the intellectual progress of man. How many libraries are open? How many museums or art galleries stand inviting young men and boys to stop looking at the stones on the streets and come and look at what will ennoble and enlighten them? What power has barred their doors? Was it the love of Jesus, or of the Sabbath? I have yet to learn that ignorance is the mother of religion or that stupidity ever begets piety. I do not know that looking at a dado or an ichthyosaurus will inspire any love to God, but I do know even these are better than idly staring in the streets.”

Under present conditions it is vain to talk of a day sacred to either rest or recreation for the majority of our people. It is impossible in the crowded, filthy homes and streets where they

are compelled to live, and if the city authorities obstinately refuse to open all public places of resort, their improvement is hopeless.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," said the great head of the Christian religion. No institution is so important as man himself, and no day is too holy to be used for his development. As Christians do not observe the day established by the Jews and commanded by the Bible, they have only ecclesiastical authority for holding the first day of the week sacred to clerical and church uses. No one can honestly claim that as now observed it is fraught with blessings for the ignorant masses. Martin Luther was no advocate of a sabbatical observance of Sunday. He said:

"Keep it holy for its use' sake, both to body and soul; but if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to do anything that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit of liberty."

A grand experiment for the benefit of boys has been made in the city of Buffalo by Miss Charlotte Mulligan. When a girl of seventeen she began her humane work. Suddenly reduced to straightened circumstances by the failure and death of her father, the current of her life was changed from seeking her own pleasure to a desire to be useful to others. Being the only sister of five brothers she appreciated the trials and temptations to which boys were exposed, and resolved to devote herself to their improvement. Accordingly, she wended her way one Sunday morning to the mission school and told the superintendent that she would like to become one of his regular teachers, and would prefer a class of his worst boys. "There they are," said he, "in that corner. They have exhausted the patience of five teachers. You may try them if you desire." Imagine, then, a dozen ragged, unwashed boys, about the age of fourteen, with hats on, chewing tobacco, expectorating in all directions, and passing their coarse jests freely round; on a stool in front of them sits a lovely girl, tastefully dressed in fresh summer attire, a sweet vision of purity that awed them to respectful silence without a word.

"Young gentlemen," she said, on taking her seat, "I am very

happy the superintendent has assigned me this class, and I hope to be your teacher all summer. When we meet in the street I shall say, 'There are some of my scholars,' and I shall expect you to raise your hats and bow to me" (off went all the hats); "and you will point me out as your teacher, and I know you will not like to see my dress covered with tobacco juice" (the quids were furtively dropped). She dispensed with the lesson of the day and told them charming stories, to which they listened with rapt attention to the close of the session; and then they urged her to go on. She asked each boy his name, writing it carefully down, and in turn she gave them her card, with the number and street where she resided, and said: "I want you all to come there one afternoon every week. I have so much to tell you that I cannot crowd one-half of what I desire to say into the allotted hour on Sunday. And boys," she added, "as water is plenty here where we have this great Lake Erie, I would like to have you all come clean."

When the day arrived they were all there, with evident attempts at cleanliness. She gave them seats under the trees, and offered them crackers and cheese to begin with, thinking with that ancient sect that a man's soul is in his stomach, and that the boy, made on the same general plan, could be most easily reached through that organ. On these week-days she taught them the decencies of life, good manners, and good language, interspersing her practical lessons with amusing or pathetic stories. Step by step, she made the acquaintance of their parents, helped them to find work, to better homes, better food and clothing—soon interesting a number of wealthy families in her experiment. From week to week and year to year, she went steadily on, her class rapidly increasing, and she gaining a complete influence over them, and, in the form of stories, imparting much moral and religious instruction. By her efforts the mission school was soon transplanted from a rickety old building, where she had often taught with an umbrella over her head, to a nice stone chapel, where in later years she met her full-grown boys every Sunday, conducting the services and talking to them as a mother would to her sons on all their practical duties. In addition she has a large hall up-town near her own residence

where they meet one evening in the week for music and conversation. Many seeing her good work, have contributed generously to forward her plans. The boys have sets of musical instruments and well-trained bands of their own. They have their boats, too, and during the summer enjoy in turn an evening row on their beautiful lake. They have their secret society and monthly paper, both called the "Guard of Honor," designed for mutual aid, and to help younger boys just starting in the thorny paths through which they have traveled.

Over three thousand have already passed to manhood under these influences, and of these over three-fourths have remained true to their pledges, and many are filling responsible positions in the world of work.

In an interview with Miss Mulligan, a few years ago, she said: "What is needed to complete my experiment is large buildings, where my boys can find lodgings and rational amusements, removed from the demoralizing influences of those parts of a city where the poor are compelled to dwell. Could I have changed their environments," said she, "I could have saved ten thousand as easily as I have three."

If we could turn the present *furor* for monuments to great men to building homes for those who do the work of the world, we might avert many impending dangers. Wherever a laboring man owns a home he has an interest in the order and safety of that community. That block of tenement houses erected by George Peabody in London, to shelter the living, is a prouder monument to his memory than the purest parian shaft among the sepulchers of the departed.

The air is full of warning voices: idle laborers, strikes and mobs herald a speedy day of reckoning. The muffled thunders of rebellion, now threatening the throne of a long line of Saxon kings, cannot be silenced with five hundred pounds thrown out in charity by the royal hand of the house of Brunswick; neither will our munificent charities count against a legalized system of fraud and injustice. Our statesmen cannot begin too soon to study a new system of political economy and train our people in obedience to law, to do justice and love mercy, that in this republic we breed no ignorant and discontented classes.

Our churchmen cannot begin too soon to teach their people that it is more important to learn how to live a noble, useful life, than how to die; and instead of the selfish struggle to save their own souls, let their earnest efforts hereafter be given to make this life more comfortable and cheerful for their fellow-men.

Felix Adler says :

“ Let us drop the personal longing for immortality and take up the unselfish task of ethical culture and the improvement of others. Whence we come we know not, nor whither we go, but what is incumbent on us here, that we know ; and in doing our duty in this daily life we can find a rich reward. In the Gothic myth the Rhinegold lay hidden in the deep waters of the streams and none could find it. But men came and toiled and planted on the banks, and, behold, in the juice of the first grape the Rhinegold reappeared. In the wine won through the planting and the harvest, they drank at last of the vintage of the gods.”

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

THE IDEAL CHURCH.

RASSELAS, Johnson's Prince of Abyssinia, lived in a beautiful valley compared with which the common fields were as a desert; and yet that little empire offered its prince a daily sorrow in that circle of dark mountains which would permit no citizen to pass to an assumed world without. There was perpetual spring within the walls. It was the lifelong business of skillful minds, salaried by the State, to invent and to bring into public use new pleasures. Music and all the arts sprang up in this vale; the feast was developed up to its generic perfection; friendship flourished and love bloomed, and yet, many times was the prince found solemn and thoughtful. By some unknown influence the feeling had sprung up in his heart that there must be other truths and duties and pleasures beyond the hills; that his own small province could not be the reason of his life, much less of the great spectacle of human existence; and that not to pass over the mountains and press further the inquiries of the intellect was a just cause of unhappiness.

Rasselas illustrates the condition of nearly all those who had the misfortune to be born in any one of the past generations. For the new multitude now entering upon that large property called "life" there are gates which lead out of the little valley in which each one is born. There is much passing in and out at pleasure. A few years have been sufficient time in which to blast openings in the old walls of adamant and make an easy trail between a township and the world. It seems almost beyond belief that thought was still quite enslaved when this century opened, and that in politics, medicine, agriculture and religion the child inherited without any impairment the intellectual property of his father. To make any advance or to desire to seek something better was a form of treason to the political

or spiritual throne. Birth was the urn from which each one drew the lot of life. Democrats were the parents of democrats. whigs of whigs, infidels of infidels, and in those days Calvinists "were born, not made." Young minds early learned to say that the negro was made to be the white man's slave; that an abolitionist set at defiance alike the Old and the New Testament; that the Bible was written in heaven; that the hell of literal and eternal fire was as real and as plainly revealed as were the Continents of Europe and Africa; and that while belief could come only by miracle, yet a failure to believe was the one unpardonable sin.

Lord Bacon enumerated as obstacles in the way of the real truth those heaps of assumed truths which had come from known and unknown sources, and, having taken possession of the mind, left no room for any subsequent invasion or possession. These false ideas he divided into those born of such human weaknesses as prejudice and indolence; then came those of the "den," or the peculiar tendencies of a disposition; then came the *idola theatri*, those notions which parade as upon a stage, having the costumes of realities and uttering real human tones, but being only a shadow of the real verities and as transient as the figures in the drama. The mind being thus prepossessed, and not doubting the genuineness and permanence of its possessions, assumed that it was learned, and "could not come to knowledge because it supposed itself already there."

Religious orthodoxy seemed not to bring the real truth in any great measure, but seemed rather to have made a hasty collection of things, valuable and valueless, as left behind by the storm which wrecked Pagan Rome, and afterward Christian Rome, and which strewed everywhere fragments of innumerable legends, histories, religions, and philosophies. As families flying in haste from earthquakes, flood, or fire cannot save articles in regular order of greatest merit, but must heap into a cart or chariot what is nearest the hand, so in times of crumbling nations, shattered systems, falling and rising men, falling and rising gods, trembling thrones, and, perhaps, of martyrdom, and awful wrong and fierce indignation, no minds, however great, could have assembled into one Christian system eternal truths and

have admitted no idea which should need the elimination of calmer periods. There was an antecedent probability, if not a certainty, that the reforming decades which lay so near to and even overlapping the times of superstition and tumult, would compose summaries of doctrine in which many an error would be the *idola theatri*—the semblances of something taught in the Holy Scriptures—easily mistaken for revelations from the heaven of heaven.

The Calvinistic or Presbyterian denominations were almost the only ones to disregard this antecedent improbability of having found a perfect expression of the doctrine of Jesus Christ. The tasks of the reasoner and the interpreter had been done, and so well done that the only exercise left to the mind of the clergy within those ecclesiastical bodies was the act of acceptance. In other branches of the Protestant Church there was some room for the play of individual taste and judgment. The words "in substance," "substantially true," "substance of doctrine" were deemed in church courts and in common fame as being equivalent to a certificate of full and high standing in the orthodox army. In these divisions of the ecclesiastical world the clergy who desired some personal liberty of thought found no difficulty in securing the boon so highly prized, but in the Presbyterian branches of Calvinism the mind of the preacher was commanded not to think regarding doctrines, but to preach them—a rigid command weighing very heavily upon those who, instead of having thought their way into the Confession of Faith, had simply been born there.

Persons born into a system of politics, or agriculture, or religion, should, as reason dawns, raise the question whether they had been well born. An involuntary beginning does not involve an involuntary continuance. The child of aristocratic blood may in mature life examine the basis of rank and find, if possible, what decree of reason or nature makes him superior to a John Bright or an Abraham Lincoln. A child born in Virginia in the early part of this century would have been justified if, in later years, under the guidance of a free and manhood intellect, that mind had taken into calm review the nature of man and the logical relation of color to the rights of a human being. The in-

fant baptized when a few days old into the Roman Church must wear the Roman name all through its youth, but at last reason outranks the accident of birth, and when the zealous priest says to the subsequent man: "Once a Roman Catholic, always a Roman Catholic," the man can expose the priest's fallacy by saying: "Once an infant, always an infant."

And thus we pass into the Presbyterian form of childhood where infancy itself is taught to say that the Bible is all the very words of God; that the Creator fore-ordained many to be lost and many to be saved; that He passed such decrees not on account of foreseen vice or virtue, but for "His mere good pleasure;" that Adam's transgression made the whole human race depraved to such a degree as to render a religious act impossible; and that a literal and eternal torment was the proper doom of persons who had sinned many centuries before they were born. To all young persons born into such statements about God and man, there should come, early or late in life, a most ardent desire to raise and answer the questions whether mere birth had made the surrounding ideas true, or, like the Roman Catholic child or the pro-slavery youth, to ask the later years to make some deep inquiry into the real value of the accidents of the cradle.

The gates which lead out of orthodoxy, of the severer form, without leading away from Christianity are not many, but they are plainly visible and very great. One of these portals, through which many pass to more of liberty and peace, is that of Spiritual Interpretation. It is the gate Beautiful. Of those who read not the letter, but the spirit, the cardinal principle is that a figure is better than a fact. If Lot's wife had a special order to migrate from Sodom and seek some more moral neighborhood, and, starting to obey, she turned back and became a pillar of salt, the history contains no valuable lesson for other women and other men, unless they too should receive a special command; but if Lot's wife stood for any and every sinful and giddy woman who hesitates and falters in the path of duty, then the lesson is for all places and times, and the modern empty-minded and wicked wife is only a pillar of rock or clay, and is not a grand soul in God's exquisitely-wrought world. The story, like the fables of Æsop, is exalted

by being a figure; it passes from a single incident up to an eternal law.

If Jonah was literally swallowed and transported around in the ocean for three days in the whale's dark bed-chamber fitted up for such a contemptible guest, then the lesson ends with Jonah; and if God has you and me in mind He will have to issue to us a similar order, and prepare for us two more great fishes; but you and I are included the moment the story is spiritualized, because then the lesson is on the surface that if any adult mortal would rather join the crowd in sin than lead it toward righteousness, that person ought to be swallowed by any kind of marine or earthly monster existing in animated nature.

Nearly all of Oriental speech was boldly figurative. The four men who came running breathlessly to Job, the first one announcing an ambush by the Sabeans, the second one telling of a shower of fire, the third one informing the good man of a raid by the Chaldeans, the fourth one announcing a cyclone of full modern violence, are just like the men and women of Bunyan, or like the leopard, the wolf, and the lion which suddenly appeared before Dante when he began to advance into the gloomy forest. That these four calamities should have befallen Job in one day, that each force took some peculiar property, the Sabeans, oxen, the Chaldeans, camels, the fire, the sheep, the wind, the house, and that each tumult left one man only alive to tell its special tale, and that Job's best friends sat in silence with him for seven days and nights upon the ground to help him bear his sorrow, are not the details of history but of picturesque literature. In all those lands and times which created the books of the Old and New Testaments, to be a writer was to be an artist, a painter. To find the meaning of those Scriptures the student must make the external phenomena to be those creations which art employs for conveying some spiritual idea to the heart.

In the times of Christ the figurative was still ruling in human speech, and when that Teacher opened His lips to declare that "if any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple;" he did not unfold a cruel, heartless life of faith, but He did beautifully portray that possible devo-

tion which could make a Paul heroic, which could make a Francis Xavier say to his friends :

“Hush you ! close your dismal story,
What to me are tempests wild ?
Heroes in their path to glory
Mind not pastimes for a child ;”

which might lead the Catholic missionary to and fro in this continent where both Indian and climate would join in deeds of hostility. None of these great sons of religion hated father or mother, but on the contrary their partings were full of tears and the embraces of tenderest affection.

Thus there is a spiritual import in nearly all the biblical pages, an import which contains the divine lessons, which renders historic reality unnecessary, which makes severe utterances turn into wisdom, a fable into a law ; but this law of interpretation is one of the gates which leads out of the purest orthodoxy. To the mind of this shape of Christianity, the story of Adam and Eve's temptation, the experience of Lot's wife, the calamity which befell Jonah, the exploits of Samson, are just as much actual occurrences as was the landing of the Pilgrims or the battle of Bunker Hill. The older Reformed churches, invaded the Bible, having on their flag the advice of Aristophanes : “ Call figs, figs, and spades, spades ”—a law valuable in science and bookkeeping, but of little value in literature, because in that art, God is sometimes called a man of war ; Babylon, a woman ; the Church a bride—the Lamb's wife ; Peter, a rock ; death, a sleep ; punishment, a worm that never dies—an eternal fire. Open any volume of Oriental literature, sacred or profane, with the law in hand : “ Call a spade a spade,” and the result is ridiculous enough to warrant a prompt abandonment of the enterprise. Our fathers, standing near those childish ages which gave the Bible a thousand absurd meanings and which buried truth under a mountain of superstition, said, “ Let us begin to read the book anew and call things by their given names ;” but in escaping from the excess of early childishness they fell into an excess of literalness, and instead of killing the Bible by poetry they murdered it by prose. To find the true meaning of the Holy Scripture the pulpit must spiritualize a large part of the text. To do this the clergyman must pass

outside of the Calvinistic demonination. To that body of interpreters the account of the creation in Genesis is history, just as the life of General Grant is history, and the story of Joshua and the halting sun is a tale as simple as that of Paul's preaching in Athens or being caught in a storm at sea. Out of such a literalizing church there must be a large and increasing exodus.

A second passway out of the Calvinistic walled-town is found in the sentiment of equity or justice. Upon the questions of equity and justice all the high intellectual power of the human race has pondered from the time of Confucius to those of Puffendorf and John Stuart Mill. What an array of students and thinkers rise up in historic memory when one pronounces the word: right! In the midst of this assemblage stands Jesus Christ himself, with a little child in his arms, assuring us that in the empire of God that little one is the natural heir of the justice and immunity which belong to kings; that any one wronging a little child has been born wrong and should be under the sea, held away from society by a mill-stone on the neck. In harmony with such calm utterances Marcus Aurelius came, saying from his throne, which ruled a hundred millions: "I count myself no better than the humblest citizen of all Rome." As the centuries have passed by, new voices have joined in this sublime recitative until that idea of equal rights has become the chorus of the modern world, the loudest and most melodious ever sung by humanity. This truth, coming in such clearness and vastness, can extract from conscience its greatest happiness. The equity of man's career becomes its moral beauty. From the equity of man thought passes to the equity of God; and the beauty of earth has led up to the higher beauty of heaven. When, therefore, any Church comes declaring that God from his mere good pleasure elected millions to life and millions to death, that that death means torture in fire, that the fire is eternal, that some infants may be now in this fire, that Christ died to redeem a few when he could as easily have redeemed all, it should not be a matter of surprise if now and then some clergyman or layman, with a conscience aroused by the equity of Jesus Christ, and by the concurrence of all the greatest souls as to human right, should ask this

Church, of whatever name, to open its doors not to admit a Christian but to let one pass out.

Aside from the privilege of seeking and finding what is most true, and the happiness which attends the consciousness of mental freedom, those outside of rigid orthodoxy are better able to answer the objections of the new generation to a life of faith and worship. While no form of Christianity can rest upon what may be called a wholly rational basis, it is desirable that there be the least possible quantity of antagonism between the Church and common sense. There was an age once that loved the miraculous more than the natural, and which, like children in presence of a story-teller, was most impressed by the tales which were farthest removed from all human experience and observation; but few of the qualities of that period remain. Voltaire, Hume, Thomas Paine, Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, Renan, and Strauss have passed over the world, and the pulpit that follows such names must differ from the pulpit which went before them.

Sir William Hamilton and men of that high school have declared that the true logic must never ask for more causation than is necessary; and such writers as Trench have said that a miracle is to be believed only when it was performed for some tremendous purpose. Modern logic does not exclude the miraculous, but it demands, in a religious system, the least possible of the superhuman and the most possible of the reasonable or natural. To the pulpit of to-day the young man and the young woman come in all the new truth and power of logic, asking the high Calvinist why the sun stood still for Joshua, or why God ordered bloody wars, or why He helped Samson catch the foxes, or pull down a temple, and he is unable to make any other reply than that "all things are possible with God." This answer brings not the silence of peace and conviction, but the silence of contempt. The questioner knows well that God could make the sun stand still, but doubts whether he did so for a transient Joshua. The event must be as great as the divine interference. No orthodox clergyman can stand for a moment in the name of any known logic and defend his tenets of faith; and it is, therefore, coming to pass that those young persons of the most cre-

dulity are gathered into his fold, while those strong in the reasoning power of the century seek the broader Churches or remain in the outside multitude to furnish the infidel and atheist with anxious inquiries.

More and more, as the years fly, will the orthodox clergymen realize their inability to defend their creeds, because, while logic is a growing faculty, the probability in their system is not a growing probability. It will be easier for the clergy to cease to be Calvinists and literalists than it will be for the rising generation to cease to be reasonable. In this dilemma, it is easy to determine where the change of the future will come. A great reconciliation must be brought about between Christianity and the improved common sense—between the Author of nature and the Author of religion, that faith and law may both have their places in the life of man. Faith will always be willing to believe in a world beyond this; in rewards for the righteous, and punishment for the guilty; in a world to come not made with hands, as the world that now is was not made by human fingers. Faith will look backward and forward toward a great cause, but this looking will be founded upon the sublimity of the objects and upon the feeling that there are places in the universe where the word law must give place to the word God. It will be a misfortune if the pulpit shall continue to compel this faith to descend from these majestic heights, and embrace lovingly miracles which possess no bearing upon the life and hopes of mankind.

The most powerful Christianity for the near future will be that one which shall make the person of Christ the center and circumference of its truth and emotions. All which prefigured or gently and slowly led toward that Nazarene perfection should be thought to have performed its mission when the Christ came, and should be discharged as a pilot is paid off and discharged when he has brought the great ship to its anchorage and home. This the high orthodox refuse to do. Having informed us that Moses was a school-master in the infancy of religion, they retain him, rod in hand, after Christ has turned infancy into manhood, and they send the world in its old age to the same master as though to study again the alphabet of salvation. The success of public

lecturers in raising a laugh any day and hour over the dogmas of the Church, warn us that we who preach Christ must draw nearer that one theme, and must permit the modern mind to enjoy a wonderful liberty in making up its estimate of all those parts of the Bible and of creeds which do not involve the historic reality of Jesus as the adequate Saviour of all who imitate his virtues.

Congregational independence is not the ideal. Here and there a clergyman may seek independence in order to find intellectual liberty, but perfect independence is not only a solitude—an isolation from the many minds and hearts which could keep the thinker from making a desert out of the Lord's Garden, but it involves a loss of usefulness as to the work of missions at home and abroad, toward which desolate fields a denomination large and strong can reach out the hand of an empire and not of a child. The ideal Church will be one in which piety shall out-rank doctrine; in which the words of Christ shall out-rank all the words of the law-giver, prophet, and psalmist; in which the spirit of Christ shall be the overwhelming proof of the presence of a Christian; in which the infinite variety of thought, interpretation, belief, and dream shall be forgotten by hearts full of toleration and full of a friendship which shall make a brotherhood out of sentiment, character and duty rather than out of doctrines and definitions.

DAVID SWING.

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THE EXPERIMENT OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

IN considering the character and principles of public government, there is much to be said before we can consecutively come to the nature of suffrage; but when it has been once conceded, as it has been in the United States, it may be properly treated apart from any political abstractions. Its experimental results have an *a posteriori* value, which may serve the purpose of a more abstract discussion.

Vote is a word which has fallen far from its original etymological significance. At first synonymous with vow, it meant a promise under the sanction of religion. We first promise now, and vote afterward, usually but not always according to our promise. Suffrage had also formerly a religious character, and *suffragium* holds its own as a portion of the Book of Common Prayer. These points are worth noting, because they indicate that voting was once considered a duty to be conscientiously discharged. Unfortunately, it does not follow that a man will vote intelligently because he votes conscientiously, while he may vote intelligently (for his own interests) without voting conscientiously. It is impossible to analyze the motives individually of an enormous constituency, or to classify the varieties of human character and condition which compose it; while so much of the result of a canvass may depend upon the merest accidents, that it can hardly be regarded as an expression of absolute public opinion,

especially when so many who are entitled to vote do not care to exercise the right.

Theoretically, at least, a vote is the expression, more or less complete, of an opinion, and it is cast for one who is supposed to represent that opinion. It is either the sanction of a given policy or it is a protest against it. It is, however, a question still undecided in political ethics, whether a representative is bound to act according to his own convictions or as a mere agent of his constituents, and in obedience to their specifically expressed will. The representative himself is the creation of the majority, but entirely new questions, of the first importance, may arise after his election, and upon them he may differ *in toto* from the majority of the citizens of his State or district. If our system is to be rigidly and consistently adhered to, a representative so situated has no right to retain his place for a day. But in this, however, as in so many other human affairs, we are compelled to dispense with strict logical deductions, for the reason that adherence to them is simply impossible. No good government can be conceived of without a comparative permanence, defined either by constitutional or statutory provisions. Apart from fixed law, should it be established even the moral power of a constituency to demand particular action of its representative, or, as an alternative, his resignation, would be of questionable authority. From one point of view, its exercise would be a violation of a contract. A representative is chosen, we will say, for a period of two years to be the exponent of certain opinions. This is a determination of the constituency for that period. But it may be argued, upon the other hand, that while the voters remain of the same mind, the representative having adopted different opinions should give up his seat to some one who will maintain the existing opinion of the voters. This argument would be unanswerable, if it were possible, in the nature of things, that such change of popular opinion could have any authoritative and legal expression. This it cannot have until another election has given an opportunity for such expression. It is for the representative to determine whether he will support or oppose a given measure. No extraneous action can do it for him, neither the violence of mobs, nor the resolutions of mass meetings, nor even the resolutions of the

local legislature. If the voters have mistaken their man, they must abide the consequences of their mistake until the proper opportunity shall come for correcting it; and if a representative is to have no right of independent judgment, or, having it, no right to act upon it, he becomes a mere puppet, without dignity or discretion, and as fit for his place as a church steeple with its ever-shifting weather-cock.

It is necessary, for even a tolerable comprehension of the subject, to consider the nature of the vote itself. What may be said of it here will be based upon the presupposition of suffrage universal, except for certain limitations, as it exists in the United States. A suffrage strictly universal is an impossibility. Nor is it true that as it is here established, it is without historical precedents. It has often been resorted to by savage nations. We have so boasted of it, our orators have expended upon it so much of their rhetorical wealth, our poets have so lauded it in their verses, it has been so exalted as the panacea for all political evils and the safeguard against all political vicissitudes, that it has been regarded as almost treason to examine it in the cold light of philosophy, or reason, or experience. It has been assumed that because a man can vote, he will therefore vote wisely. Universal suffrage makes no allowance for popular passions, for public credulity, for human selfishness, for personal ambitions, for ignorance, carelessness, fatuity. It assumes that the voter can neither be wheedled nor purchased. It is really based on an ideal of popular purity and wisdom. The complacency with which we regard it is so profound, that we forget how every election is a refutation of our notions, not indeed in the result, with which no special fault is here to be found, but in the fact that there has been a wide division of opinion and that both sides cannot possibly have been right.

We see, therefore, in spite of all the fine things which we say about it, and the practical confidence which we accord to it, that the vote is but a rude and inadequate expression of the best public opinion. As governments must go on, as laws must be enacted and executed, and as other measures must be determined, we have recourse to the doctrine of a majority, which is in effect a convenient fiction of unanimity. Those whose opinions are

for the time put in abeyance have no right to complain, since they are under an express compact to submit to the will of the majority. They must concede that to the majority upon which they would themselves have insisted if the success had been upon their side. The event deprives them of no opportunity of reversing the decision. Freedom and the future are before them. They can still watch, act, argue and protest, and the whole history of our politics proves that this can be done to good purpose. Parties occupying apparently impregnable positions have often been routed. The truth is that with us minorities have had no reason to find fault or despair, although it must be confessed that majorities have often been unreasonable and overbearing. Yet if they have grasped at too much, it has almost always been with the result of losing their power.

Still less has the minority reason to be dissatisfied whenever an election has been a mere struggle of politicians for personal aggrandizement. Factions have no claim upon our sympathy, however bitterly they may be disappointed. The universal caucus has no right to talk about equity or public virtue. When the game, fairly or unfairly lost, has been played, the losers must not rail at bad fortune unless they can show that their own hands are clean, which, in political contests, seldom happens. Cases may, indeed, arise in which an honest candidate, honestly supported by certain voters, has been defeated by the usual abominable devices of the canvass. If these have been flagrant, the seat may be either successfully or unsuccessfully contested. But if the wrong has triumphed, it must be remembered that the moral victory is still with the right, and we can afford to wait for a material confirmation of that consolatory fact. As between two candidates who have resorted to the usual arts, who have both falsified, wheedled, or bribed, who have appealed to unworthy passions, and taken advantage of popular ignorance, whatever may have been their formal protestation of principles, there is nothing to choose. Their quarrel is not worth the time and expense of a committee, and would not receive more than a moment's attention, but for the desire to strengthen legislative minorities, and perhaps change them to majorities. For the man who makes a business of politics and seeks a seat as an in-

vestment, our pity, should he come out insolvent, must needs be small.

As canvasses are usually conducted, it is difficult to determine how accurately votes express opinions, or how far they only show personal preference, or the self-interest of the voter. The newspapers are the usual vehicles of information, and too often the newspapers have their own ends to serve and rarely consider any important question except in the most perfunctory manner.

Again, we have to observe that the gravest, most earnest, and most thoroughly intelligent form of opinion is often so far before the prevalent public notion as to be esteemed of an importance quite ridiculous. It is melancholy to remember through what neglect, contempt, social indifference or general scorn, the best idea has often, at a snail's pace, and under discouragements apparently hopeless, advanced to recognition and legislative sanction. One man with such an idea is worth a hundred thousand voters, and is sure in time to have ten times that number enrolled under the banner of his principles and their necessary measures. His potent and finally successful allies are the embarrassments and the confusions which wait upon a nation's mistakes. Timid, time-serving, over-conservative leaders get the people into trouble, and then the real ruler comes to get them out of it, by his stern and unbending fidelity to moral forces.

Even when great questions are pending, canvasses cannot always be great. It too often happens that a few men hold our democratic constituencies in fee, and have acquired a kind of property in the action of voters. In return, they bestow gifts, promises which may or may not mean something, places of greater or less emolument, and speeches which at least flatter and amuse. They pay for bands of music, for fire-works, and for flags. Ardent spirits are furnished at many bars, and at their expense. The air is full of hurrahs. The tap-rooms are noisy with unmethodical discussions, mostly of a personal character. The newspapers urge their readers, after a military or naval fashion, to fight, to rally, to bear themselves like brave warriors, to pour in the broadsides, and never to give up the ship. There is a scramble for votes, and little scrupulosity in securing them. The rural districts catch the contagion and

follow in their minor way the urban example. There is no village so small as to be free from demagogues, and no community so simple as to be without its place-hunters.

These considerations bring us to another of the first importance. We approach it with diffidence from a fear of being misunderstood. It requires no rigid demonstration for us to comprehend that a given vote may be determined either by passion, prejudice, carelessness or personal considerations, or else by honest ignorance. Our theory is that our citizens intelligently comprehend the matters upon which they pass. We rely upon the assumption that the elector is well educated, and in some States a knowledge of reading and writing is made by statute a qualification. There is, undoubtedly, in this country, a very high average of this kind of knowledge, whatever it may be worth. It is, indeed, for reasons chiefly of convenience, worth a great deal, yet it is possible that we may over-estimate its value. It does not follow that because a man may read, he will read to any advantage. He may know how to write, and seldom have occasion to exercise that accomplishment, except to make his sign manual. He may have been educated in a public school and added arithmetic and geography to his acquirements, yet, even with a knowledge of certain political facts, he may be a very ignorant person and quite incapable of making up his mind intelligently upon political questions. He has been trained up to a certain point, but not a very high one. Every well-educated man knows how ignorant are most of his friends and acquaintances, or those whom he may meet by chance. Most talk is a matter of phrases and catch words, of gossip and platitude. Whenever an election is pending, we chat of the probable result and of the candidates, but seldom of the public policies which they are supposed to represent. Now, what is not done in drawing-rooms and expensive hotels, will hardly be done in tenement houses and beer-shops. In this matter what are called the educated classes are neither better nor worse than the uneducated. Both are equally ill-informed. The best knowledge is upon the exchanges and in the brokers' offices, for the love of gain makes men sharp, interested, and far-seeing. Not one man in a thousand to-day understands the silver question, or the labor controversy, or

the absurdity of Protection, or the pending dispute between the President and the Senate. Not a moiety of our voters could pass a civil service examination upon the Constitution of the United States; still fewer know anything of the framework of society, or of the general truths upon which it is based. Every working man feels in his pocket when he is cheated by the capitalist, but it is in a dim and hopeless way which leads to nothing but strikes and other like blunders, including processions with banners and mobs maybe with muskets. Equally ignorant, for all his practical sharpness, is the capitalist who does not see that there are limitations even to the power of wealth. In our religious affairs there are pastors who have no notion of any Christianity which is not respectable and fashionable, and who measure the piety of the congregation by the profuseness of salaries. If we go still lower in the social scale, as it is usually fixed, we find men sorely beset by poverty, exposed to temptation, unaccustomed to self-control, with hardly a notion of their responsibilities as citizens, possibly with a dogged and unreasoning fealty to party, and in some cases with a willingness to secure by violence that which fair play may not insure. It is unnecessary to say that such voters are the ready tools of political speculators, or to inquire what manner of member they send to Washington, or what may come of his going there.

We have presented thus far only the discouraging and disagreeable side of the question, and here it is that most men of fastidious tastes, of irritable consciences, and of ideal views, are apt to stop. They determine to have nothing more to do with politics, and thus needlessly complicate the trouble. They have no faith in their own opinion or character. They prefer their own ease. They selfishly give their whole attention to their private affairs. They recognize no duty to the State which protects them in their person and property. But there are others, of equal social rank, who have no fear of the hurly-burly and no apprehension that their nice nobility will be contaminated. Sometimes, indeed, men of large wealth and of importunate affairs have cheerfully accepted nominations for office without the least suspicion of their perfect disinterestedness. In a word, the office sought them. If there are rare exceptions, let

us still thank God for them, and take courage! They carry us back to the earlier and better days of the Republic, and at least suggest the possibility of their return.

That we have gone on thus far with at least a modicum of success, proves that there are compensating elements in our system from which we may draw favorable auguries. If our government has not always been honest, virtuous or able, we have at least been lucky. Less, however, to chance than an unrecognized and unclassified public quality, is our success to be attributed. There must be somewhere a particle of leaven which has tolerably leavened the whole lump. We have not always been right, but it is equally true that flagrant abuses have frequently been corrected. Without speaking particularly of the Rebellion we may allude to it. But we do not refer to great crises, or to this or that fiercely contested election. We have kept the tenor of our way, though it has not always been even. The general comfort has been unexampled in history. The general peace has been fairly maintained. Justice between man and man has been substantially administered. Our foreign relations have seldom been strained, although, in democracies, wars have generally been popular. The discussion of public questions has always been unshackled. A high degree of social happiness has been maintained. We have escaped many evils which might have resulted from almost unchecked emigration. We are, as yet, in no danger from over-population, nor are we likely to be for a century to come. If a tree is to be known by its fruits, so there must be a saving virtue in institutions which have so well answered their purpose.

Above all, it is of good import that there has been no flinching from the experiment, and no proposition even from discontented quarters for abandoning it. The most dissatisfied are for reform, and not for any radical change. The love of liberty is great, but it is controlled by the love of public order. The population surpasses the tribunals of justice in its respect for law. There is the difficulty and danger of enormously wealthy corporations to be met and overcome, but our safety is in their regard for their own interests, which will not permit them arrogantly to defy public opinion or to provoke remedial legislation. Not until their

power is specially felt in some intolerable hardship will they be disturbed. The vote, for good or evil, whether to be cast wisely or unwisely, is always ready. Leaders, whether self-constituted or nominated by the people, may suggest methods and supply the want of prudence. Necessary measures are their own vindicators. The common sense of the country may act slowly, but it is sure to act, not always unerringly, but in good time and to good purpose.

Meanwhile, it is greatly to be regretted that the machinery at Washington is not working more smoothly. The very simplicity of our system, and the fear of intrusting specific authority to the different branches of the government, which pervades the constitution, has resulted in confusion and mischievous dispute. A little too much power, definitely assigned to the Senate, would have been a lesser evil than that want of precise provision, through which almost anything can be claimed. It never could have been intended that the Senate should limit the authority of the Executive, in purely Executive matters, or pass upon his nominations unfavorably, merely to keep political favorites in office, or refuse a confirmation, because a Republican has been turned out of place and a Democrat named to supply it. The Constitution knows nothing of political parties, and the senator who talks too much of them, or even specially names them, forgets the dignity of the body of which he is a member, and does his worst to transform it into a caucus. Still less has any senator a right to talk of what the President promised when he was a candidate, for the Senate should know nothing of candidates, and has, and can have before it, no evidence of what Mr. Cleveland said or wrote before the election. It might as well discuss his manner of practicing law. It is humiliating, that while we are pointing out the mistakes into which voters may be betrayed, we should be confronted by this spectacle of a Senate meant to be the least partisan branch of the government, and not elected by popular suffrage, lapsing into the sheerest partisan demagoguery. If compelled to choose between the dangers of an irresponsible legislative body, and those of popular elections, we are not ashamed to own that our confidence would be given most freely and trustingly to the American people.

CHARLES T. CONGDON.

HOW I WAS EDUCATED.

"NEXT," is the order which I hear from the Editor of **THE FORUM**; and I rise with a diffidence naturally engendered by doubt of my title to a place on his select roster of battered veterans in life's difficult struggle. But if to be a veteran and to be battered constitute a sufficient justification of my nomination to such a distinction, I will not shrink from the honor bestowed on me.

That particular one of these veterans by whom this series was inaugurated modestly accounted for the conspicuousness of his position by ascribing it to a consideration such as led the Indian commander to send forward a little elephant to pioneer a risky passage. To his successors this seems a little as if Jumbo, in heading a procession of "the greatest show on earth" down Fifth Avenue, were to remark casually to the admiring crowds on the sidewalks, "Don't mind me, I'm only a small pattern; look at that long row of big elephants behind me." As for myself I can hardly claim to be an elephant at all; for when I ask myself the question "How was I educated?" there immediately arises the embarrassing counter-question, "Was I in fact ever educated at all?" If by education is meant a result of influences exerted by other minds acting on and giving shape to my own, I should find it difficult to point out when, where, and to what extent such influences had produced their effect upon me. Not that I have not had teachers enough. I have had probably more than my share; but their personal relations to me, as I recall them, seem to have consisted chiefly in "setting" me lessons, in listening to my recitations (generally *verbatim* repetitions of a text), correcting my blunders (that is to say, giving me the right word when I used the wrong one), and telling me I had "better mind" when I was restless or disorderly.

But though I am unable to tell distinctly how I was edu-

cated, I find no difficulty in giving an account of the attempts which were made to educate me. It was in the district school of my native village that I underwent my first scholastic experience. I was about three years of age, possibly a few months older, when my tuition began, and I was conducted to the school by my sister, two years my senior, who had been earlier matriculated in this institution. I had but one sister—my senior as just mentioned—and one brother also, my junior, so that I had taken by anticipation the very judicious advice of Dr. Hale, and had been “born in the middle of a family.” I found in this school some sixty or seventy children of both sexes and of all ages up to eighteen or twenty, but I did not understand what they were all there for, and the scholastic exercises puzzled me. When the reading classes stood up and made a botch of it, I wondered why they could not read. I could read before I went to school. How it happened I did not know. I supposed it was natural to do so. Probably I acquired the ability from the same source from which I derived almost everything else in me that is good (if there is any such thing), from my mother’s careful teaching. I did not like school. There was but one pleasing incident in the oppressive three-hour session; it was when the glad announcement from the master was heard, “The boys may go out to play.”

I was not long in the district school. When I had reached the age of about four years there was opened in our village what was called a Grammar School, conducted by a young graduate of Williams College of singular ability and unusual attainments, who later in life achieved a brilliant reputation, and became one of the most distinguished pulpit orators in Boston and afterwards in New York, the Rev. Orville Dewey. I was not sufficiently advanced in age to be introduced to the high curriculum of the Grammar School, but it seemed to be the proper place for my sister, and I was sent along with her, to keep me out of mischief, I suppose. I was not required to study anything, but some things which I heard there interested me, especially Mr. Dewey’s prelections to his class in geography.

When I had reached the mature age of six years, it seemed meet to my father that I should be introduced to the study of

the humanities. To this end he made arrangements with the clergyman of our village to instruct me in the rudiments of the Latin tongue. I became one of the select class which that reverend worthy had consented to receive as day-scholars into his house. What I was expected to study at this time was the Latin grammar and the reading book for beginners then in vogue, entitled "Corderii Colloquia." But the spirit of study was not in me nor in any of us. We idled away our time, the teacher was careless and inattentive, and after a few months of trial the scheme broke down. I was then placed under the tuition of a private tutor. My father, being by profession a lawyer, had usually one or more students reading in his office; and one of these was rash enough to take in hand a pupil in whose antecedents there was so little to encourage. Then ensued a year or two of the most trying experience of my life—a period equally painful, I presume, to torturer and victim—in which my tutor was resolved that I should learn Latin, and I was equally resolved that I would not; but the result naturally was that the stronger will prevailed, and that, when the struggle was over, I knew the whole grammar from beginning to end, rules and exceptions, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody, word for word, by heart. But I did not understand a syllable of it; and so, in order to facilitate fixing the sentences in my mind, I used to break them up into little bits or versicles, which I could balance against each other in a kind of chant, thus: "Verbal adjectives | or such as signify | affections of the mind | govern the genitive." I had, however, at this time a better reading-book than before; so good a one that I wish I could see it again. It was "Farrand's Course of Latin Study," a book long since lost to human sight, but in which the substance of the lessons was so entertaining as to reconcile me in the end to the language in which they were written.

While my scholastic education was thus proceeding I was undergoing a rather unsystematic but very beneficial species of mental culture derived from reading. From my earliest years I had a passion for books; and, though juvenile literature had little to boast of in those days, such as there was I gathered as I could and carefully treasured up. My library embraced a rather curious miscellany, ranging from the "Melodies of Mother

Goose" up to "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." But I very early became familiar with, and formed a taste for an order of literature much superior to this. My father himself put Shakespeare into my hands before I was six years old. I greatly enjoyed the comedies, but the tragedies and the historical dramas were for the time above my level. My mother also, who was a passionate reader, introduced me to Cowper, Burns, Goldsmith, Campbell, Scott, and Byron, among the poets, and to Addison, Johnson, Burke, Robertson, and others among the prose writers. I read also with great interest "Rollin's Ancient History." Voyages and travels were, however, my special delight, and the book of this class which afforded me the greatest gratification was the narrative published by Professor Silliman of his journeyings through England, Holland and Scotland in 1805 and 1806. This took so strong a hold upon my imagination that it became the most earnest desire of my life to see and know the author. And I was troubled with the painful apprehension that, before I should be mature enough to gain admission to college, this fascinating writer might have passed off the stage. How needless was this concern appears in the fact that Professor Silliman survived my graduation by more than thirty-six years. During the first ten years of my life I profited by this general though desultory reading more than by all the efforts of all my instructors.

Another incitement to mental activity extremely beneficial educationally, though unconnected with schools, was a propensity early felt but which has followed me through life, to engage in the construction of mechanical contrivances of one sort or another. Among the achievements of my boyhood were wind-mills, water-mills, fanning-mills, trip hammers, sleds, barrows, kites and cross-bows; and generally all those quarters of the house which were frequented by me were littered with these things.

At the age of nine years I went to reside with my maternal grandfather, who had then recently taken up his residence in the village of Saratoga Springs; and I became there consequently a pupil in a school of some pretensions called the Saratoga Academy. In this school I began to take some interest in Latin, and read through the "*Æneid*" and the "*Georgics*" of Virgil.

A copy of "Davidson's Virgil" with an English prose translation having fallen into my hands. I found the story so fascinating that I read it entirely through before I had completed the first book of the original. I read also seven or eight of Cicero's Orations, including the four against Cataline, and those in behalf of Milo, Cluentius, the poet Archias, and the Manilian law.

Here, too, I began the study of Greek. To a boy of my day this study was hardly less bewildering than the navigation of the Sargasso Sea to Christopher Columbus. The only Greek grammars in existence were written in Latin; the only Greek Lexicons obtainable gave only Latin definitions, and the lexicon in general use was "Schrevellius," limited in vocabulary and badly printed. The first Greek text to which I was introduced was the Gospel according to St. John, a narrative which, for simplicity of style and freedom from embarrassing idioms, seems to me to this day to be the best example of written Greek which can be placed in the hands of a beginner. From this I proceeded to "*Collectanea Graeca Minora*," another of the excellent books of earlier days, which has long since been laid upon the shelf. Only recently a vagrant copy of this old book fell into my hands; and after reading it entirely through again, I laid it down with a feeling of deep regret that it should have fallen into "desuetude," a desuetude which in the interests of the rising generation I fear is not "innocuous."

It was in the village of Saratoga that I first saw a printing office. Nothing had ever more impressed my young imagination than the mysteries of the typographical art, and nothing ever afforded me more unalloyed delight than the opportunity I now enjoyed to fathom these mysteries. I soon made acquaintance with all the printers, and was indulged in my passionate desire to be taught how to handle the "stick." I had at length a regular "case" assigned me, and for months I devoted to it all my hours out of school. I learned to "compose," "impose," "correct" and to "distribute" type; became in fact familiar with all branches of the typographical art, except the working of the press, to which my strength was not equal. But I learned to wield the "balls" with a certain dexterity. It is to be remembered that automatic printing was then unknown, and that even

the ink-rollers now in universal use had not yet been invented. My skill thus became such that, had I at any time in my life been compelled to rely for subsistence on the labor of my hands, I could easily have earned my living as a practical printer. Many years later, on entering a printer's office in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and observing a "stick-full" of "matter" standing by itself on an "imposing stone," the spirit of the craft impelled me to pick it up. Immediately there arose a loud outcry from all the printers in the office, who expected to see the whole tumbled into a mass of "pi." Setting it gently down I said to them, "Do not be concerned, gentlemen, I am a printer myself." I was always afterward a great favorite in that office, for there is no craft in which the feeling of brotherhood is stronger than the printers'.

It seems to me that my voluntary apprenticeship to the printer's trade was a by no means unimportant element of my education. The "copy" which I "set up" embraced many pages of instructive matter, and the hundreds of "takes" which I put into type for the columns of the "Saratoga Sentinel" early familiarized me with political notions and the forms of political controversy. But a principal advantage which I derived from this experience was the confirmation in me of those habits of concentration of thought and persevering industry to which I have owed whatever of success may have attended me in life.

From Saratoga, at the age of twelve, I was transferred to a school at Stockbridge, Mass., under the direction of a very capable instructor, Mr. Jared Curtis, or, as he was always called, Major Curtis. In what service he had won his military rank I never knew. In this school the scholastic influences were, I think, less potent with me than at Saratoga; but those which proceeded from contact with "the other fellows" were exceedingly energetic. We certainly found a great deal of time for out-door sports, and this was divided between base-ball, drive-ball, one, two, and three hole-cat, hop-scotch, and marbles.

It was at Stockbridge that I obtained my first notions of a class of subjects which became subsequently the favorite pursuits of my life—subjects now embraced under the comprehensive term, physics. An itinerant lecturer on these subjects visited Stockbridge and delivered a course of lectures on chemistry

and electricity, with experimental illustrations. The apparatus used by him was very simple, and the display which he made with it such as would now be pronounced contemptible; but it was intensely fascinating to me. The glimpses I thus obtained of the operation of natural forces stimulated my desire to learn more. I became an experimenter myself. By dint of much labor, and by the conversion of many common vessels and utensils to unaccustomed uses, I succeeded in creating quite a battery of philosophical instruments; and I doubt if Davy or Faraday, in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, was ever happier than I was with my handful of metamorphosed pots and pans around me.

I remained at Stockbridge until I had attained the age of fifteen years complete. Thence I passed to New Haven. On the 7th day of September, 1824, I was examined for admission to the Freshman class in Yale College, and was duly admitted. Entrance examinations in those days were somewhat less formidable affairs than they are now, but I think they answered the purpose quite as well. I was one of a squad of nine applicants. The examination was oral, was conducted by a single examiner in all the requisitions, and was completed in a single session. Then, after we had been dismissed for a space in which "one with moderate haste might tell an hundred," we were recalled and informed that we were all admitted to the Freshman class.

There was one thing in the usages of that day at Yale on which those of the present time are not an improvement. After his entrance examination, a boy was either in college or he was out of it. There were no half-way admissions, "on conditions," as the phrase is, meaning that there is a supplementary examination to come by and by. A man might "scrape through," as it was called, and be liable to founder further on; but he might also, with due diligence, even after such a peril, swing clear and become in time a superior scholar—a thing of no infrequent occurrence.

The two or three years that followed my entrance into college were years of earnest and persevering labor; but although I was apparently surrounded by so many educational influences, enjoying also, or at least being supposed to enjoy, the instructions

of so many eminent educators, it was a period of almost literal self-education with me. There were two reasons for this; the first was that, in that day, no man at Yale who aspired to be ranked as a scholar was permitted by public opinion to obtain any assistance from any quarter whatever, even from his immediate tutor, in preparing himself for his daily scholastic exercises. He must stand up boldly before his class, relying on his own resources exclusively, and "take his chance." If he acquitted himself well, all due honor was awarded him; if he "stuck" or "flunked," he lost caste in proportion to the gravity of the case. Scholastic rank in college depended then, as literary or professional rank in the world depends always, upon the consensus of opinion in the community which sees and judges it. There was no such thing as an artificial grade founded on an aggregate of numerical valuations of particular performances. A man's superiority was acknowledged because it was felt, not because he could point to a high "mark" on the term record. It was for this reason that every man was constrained to show what he was capable of doing without help. Hence frauds in the class-room were practically impossible. To be seen once sailing under false colors was nothing less than ruin. For this reason students profited little from the aid of their instructors in meeting current difficulties. As a partial compensation it was allowed to seek such aid when the ordeal had been met; but even then it did not tend to exalt the reputation of a scholar to avail himself of such a resource.

The other reason which seriously limited the magnitude of my apparent advantages consisted in the fact that, according to the usages then prevailing at Yale, a student scarcely came into mental contact with a professor before his senior year. Every class at entrance was broken up into divisions of about forty students each, and a tutor was assigned to each such division who remained its sole instructor, no matter what the variety of subject, up to the end of the junior year.

No part of my training at Yale College seems to me, as I look back upon it, to have been more beneficial than that which I derived from the practice of writing and speaking in the literary society to which I belonged. These general societies, open

to students of all the classes, and numbering one or two hundred members each, were maintained at that time with great enthusiasm. I am told that they are now extinct at New Haven. They have been supplanted, I suppose, by the multiplicity of small secret associations which decorate themselves with Greek letter titles, but which, if they are literary at all, as they possibly are (though I doubt), can never furnish the stimulus to effort which the presence of a large audience always affords. I can only regret the change. It seems to me that with the loss of her literary societies half the glory has departed from Yale. In the old Linonia Hall I spent many of the most profitable hours of my college life; and I witnessed there some debates which for interest and brilliancy were equal to any at which I have been privileged to be present in assemblies of much superior dignity since. There were some men of my time who made no very serious struggle for grade in scholarship, who yet would sometimes "come out strong" in the society; and for the sake of this class of students, of which there will always be more or fewer in college, I would esteem it a great benefit if the societies could be resuscitated.

When a young man has taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts, it is customary to say of him that he has "completed his education." As a rule, and at the moment, the phrase expresses very well his own opinion of himself. But in so far as education consists in the acquisition of knowledge, he will find himself soon undeceived. It was so with me. In my undergraduate life I thought rather favorably of my attainments. It was only after graduation that I began to be conscious how little I knew. Commencement occurred in my year on Wednesday, the 10th of September, and on the Monday following I entered upon office as a teacher in the Hartford Grammar School—an institution in which for time out of mind it had been customary to break in recent Yale graduates for service as tutors at Yale. As it was my purpose, simultaneously with this occupation, to prosecute my reading in physics and the higher mathematics, I became at once aware that, with a knowledge of no other modern language but my own, I could not make a step of satisfactory progress. It seemed to me that I had a new education before me in which I

must begin at the beginning. I took up first the French language, and without a teacher, by dint of hard study and resolute perseverance, I fixed in my memory all the pronouns, connectives, and irregular verbs contained in the tables of Levizac (the grammar then in vogue), after which I learned to read rapidly. I would not venture to claim that my method is the best. It is not Mr. Sauveur's, I believe; but any one who will try it, as I did, will find it effectual.

The two years which I spent in the Hartford Grammar School were more advantageous to me educationally than any other equal period in the course of my life. But the educational process did not end with them. I am not sure it is ended yet. But having in my narrative reached my *exitus e statu pupillari*, I have fulfilled the mandate of the editor of THE FORUM, and the remaining history is not to be written here. I would only remark finally that, in my view of the matter, a man's education must be mainly his own work. He may be helped or he may be embarrassed greatly by his environment; but neither books, nor teachers, nor apparatus, nor other surrounding conditions of any kind will be of any avail, unless he himself furnish the energizing spirit which shall put them to account. A mind is not molded as an earthen vessel is fashioned by the hand of the potter. It molds itself by virtue of an inherent force which makes for symmetry or for deformity according to the direction given it by consciousness and will. Libraries, universities, museums, and foreign travel are powerful auxiliaries to a man who is determined to be educated; but he will find them of no avail if he makes them anything more than secondary instrumentalities in the work. On the other hand, no lack of such advantages will prevent a man from securing a valuable education who is resolved to educate himself. Witness, for instance, a Benjamin Franklin, a Hugh Miller, a Michael Faraday, and an Abraham Lincoln.

F. A. P. BARNARD.

WOULD WE DO IT AGAIN?

THE Republicans who in 1884 gave their influence and their votes to the election of Mr. Cleveland are often called on, directly or indirectly, to say what they think of the result they helped to bring about, and whether, under the same conditions, they would do the same thing. They are an independent body of men, each in the habit of forming his own conclusions and pursuing his own course. No one can claim the right to represent them, and they have no organization entitled to speak for them after the manner of political parties. But as one of them, with fair opportunity to know their past and present views, I have no doubt that, in the light of a year's experience, with the same task before us and the same choice of means, we should, without hesitation and with greater confidence, do what we did in 1884.

What did we then seek? How far have we accomplished it?

In the first place, we sought to save the Republic from the disgrace and danger of the election of Mr. Blaine. We saw that his election would perpetuate and aggravate many of the worst evils in our political condition, and would introduce other evils, to some extent novel, and sure to be to the last degree mischievous. The spoils system had advanced steadily and stealthily despite every effort to check it, until, by the force of unwritten law, it dominated both parties, and was offensive in each just in proportion as each had a chance to practice it. It would not and could not have been stopped or even checked under the presidency of Mr. Blaine. He had no wish to oppose it, had no faith in the principle by which it must be opposed, and by the ties of his past, his actual purposes and the hopes of his future, was so bound to it that the fairest promises made by him, or for him, only held out to civil-service reformers the certainty of betrayal to be added to defeat. Many of us had labored for half

the lifetime of a generation for the reform, with the feeling, at first confident and at last desperate, that it could be got only through the agency of the Republican party. The National Convention of 1884, with the movements that led up to it, changed our desperation to despair. We saw that by the triumph of Mr. Blaine, the evil we had fought would not be lessened or put in the way of abolition, but would be immensely strengthened ; would not be dislodged from the Executive office where it had been at least surrounded and threatened, but would be intrenched therein as in a citadel.

This was bad enough ; it was not all, and it was not the worst. Mr. Blaine was an adventurer in politics. While he was ready to keep alive the passions of the war for the advantage of his party, and of his leadership in the party, he was shrewd enough to see that this could not be a lasting resource, that, however cruelly or recklessly fanned, these passions would die out, and that the party or the party leader who trusted to them solely would be deserted by the people. So he turned his gaze toward the future, but not to try to discern wherein he could serve his country best. He could not raise his eyes to the level where such objects are to be seen ; he could not recognize them when pointed out by others ; his conscience was dull to them ; his will was not directed toward them. He sought rather to discover what would enlist the blind prejudice and the blinder greed of considerable groups of voters, large enough, when combined with the body of his own party to command success. It is unnecessary now to review in detail the various policies toward which this purpose led him. It is enough to mention his ludicrous trimming on the question of the currency, as to both the legal tenders and silver ; his monstrous proposition to maintain the internal revenue (in order to prevent a reform of the tariff) and to distribute it among the States ; his dallying with the Irish-American sentiment ; his "American policy" of interference in South American and Central American affairs which secured for the government, so long as he controlled the State Department, at once the distrust and the contempt of the two most promising and powerful Republics of the continent ; his shameful intrigues with the repudiationists

of Virginia, and his general attitude toward the element in the Southern States which "went in for the old flag and an appropriation." All these made it plain that he was an unsafe man, and that about his administration, should he be elected, would gather all the men whom the varied attractions and incitements of a policy of adventure would draw. The country had never had a president who would tolerate what Mr. Blaine would invite, invent and promote. We did not mean that it should crown the first century of its career with him.

This also was bad enough, but again, it was not all nor the worst. Mr. Blaine was shown by evidence which we could not ignore and which he could not explain, to be a man who could not be trusted; one who, if he were not positively corrupt, was reasonably suspected of an alarming willingness to be corrupted. In him great public trusts appeared to have bred not indifference to wealth but greed for it, not a sensitive regard for his own reputation as something which he must keep unsullied for his country's sake, but a diseased appetite for gain which he was ready to satisfy by methods no honorable man would adopt. He had sought a share in a corporate enterprise dependent on the action of the House of Representatives, when he was speaker, for its profits. He had previously used his opportunity as speaker to forward it, and had pleaded that base act as ground for favors. When accused of these things he had made an explanation which did not remove the stain, but by its duplicity, its suppression and perversion of the truth, and its revolting mingling of impudence and cowardice, had made the stain indelible. The facts I have alluded to made clear the first object we felt it our duty to attain. It was to prevent the election as President of the United States of the foe of administrative reform, the chief representative of the policy of adventure, the first candidate our party had ever given us who was at once a dishonorable and a dishonored man.

That much it will be conceded that we accomplished.

But this was purely negative. It is hard to conceive of any honest man in either party whose election would not have been better than that of Mr. Blaine; but we were not reduced to a bare choice of evils. It happened, not, as I believe by chance,

but by the working of the law of evolution in politics, which it would be extremely interesting to trace did the limits of this article allow, that the Democratic party, in which had originated, and by which had been largely developed the spoils system, presented in 1884, a candidate who, by his words and his acts, in a career not long, but distinguished, gave good ground to hope from him all that Mr. Blaine denied, and none to fear from him the evils with which Mr. Blaine threatened us. Governor Cleveland, by force of character, by sound sense, by remarkable firmness, by that combination of clear-headedness, courage, fidelity and sincerity which men delight to recognize as trustiness, had won and had successfully administered the highest executive office outside the Federal Government. As to national matters his views were little known, but in State affairs he had shown an intellectual grasp and acuteness, capacity for patient study and for the application of sound principles to complex questions which proved his possession of qualities essential for the presidency. He had, above all, recognized with great consistency his obligations to the public, and had manifested sturdy independence of the threats as of the temptations of his own party. He had at an early day perceived the value of the principle underlying the reform of the civil service as embodied in the Federal law, and had promoted and faithfully and intelligently administered the State law passed during his term of office. This was, of itself, very substantial ground for preferring him to Mr. Blaine, because his spirit toward civil-service reform was notoriously opposed to that in which his party, as a whole, regarded it. Both his actual policy and his declared views were such that it was plain that the party could not take him up, unless either it was ready to follow him and sustain him, or expected him to treat his pledges as "sprynges to catch woodcock withal." We were persuaded that if his party had any such expectation, it would be disappointed, and that our own hope that he would be faithful to the course he had laid down would be justified. Against this substantial reason for supporting him we were not called upon to set off any of the defects or vices of personal character that made Mr. Blaine so dangerous. Mr. Cleveland was no more an adventurer or a trickster, no more an unscrupulous

speculator or greedy schemer than he was an intriguing politician. On the contrary, in the public trusts he had held, as in his private business, he was known as a straightforward, upright and faithful man.

It is true that we believed him to be above, and very far above, the level of his party in his principles and views and aims, and that fact presented a very serious question, which was not lightly determined, and certainly was not put aside. The chance that the chief elected officer of a government worked by popular suffrage, will follow a course on a level very different from that of the mass of the party by which he is elected, is not great. When party lines are firmly drawn and party purposes or tendencies are distinct and strong, such a thing hardly happens. But it does happen at times. Within the past fourteen years there have been considerable periods when the general tone of the presidential administration was decidedly lower than the tone of the Republican party. It was more logical to suppose that Mr. Cleveland could act generally on a plane higher than that of the body of his party, than to believe that Mr. Blaine could be kept on a plane with the body of the Republican party; for the obvious reason that it is easier for a right-minded man to resist bad influences than it is to compel a bad-minded man to do right. The advantage of position in each case is with the man. Moreover, it was clear that Mr. Cleveland was very far from being alone in his party. There was an element stronger in influence than in numbers, heartily in sympathy with him, in whom partisanship, as with him, took the form of an ardent desire to put the party right. Then there was another element, which, from other motives, could be nearly as much trusted, composed and led by men who saw that the party must be brought in line with the policy and the ideas he represented, or it must die. The latter element was an effective one. Combined with the former, it secured his nomination. We believed that the two, with such strength as independent men in all parties would give, would enable Mr. Cleveland to be a far better President than Mr. Blaine. In addition to these considerations, there was another, viz.: that it was wiser and better to take the Democratic party at its best, to strengthen the forces in

it that promised progress, to put it in power with the avowed pledge that it would sustain its President, than it was to aid in debauching the Republican party, by committing it to the unspeakably base standard of Blaine and Blaineism. We have not been disappointed.

Mr. Cleveland has been President for a little more than a year. He has won the approval of the great body of sober, independent citizens who are not partisans. This is made more valuable by the cordial testimony of respect from some of the most eminent, who were also some of the most zealous of his opponents, and more valuable still by the hatred and disappointed rage of some of the worst of his supporters. He has done better than most good men hoped, and infinitely better than those who thought to make a tool of him have wished. In the treatment of the civil service he has been conscientious and unselfish. The average of his selections for the more important offices has been high. The average of the selections made by his chief subordinates, whom he is obliged to trust, has not been so high as that of his own, but it has been higher than was the case under several Republican Presidents, who had not party pressure but only factional pressure to resist. He has himself shown, and he has firmly enforced, a degree of moderation in partisanship, of consideration for purely public interests, and of freedom from self-seeking in the matter of patronage that must seem simply marvelous to those who stop to think on the history of other administrations and on what was expected from a Democratic President. He has committed some mistakes and some serious faults. His errors have come from trusting such politicians as Senator Gorman ; his faults have come from not retracing his steps and repudiating those who have misled him. His administration has encountered one grave scandal, the retention of Attorney-General Garland, after it became necessary for the Department of Justice to take action in a matter in which Mr. Garland had an interest acquired in a manner discreditable to him. Mr. Garland should have resigned ; failing that, he should have been dismissed. But, making full allowance for all these things, I am convinced that the Republicans who voted for Mr. Cleveland have got all and more than they had reason to expect and the expectation of

which fully justified their action. To say nothing of the splendid record of the Treasury Department, the wise and dignified policy of the Foreign Department, the practical disappearance of the Southern question as a controlling issue in national politics—all of which are gains not distinctly promised in the canvass of 1884—there is one fact that decides beyond all cavil the soundness of our choice: We have fixed for the Federal civil service, by the election of President Cleveland, a standard, not only far higher than the Democratic party has conceded during the last sixty years, but higher than the Republican party, with stronger tendencies to reform, has been able to attain. The stakes are driven. They will not, because they cannot, be torn up. In future contests both parties must try to go farther. The one that dares to go back will be beaten. With such result for what we have done, we should be fools and cowards if, under the same conditions, we would not do it again.

EDWARD CARY.

THE FUTURE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

It is over twenty centuries since a cunning Greek calculated and introduced the famous cycle which to this day bears his name. In determining the period of time intervening between two successive new or full moons which fall on the same day of the year, Meton may fairly be said to have initiated the system of cycles. In late centuries the reduction of physical and even mental phenomena to cycles has been a favorite pursuit with men of a philosophical turn of mind, who have been moderately successful in advancing their personal opinions to the dignity of theories and even, in some cases, in proving them to be well founded. An essential and underlying principle of cycles, that all physical phenomena are subject to natural laws, is now quite generally accepted, and within the year there have been sold fifty thousand copies of a work by a brilliant Scotchman which advocates that even many laws of the mental and spiritual world are simply natural laws.

In mentioning the rise, progress, and fall of nations, the varying phases of civilization, the changes in the locality of the magnetic if not of the geographical pole, the elevation and depression of the earth's surface, the recurrence of panics, etc., I make use of illustrations which must recall other equally important mental and physical phenomena which have been discussed with reference to cycles. There have been periods of ebb and flow in the spirit of adventurous daring, when great explorations and rash adventures, crusades against the Moslem in the East, or efforts to penetrate the snowy fastnesses of the North, have enlisted the zeal of princes and peoples, or when these high enterprises have failed to awaken any public interest.

If the facts are not conclusive as to governmental countenance to arctic exploration running in cycles, they are at least interesting. Certain it is that during the following periods arctic

work especially flourished. From 1773 to 1778 among the English and Russians. While many know that Nelson made his *début* as a coxswain under Captain Phipps in his polar voyage of 1773, few I think are aware that Captain Cook was not only a polar traveler, but that he lost his life while on a voyage for the discovery of the North-west passage. From 1818 to 1827 Russia and England vied in arctic work, Parry certainly carrying off the honors, though hard pushed by Franklin and Wrangell under different conditions. The last Franklin expedition caused unexampled arctic activity in England and America from 1845 to 1855, and so certain was Belcher that the polar crusade had forever ended that he called his work "The Last of Arctic Voyages." None the less, from 1869 to 1876 polar exploration again thrived. During that period, Swedish, German, American, Austrian, English and other expeditions sailed under government control. In 1881-1883, as is well known, fourteen International Polar Stations were established at government expense. In predicting—which must not be construed as either approving or discouraging them—that polar expeditions will again set forth, one risks but little of his reputation as a prophet.

It is a common and sound rule of action to receive the opinions of any enthusiast with caution, and to give proper weight to this article in *THE FORUM* a brief personal explanation is necessary. I have never been and am not an arctic enthusiast. Polar service with me grew out of scientific work, and my lack of intense feeling as to the predominating importance of arctic exploration was replaced by a strong sense of duty, which caused me to put my whole heart in my northern work. Although my mind has been informed by varied and extended polar experiences, I trust anything I now write on arctic matters is free from the bias of partiality.

The effects of great arctic undertakings, as in many other cases, are, even in disasters, not immediate only, but project themselves into the future. Far different, however, from their impression in the present is their influence on the future. The men of affairs, who, being of mature years, control the state, are naturally discouraged by present disaster and misfortune, and so abandon further efforts. But the youth of the land, reading the

tale of accomplishment through trial and suffering, are often fired with the same spirit which animated the hardy explorers. These, coming in their maturity to places of power and authority, do not look unkindly, years later, on work which, pursued for science or fame, is at least free from any taint of greed or avarice, and so is in accord with the ideals of their earlier years.

Perhaps Bismarck may be considered a representative of the hard, stern, unsentimental part of mankind, and on scientific subjects the opinions of German professors as sound as may be. Yet German scientists were able to convince Bismarck that systematic polar research was not only valuable, but of such importance that Germany and the great nations of the world should participate therein.

It is far too early a day for any one to say that the International Polar Stations have not gathered data which will yield to the future results commensurate if not far beyond their cost in lives and treasure. Scientific considerations, apart from a natural spirit of daring and adventure, will ensure the continuance of arctic work, and as the civilized world takes no backward step, the revolution wrought by Weyprecht will remain, and future arctic research be first for science and after for exploration. An editorial voice in "Science" has well expressed it, "that the crown of the sphere shall be left to solitude and the auroras, while science with her questions and man with his ambitions co-exist upon this planet, is a proposition requiring no refutation."

Since arctic exploration will continue, in what quarter and by what methods shall it be pursued? Shall it be directed by private enterprise which has wrought such wonders in other fields, and be fostered by individual munificence so ready in these days to encourage whatever will cause the donors to live in the hearts of the present and in the memory of the future? Or shall governmental aid and control, meager, narrow, opinionated and unwise as they often are, slowly unroll the scroll of the unknown regions and add their solutions of terrestrial problems to our rapidly increasing stock of physical knowledge?

The great advantage of private expeditions arises from the fact that they are carried out on much the same principles as are

private business enterprises. An individual who pays for such an expedition is particularly careful as to the selection of the commander and his subordinates, and in devising the means for the accomplishment of a particular object. As a rule he has an end in view and a method of accomplishing it. Officers, men, supplies, ships, sledging-gear, etc., are not foisted on him by official influence either of admiralty or bureau, and he is neither hampered by tradition nor crippled by parsimony. The most successful man in the Scotch whaling trade spares no money in building and in fitting out with the latest improvements the best and strongest steam-whalers for his work, and he refuses no article deemed by his subordinates essential to success. He expects, however, from his captains the success for which he has paid, and his prosperity is evidence how rarely it fails him. The personal journeys of Schwatka and Gilder show what, even without adequate equipment, individuals can do, who are fitted for arctic service and favored by circumstances; and Dr. Boas's work in Baffin Land has been equally successful geographically and more so scientifically. Weyprecht's and Nordenskiöld's successes were in some cases entirely and in others largely due to unofficial aid and private enterprise.

While it is true that some slight geographical additions through private expeditions are yet possible along the southern coast of Franz Josef Land and thence westward in the region toward Northeast Land, such discoveries will be limited. In one direction only is any considerable amount of *terra incognita* within reach of private enterprise, and that in a quarter where the work would hardly be more dangerous than the annual voyages of the hardy Scotch whalers. A party landed in Jones Sound either on North Devon or North Lincoln Land, or preferably in Alexandra Harbor, just east of Schley Land, would be at the very verge of the unknown regions, and in one or two days' march could look on land never before seen by civilized man. The ship once in a safe harbor, the extended journeys and great discoveries must be made by dog and sledge. A well equipped, properly led expedition in that direction could reasonably hope to reach some point between Cape Lockwood of Arthur Land and Polynia Island, north of Cape McClintock, and to enlighten

us as to the character of from a quarter to a half a million square miles of the earth's area.

The explorations of McClintock, Rae, Schwatka and Leigh Smith are the most marked instances in the present century of individual success in polar research. In the case of Leigh Smith, personal service and private fortune have equally contributed to the result. At an expense of over £30,000 sterling and by successive annual voyages Mr. Smith made discoveries which extend Franz Josef Land eight degrees of longitude to the westward, and in addition explored and charted half as much more of that land, which was most imperfectly known.

Although I have pointed out that private expeditions have elements of success often wanting in others, and could instance government expeditions which have failed despite lavish expenditures, yet it must be admitted that general arctic work in the future must and should be under government control and patronage. It would be a gratuitous and uncalled for reflection on the judgment of men in authority to cite arguments in proof of a point that is already conceded, viz., that all future arctic work must have a distinctly scientific character and bearing to command national support.

For two reasons we must look to civilized governments to do this work. First, because accessible regions for research have been so exploited that the unknown can now be safely reached only by such prolonged efforts and at such enhanced expense as to render private means and private enterprise quite inadequate. Second, because sending out a party involves the responsibility of caring for and bringing it back. In case of disaster the responsibilities are far too serious and important for any single individual to assume, no matter how great his authority or standing, or how boundless his wealth. If misfortune befalls, it is the government which is looked to for relief and rescue even of private parties.

Future arctic work will naturally be done by those nations which actively participated in the scheme of International Polar Stations, in 1881-1883. Austro-Hungary has distinguished itself in this work since 1870, through the great generosity of Count Wilczek and the personal devotion of Lieutenants Weyprecht,

Payer and Wohlgemuth. It is quite possible that the Austrians may again try the Barents Sea, which they first brought into favor in 1874.

Denmark is quite interested at present in this work, but realizing that it has arctic colonies it naturally turns its attention thither. Much has been done toward exploring and charting the unknown coast of East Greenland between Cape Farewell and Sabine Island. Lieutenant Holm has proved himself a worthy successor to Graah, and has just returned from a most successful journey during which he reached $66^{\circ} 08' N.$ on the East Greenland shore. His collections have excited much interest in Copenhagen, and it is quite certain that another expedition will soon enter the East Greenland ice or push northward by boat along its glacier-lined and fiord-broken coast. The coming arctic leader in Denmark however is Lieut. Hovgaard, who commanded the "Dijmphna" in 1882. He advocates an attempt *via* Cape Chelyuskin, the most northern point of Asia. In his own words :

"It should first be ascertained by a preliminary expedition whether Franz Josef Land really extends to Cape Chelyuskin, and made certain that the circumstances of current and ice are such as to allow of a base of operations being reached without incurring too great risk, and, finally, that the eastern coast of Franz Josef Land at this point trends in a northerly direction. When these three things have been practically proved, great expeditions can penetrate into the unknown regions."

In Denmark the universal cry to Hovgaard is : "Go to Greenland ! the other route must be explored by the great nations." And so he intends going to Greenland, only however to gain experience and keep himself in the public eye, hoping eventually for a change in public sentiment. His strenuous exertions to organize and lead an expedition from Cape Chelyuskin for De Long's relief, were only stayed by news of Melville in the Lena Delta. Hovgaard's self-sacrificing spirit in regard to the "Jeannette" should cause Americans to remember him now and watch his future with interest.

It is hardly probable that any immediate work can be expected from Canada. It is not, however, from lack of spirit or of important home work to be done, but from lack of means.

The loan of the "Alert" by England has enabled the Dominion government, in the past two years, to do important work in Hudson Bay, which however was initiated and has been conducted in the interests of commercial enterprises. The scientific men of Canada owe to themselves and the world to establish a station on Simpson Strait, from which point detachments can re-determine the exact locality of the magnetic pole, examine thoroughly the botany, geology, etc., of Victoria and King William's Lands, while the home station makes a complete set of magnetical and other observations in concert with other selected stations.

The inclination of Russia to do something in the immediate future is not doubtful, but it is quite certain that her work will be largely by sledge and to the northward of Siberia. In 1884 several officers of the Russian Navy submitted a scheme to the minister of Marine, based on the practicability of a sledge journey from the new Siberian islands northward, nine hundred geographical miles to the Pole. It was urged that there would be islands discovered *en route*, which could be used as bases for depots. No definite action has been taken as regards the grand scheme, but Dr. Bunge (one of the International Polar party of 1882-1883 at Sagastyr Island, Lena Delta) and Baron von Toll were commissioned to explore the River Jana or Yana, the adjacent shores of the Polar Sea and the new Siberian islands. The Yana, in the upper valley of which is Werchojansk (possibly the coldest winter station in the world), was explored to its mouth in 1885. The work northward is to be renewed this year, and probably before this reaches the public eye the party will have started *via* Swjatoinoss for Ljachow Island, the most southerly of the group. The northern islands, in over sixty years since Anjou's discovery, have rarely been visited, the last time for a few days by the retreating crew of the "Jeanette."

The action of Holland in participating during the past decade of years in polar work, shows that as in Barents's time her spirit is as great as her territory is limited. An American, Van Campen, the author of "The Dutch in the Arctic Seas," has done his part in fostering this work. Holland sent the "William Barents" five successive years into the Nova Zembla waters, and

is not entirely discouraged by the loss of the "Varna" in Kara Sea. Her future efforts will be largely confined to the Barents and Kara Seas, but no extended or important expedition can be hoped for from Holland.

The many polar expeditions which have sailed under the auspices of the Swedish Government, or with its aid, are well known to the general public through the valuable works of a participant, the most distinguished of living arctic explorers, Baron Nordenskiöld. As long as Nordenskiöld can command the aid of such liberal and earnest supporters as Dickson and Sibirakoff, the blue and yellow with the golden lions of Sweden will flutter in the arctic breezes. It is probable, however, that East Greenland will engage the attention of this trained scientific explorer. From the sister kingdom of Norway but little can be expected, owing to the poverty of the country. That she occupied in 1882-1883 the station of Bossekop and the sub-station of Sodankyla proved clearly her interest in the work, and her willingness to participate.

Millais inscribed on his beautiful picture, "The Northwest Passage," the motto: "It might be done, and England should do it"; and that spirit yet abides out of, as well as in the Royal Navy. The feeling of a large class in Great Britain was well reflected in a late editorial of the "London Times":

"Plenty of work still remains for future arctic expeditions, which are no more likely to cease on account of the disaster to the Greely party than they did after the still greater disaster of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' nearly forty years ago."

Indeed, so perverse are certain phases of human nature that disaster acts as a stimulus, and I have been assured by many Englishmen that the outcome of the late expeditions has been to arouse anew the spirit of arctic service which in England had remained dormant, in sullen apathy, since the partial success of the Nares Expedition, of 1875-1876. It would be by no means surprising to me if a large well-equipped (as are all such in England) British arctic expedition should sail within a decade of years to try again the metal of English hearts and oak.

Since England is looked to for the first grand expedition, it is to the point to particularly consider the route she will follow.

There is little doubt that it will be in the direction, which I have more than once indicated as the correct one, of Franz Josef Land. What route should be followed by an exploring squadron to reach the southern shores of that arctic land? As has already been stated, Lieutenant Hovgaard advises following the continent of Asia to its most northern point, Cape Chelyuskin, and thence pushing northward, so as to eventually follow the east coast of Franz Josef Land. This route is objectionable on two grounds. The first is the great danger, as instanced by the loss of the "Varna" and the besetment, for a winter, of the "Dijmphna" in Kara Sea. The second is that we are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the meteorological conditions of the Arctic Ocean north of Nova Zembla to predict that westerly winds will prevail during the navigable season. If easterly winds should prevail, it would result that the eastern coast of Franz Josef Land would be as difficult of navigation as are the seas immediately to the eastward of Greenland and Spitzbergen. The general tendency of the drift of the "Jeannette" is unfavorable, though not convincingly so, in its relations to Lieutenant Hovgaard's theory.

Dr. Rae recommends that the exploring vessels reach the Seven Islands by passing to the west of Spitzbergen, and thence attempting a northeast course so as to eventually pass up the west coast of Franz Josef Land. The passage from Spitzbergen to the land in question may be considered as more than doubtful, even in a good ice year.

Captain Albert Markham, R. N., approves, I believe, the route followed by Leigh Smith, nearly a direct one from Scotland to Franz Josef Land, which indeed is the only one any vessel has been able to pass safely over. I concur with Mr. Smith in his opinion that it is practicable nearly every season. The supply vessel should land at Eira Harbor or in Gray Bay to the westward, which would serve as an excellent base if exploration were northward along the west coast. The great quantity of water seen by Payer during early April in Austria Sound, leads me to favor that route for the advance ship. In such case it would be advisable that the depot ship should winter in the vicinity of McClintock Island, if a good harbor could be found, other-

wise it should remain at Eira Harbor. An expedition thus equipped and managed could not fail to meet with great geographical success, but it cannot be justified unless fitted out to do scientific work in concert with other selected stations. Upernavik (Greenland), Spitzbergen and Dickson Haven (Siberia) are mentioned as accessible, safe and properly situated for simultaneous work.

To do important arctic work it is the general opinion that two well-found vessels are necessary, one as a depot ship and the second for the advance. One ship at least should be after the model of the Scotch steam-whalers, not too large and not too much encumbered by extra strengthening, for it is important that the ship should be such as can be easily handled in a very small space. The second vessel, acting as consort and for relief purposes in case of disaster, should not be carried beyond such point as can be reached with safety, and should winter where her release from ice every year would be tolerably certain. The supporting vessel need have neither the size nor the strength of the advance ship. Neither vessel should be overmanned, for the equipage of any vessel should be abundantly able to do all sledging duty which may fall to it. The details of equipment need not be dwelt on, but the experiences of Nordenskiöld, De Long, and myself * demonstrate the possibility of arctic exploration and arctic life with comparative safety and health.

In view of recent experiences and the tone of public opinion in the United States no aid from our government can be expected for extended arctic work, certainly not beyond our own borders. It is probable, however, that the examination of the physical conditions of Alaska will be continued. The success of Lieutenant Allen of the army in penetrating into the interior of that territory will I trust be supplemented by equally favorable results by Lieutenant Stoney of the navy, who is now engaged in similar work.

It is not improbable that the beginning of the twenty-first century will see a revival of interest and favor regarding this

* Many are yet unaware that all the work and explorations of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition were done without disaster or sickness.

question of extended scientific polar research. If such renewal comes, let there be proper forethought, means and plan, so that never again shall our countrymen go forth on a hopeless quest, or under circumstances where ingenuity must supplement resources and personal qualities replace effective organization. Under such conditions American hearts would, as of old, be

“Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.”

A. W. GREELY.

VICTOR HUGO AS A CITIZEN.

MR. SWINBURNE'S grateful eulogium of the works of Victor Hugo still leaves something to be said of the consecration of the poet's genius and fame to the service of his country. It is not usual for men of letters to be ardent and conspicuous politicians; at least, it has not been usual hitherto in the English-speaking nations. The time has now come when the educated class of every land is summoned to the rescue of civilization, chiefly through the instrumentality of better politics. It may be well, therefore, to consider the example of one who was as eminent a patriot as he was poet, and utilized the most superb gifts of genius for his country's admonition.

In France, as elsewhere during many centuries past, there have been two classes of citizens: the nobles, with the king at their head, who wasted the public resources in pageantry and war, and the people, headed by their captains of industry, frugal, ingenious and enterprising, who toiled incessantly to repair this cruel waste, and thus kept France, with brief intervals, solvent and sovereign to the present hour. It has been supposed that Victor Hugo was descended from a family belonging to the class of wasters and spoilers. We are now enabled to correct this error. The very splendor and inexhaustible vivacity of his genius should have taught us better; for, although privileged orders have given the world many admirable characters, lovely women, noble men, exquisite children, they do not appear to have produced a genius of the first, or the second, or the third order. Such come direct from the undiminished energies of the industrial class. One M. Biré went some time ago to Nancy, the birthplace of the poet's father, and found in the registers of the parish churches the original records of the births and marriages of the family for four or five generations past, which he was good enough to copy and print. Thus we now know

that General Hugo, father of the poet, enlisted in the French Revolutionary army as a private soldier; that the poet's grandfather was a master carpenter, who married the daughter of a shoemaker, and afterward a governess, and that the poet's remoter ancestors were farmers and farm-laborers.

In a word, we owe to M. Biré, who is an enemy to everything which French Republicans most esteem, the agreeable information that Victor Hugo, the son of a patriot soldier, was descended from an honorable line of mechanics and cultivators of the soil, the class which prevented the kings and the nobility from ruining France. Like Shakespeare and Goethe, like Dickens and Irving, like Hawthorne and Whittier, he sprang directly from the people, the common people, us, who build houses, work farms, make shoes, cut trousers, fell trees, and carry on the essential business of keeping the human race alive and warm. In truth, during the last twenty years of his life, the poet seemed to come back to the very look of his grandfather. In his later photographs, I think I see in the strong lineaments of his countenance, the peculiar expression of the careful worker in wood, and it seems as if the portrait, to be complete, should have a carpenter's rule poking out of its native pocket. It makes me think of George Eliot's right hand, which was noticeably larger than the left, from her having, as a young woman, patted so many thousand pounds of butter in her father's dairy—that wondrous hand which drew *Casaubon* and wrote "*Silas Marner!*"

Of the poet's father, General Hugo, who owed his first rise in the world to the services he rendered as military secretary, I possess several solid volumes of prose writings, chiefly military, and there is a large work of his on fortifications still in manuscript. He published once a three-volume novel anonymously, which is so completely forgotten that I have found it impossible, so far, to procure a copy. In these works there is nothing of the genius of the poet, not one spark; no metaphor, no eloquence, no epigram, no antithesis. But we do find in the father's writings some moral traits that remind us of the son. We see indications that he was a citizen as well as a soldier; we perceive that he was destitute of the barbaric martial spirit, and desired to reduce the evils of war to the minimum. In one

tract of his, written in 1796, he wrote against the slave trade, but in a cool, temperate, practical manner, recommending as a substitute the importation of free negroes, who should be paid fair wages. We have also from his pen a compact little treatise on "Convoys, their Escort, Attack, and Defence," the last chapter of which, entitled "A Word upon Pillage," is entirely in the spirit of Victor Hugo, though not at all in his manner. General Hugo objected to pillage for unsentimental reasons, as injurious to discipline, causing the destruction of irreplaceable works of art, and as a penalty which fell upon the innocent inhabitants of a city, who usually have no voice in the question of resistance or surrender. He adds, in his quiet, business-like way, that a requisition upon the city government yields to the captor more money and gives him no trouble. How different is this from the piercing cry with which his illustrious son would have thrilled the reading world!

In after years the poet winced a little at the thought of his father having fought in Spain under a Bonaparte, and for a Bonaparte against the Spanish people. I think it was he, the poet himself, who took the pen out of his wife's hand, when she was writing her little book of memoirs, and wrote:

"General Hugo at that time saw nothing but his flag. It is the terrible power of the martial spirit to put honor, conscience, duty, truth, into the folds of that scrap of stuff which goes wherever the caprice of an irresponsible master orders it."

When we turn to the mother of this extraordinary being, we find ourselves, if possible, still farther away from the poetic, the romantic, the sublime. A pretty little woman of tranquil temperament, an honest armorer's daughter, of loyal La Vendee, herself an ardent royalist as long as she lived. She seems to have been curiously wanting in the qualities of mind which lead to the production of poetic literature. It is true, she had the French woman's love of a garden, but she was quite indifferent to natural grandeur and sublimity. Madame Hugo, the poet's wife, declared that his mother felt nothing in Spain but the badness of its roads and the bite of its fleas. From the few glimpses we get of her, I should say that she was a good, indulgent mother, very positive, and perhaps prejudiced in her judgment.

What a mystery it is, that from these parents Victor Hugo should have sprung; and, as if to emphasize it, he was born so little, so delicate and so weak that no one but his mother expected him to live. "Nothing saved me," he used to say, "but my mother's obstinacy." The poet's wife put upon record this pretty little reminiscence:

"I have several times heard his mother describe his coming into the world. She used to say that he was no longer than a knife (*couteau*). When they had swathed him they put him into an arm-chair, where he took up so little room that they could have put upon the seat a dozen like him. He was so ugly and was so little like a human being, that the burly Eugène, who was only eighteen months old and could hardly talk, cried out on perceiving him, *Oh le be-bête!*"

Such was the entrance into this world of the potent spirit whose course through it was so splendid, and whose exit from it was so memorable, eighty-three years after. Thus he began, an ugly little creature, the third and superfluous boy of a major of infantry with nothing but his pay, and of a mother who did not want, as she confessed, a Victor, but a Victorine; the father a wanderer during the next thirteen years, wherever his flag was borne, in Corsica, Italy, Spain and France.

But probably no other gifted boy was ever so peculiarly blessed in his education as this one. I can recall no child of genius who was so fortunate in this vital particular. What fairy godmother could have devised a boyhood and youth better suited to store his mind full of the material of "Hernani," "Torquemada," "Les Misérables"—those recollections, suggestions, scenes, characters, which his mother did not see at all, of which his father retained little, which his brothers passed over unobserved, but which this child alchemized into golden poetry and romantic fiction. We see him first a little boy playing with his brothers in an old marble palace, moss-stained and cracked, on the verdant, awful slopes of Vesuvius, hearing and overhearing the fascinating tale of his father's long pursuit of Fra Diavolo, who was not a vulgar bandit as in the opera, but a duke of the kingdom of Naples, fighting against the Bonapartes on his own account after his king had given up the strife. General Hugo captured him at last, asked for his pardon, and was refused the boon. What a tale for the undeveloped author of

"Hernani" to take in installments from his mother, from his brothers, from his father's lips, a continued story running for months! Then we see him in the barracks at Rome, "playing horse" on his father's big sword, the father on horseback looking on while his three boys amused themselves with his spare accoutrements.

To Paris at seven, where he saw the overshadowing Napoleon at the very acme of his fictitious eminence. This little boy, who had in him all the huge Hugo literature, saw that colossal semblance of a personage. The child stole away from his mother for the purpose, and he tells us in the well-known poem what it was that caught his boyish fancy. It was not the enthusiasm of the people, nor the splendor of his escort, nor the old grenadiers of his guard, nor the ten vassal princes who followed him, nor even the battered old hat that he wore. "What struck me," says the poet, "and remained graven upon my memory was to see, amid all those pomps and splendors, this Sovereign Man, passing on silent and grave, like a god of bronze." Which shows what a good actor and stage-manager Bonaparte was. He produced upon this boy the precise dramatic effect intended, and the man was many years in out-living the impression made upon his unformed mind.

Even at Paris the boy's education still went on in the most fortunate way, for he escaped the French schools, not yet fit for such a pupil. He had, as he tells us, three masters, a garden, an old priest, and his mother; a large old-fashioned garden; the priest, a gentle old man, nurtured upon Tacitus and Homer, and a mother whose instinct taught her that these were better for her son than a school, such as Paris schools then were. Every reader of his poetry remembers the beautiful piece in which he represents the old garden arguing the case with a learned doctor, narrow and solemn, who took the side of the school, and the mother giving final judgment for the garden.

The boy's Spanish experience gave still more rich and abundant nutrition to his genius. General Hugo, confidential man and major-domo to King Joseph, summoned the family to Madrid, with the expectation of rearing his boys to be Spanish grandees, and they had a journey into Spain every hour of which

was fruitful in suggestion to the receptive child. The poet remembered well the ancient school in Madrid at which the Spanish nobility had been educated for centuries. He remembered sleeping in the great room where there were a hundred and fifty beds, each separate bed overshadowed by a tall, repulsive crucifix. Spain has had a strangely fertilizing power upon Gallic genius. We never should have had the best of "Beaumarchais," no "Barber of Seville," no "Marriage of Figaro," but for the author's brief residence in Spain; and the two years spent there enriched and strengthened almost every one of his important works.

After the collapse of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons, the Hugo family being in Paris again, the boy of thirteen heard the burning questions of that burning day discussed between his father and mother, hotly and bitterly discussed, even fatally discussed, for it ended in their separation. In 1816, French army men were nearly all Bonapartists, and nearly all French women were royalists. This observant lad saw the reason, and in his youthful diary made this record of it:

"Our fathers see in Napoleon only the man who gave them epaulettes; our mothers see in Buonaparte only the man who took away their sons."

Victor, with the ardor of a poet and the confidence of a boy, reared, too, under his mother's influence, embraced his mother's side. One day, when he had been supporting his royalist opinions with great eloquence, General Hugo turned to a brother officer and said:

"We must let time do its work. The child is of the mother's opinion; the man will be of the father's."

This remark arrested the attention of the boy. "The prediction," as he said: "left me thoughtful" (*pensif*). That was probably the hour when Victor Hugo, the Republican, the liberal, the philanthropist, began to be. But, as it appears, the infancy of his reason, like that of his body, was a flickering and feeble light, and thus for seven years more the young poet was a royalist, and at times, we may almost say, a fanatic royalist. His imagination was full of the idea of the ancient monarchy, as represented by the portly, timorous, good-natured Louis XVIII.

American citizens, untraveled, can scarcely conceive, and the

future historian, poor man, will not be able to comprehend at all, the mystery of rank, the spell of those historic titles, such as they have in Europe, and which are about to pass away forever. As poets are peculiarly susceptible to whatever belongs to the imagination, we can scarcely wonder that the imagination of Victor Hugo, developed in advance of his reason, was able to see in the affable and credulous old Bourbon an august and romantic personage. The true wonder is that he did not begin republican, like Southey and so many others, and end a royalist. It is never wonderful that men, young or old, poetic or prosaic, should go astray. The standing wonder of the world is that such an immense majority of the human race get through this transitory existence creditably.

At twenty, then, Victor Hugo was a royalist and a Catholic, confessing his innocent little sins once a week to Father Lamennais; and his first act as an author was to commit himself to the Royalist-Catholic party in the most unreserved manner; by an act, too, which was impossible to recall or disavow.

Fortunately, he was quite poor then, and of no importance in the world, though rich in the love of the playmate of his childhood, to whom he had been promised, in a manner, and she to him, before the birth of either of them. He set up in the business of a poet on a cash capital of eighty dollars; but his habits were so sound, his tastes so simple (and he preserved both to the end of his life) that he was able to live upon his eighty dollars very happily for a whole year. It was then, in the year 1822, that he declared himself a Royalist by the publication of a little badly printed and worse bound volume of "Odes and Ballads." How fortunate seemed the Bourbons, writhing under Beranger, in securing without an effort such a melodious and effective expression of their sentiments, which recalled the imaginary glories of the French monarchy and celebrated the picturesque solemnities of the ancient Church! The poet, too, seemed not less fortunate. His little book which, like so many subsequent works of his, was both poetry and politics, kindled in some readers passionate admiration, and in others a passionate abhorrence, with the result of giving the book an extraordinary sale and the author a peculiar intensity of reputa-

tion. The book was published in June; in October the poet was married; and before the young couple had felt the pressure of poverty, the good-natured old king gave him a little pension, all in the good old style of Louis XIV. Thus, in the dawn of his career, the poet was fully identified with poetic Bourbonism, a pensioner of the court, and the favorite of the court party.

But this young author, like so many other gifted persons of that generation, caught almost immediately the spirit of the new age; and the development of his mind, like that of George Eliot and Carlyle, was so rapid as to convey to contemporaries the idea of suddenness. But it was not so sudden as it seemed. The six weeks of Carlyle's fierce grapple with obsolete fiction, in which he lost his digestion, his vocation and his temper, but saved a portion of his soul, was equivalent to six years of common life; and the author of "Middlemarch" had but to get the free use of her magnificent faculties for half an hour to shed the same trammels. The grand difficulty lies in reaching the point where we can use our minds with freedom, without fear, without prejudice, without vanity, without the bias of interest and habit. That once done, a fictitious system of belief falls away from us like an old cloak in the sunshine. Events taught this young man day by day. Before Charles X. had fled across the sea in 1830, the poet had outgrown the Victor Hugo of 1820. He kept a diary in those years, some fragments of which were published long ago, in which he wrote, eight years after the publication of "Odes et Ballades":

"My ancient Royalist-Catholic creed of 1820 has crumbled away piece by piece in ten years before age and experience. It is nothing now but a religious and poetic ruin. I turn toward it sometimes to consider it with respect, but I go there no more to pray."

He was completely transformed also as a politician, for we find him at the same time using language like this:

"The republic, in my opinion, which is not yet mature, but which will embrace Europe within a century, is the sovereign sway of public opinion; protecting itself by a national militia, judging itself by the jury system, administering itself by local rule, governing itself through an electoral college."

There are many passages of this nature in the old diary, many more of which will probably appear if the whole of it

should pass the judgment of the three eminent gentlemen who are now preparing the manuscripts of the poet for publication. All this growth, this complete revolution of opinion, accomplished itself within ten years.

Probably, since he was a human being, with all the passions and some of the foibles of one, his personal experience had something to do with hastening or completing the change. He was in high favor with Charles X., not less so than he had been with Louis XVIII.; but Charles, more timid, more credulous, and less acquainted with the world than his predecessor, refused, even to the poet's personal solicitation, to permit him to present his first tragedy upon the stage, "*Marion de Lorme*." "You are almost my only poet," the old king said, "but the play casts opprobrium upon the royal authority, and I cannot grant your request." These words were spoken in a gay and paternal tone, and the king, by way of compensation, increased the poet's pension to six thousand francs a year, which was a competence in Paris fifty years ago to a man of modern and virtuous habits. He declined the pension with honorable promptitude, and thus severed himself forever from the party of reaction. We must remember, too, that the only path to wealth or ease open to a poet in France, or in any other country, is the stage, and this seemed now closed against him.

From the first this poet was much in the habit of taking the reader of his works into his confidence. In truth, he often seemed compelled by the violence of the liberal press to defend himself and explain himself in successive prefaces. Let us grant the truth of Goethe's profound and immortal maxim. "The unconscious is the alone complete." Victor Hugo was seldom unconscious. That indication of completeness is not characteristic of the French mind. Nevertheless, we perceive that this great genius was from first to last consecrated to the service of human kind. We perceive in all his writings a distinct purpose to act upon the mind of his generation so as to exalt and enlighten it. When he was admitted to the French Academy in middle life he spoke of this, and he had a right to speak of it. He said :

"The task of the writer to-day is less perilous than it once was, but it is not less august. It is no longer necessary for the author to give his head, like An-

dré Chenier, nor sacrifice his work, like Lemer cier. It suffices that he consecrate his thought; and this has never ceased to be my law, my principle, my aim—to devote my thought to the continuous development of human society.”

Like almost every other French poet, he was, as soon as his reputation justified it, attracted to the drama, which furnishes to modern life the noblest and the keenest pleasure which an assembly of human beings can enjoy. It was his opinion that the age of the sermon had passed, and that the age of the drama had come. He entered upon the work of assisting to supply the French stage with plays in the loftiest spirit of patriotism. The collectors of first editions will find in the preface to “*Marion de Lorme*” some words which every writer of plays might well consider :

“The author of this work knows how great and serious a thing is the drama. It has a national mission, a social mission, a humane mission. The poet, too, has charge of souls. The crowd should not go out of a theater without carrying with it some moral lesson austere and profound. I know well that art alone, art pure and simple, does not demand this of the poet; but I think that in the construction of a play it does not suffice to fulfill only the conditions of art.”

This position has been strongly dissented from. Shakespeare's practice and Goethe's theory are against it. Nevertheless Victor Hugo's opinion has its rights even in the presence of those mighty teachers of men.

Elsewhere and often our poet speaks of the drama as having a mission at once to teach and to civilize. He says :

“In our time of doubt and inquiry the theater has become for the masses of men what the church was in the Middle Ages, the center of attraction; and, as long as that shall be, the function of the dramatic poet will be more than a magistracy and little less than a priesthood ”

Perhaps, in his old age, when the fierce contentions which he had been obliged to encounter had caused him to renounce the drama as a vocation, he might have modified these opinions, as we know the aged Goethe withdrew from the management of the Weimar theater with something more than weariness. Still, in these sentences, written in the prime of his powers and days, we discern the spirit in which this great poet wrought, and, as the same Goethe tells us, “the spirit in which we act is the highest matter.” The future critic will doubtless make serious deduc-

tions from contemporary eulogium in the final rank assigned to some of his works; to such especially as were written in times of political crisis. But, go over all his fifty volumes, open anywhere, open everywhere, you meet indications of this spirit of consecration, this devotion of the poet's thought to "the continuous development of human society."

Poets, authors and artists are not, as I just remarked, noted for public spirit—the religion of republics. Even among ourselves we do not of late years find men of letters serving as ward politicians, as they should, and as they will. To Victor Hugo, the head of European literature, public spirit was an essential article of his consecration, and no duty of citizenship was disregarded by him. He served his country, among other ways by covering unpopular opinions with the prestige of his character and the splendor of his reputation. He lived under the Restoration, under Louis Philippe, under the sham Bonaparte, under the Siege, under the Republic, and he was at all times among the foremost in every movement and measure which he thought tended to give his countrymen light, liberty, or abundance. He gave them revenge also, for a man had better never have been born than go down through the coming ages with Victor Hugo's Louis-Napoleon poems clinging to his name.

This poet was much addicted to antithesis, but he never put upon paper an antithesis more striking than the one he enacted in returning to France the day after Sedan. The craven Bonaparte ran away from the ruin he had caused to find safety for himself as the most luxurious prisoner of war of whom history makes mention. It was quite in the spirit of a Hugo epigram for the poet to choose that very day for his return, after nineteen years' exile—on his way to Paris, impoverished and about to be besieged. From that hour to his last, he not only served the Republic with all the force of his mind, but he covered its shortcomings with the brilliancy of his fame. Details are impossible here, as well as unnecessary. I will recall a single instance of what I may call his patriotic method, his way of utilizing his celebrity as a poet for his purposes as a citizen. I refer to the time—it is but four years ago—when the question of the secularization of the schools agitated deeply the whole of the un-

fettered intelligence of France. Let us see how he laid about him then; he, an old man, fourscore and upward. "I have seen the day," said the aged Lear, "with my biting falchion I would have made them skip." The old poet found among his manuscripts a falchion ready-made to his hand, which proved to have a most biting edge, wielded by an arm that had a stroke in it still for the truth.

For ages, as we all know, the Christian priesthood had enjoyed in Christendom a monopoly of the sacred business of education, a monopoly not yet practically impaired in many countries. Even in America we still rob the teaching profession of its highest honors, the headship of colleges and universities, by bestowing them upon members of the clerical profession. But in France, in 1882, there was a mass of enlightened judgment which appeared to justify an attempt to rescue French intellect from the tutelage of priests supported from the public treasury. On the one hand were ranged Frenchmen who were acquainted with the past, and had faith enough in their countrymen to believe that they could be virtuous without the further aid and stimulus of superstition. On the other hand were masses of French people who still crouched before imaginary malignant deities, or cherished the priest as the cheapest policeman. Only those who know the vivacity of the French mind and the interest which the French people take in public matters, can form an idea of the intensity of feeling with which this question was debated in French cities. At that moment Victor Hugo drew from his closet his "*Torquemada*," an historical play in four acts and a prologue in rhymed verse, according to the old French method.

I know not how to give in a few words any idea of this production, so wonderful in itself and so admirably timed. In the annals of political warfare there never was dealt a political stroke the force and brilliancy of which could be compared with this. Milton against the Stuart, Mirabeau, Junius, Chatham, "*Edinburgh Review*," Richard Cobden, "*Past and Present*," all are effaced, as the French say, by the terrors and splendors of this amazing drama, a work in which the literary art lavishes and exhausts almost every resource. In the English-

speaking world at the present moment, it is questionable if there is literary force enough to give it an adequate translation, unless Mr. Swinburne himself undertakes it; why does he not?

The scene of the play is in Spain, and the time is that of Ferdinand and Isabella, the period of the Inquisition's greatest development, Torquemada being the chief inquisitor. The play does not merely tell—histories and encyclopædias do that—it shows, and compels the reader to see, what came to pass in Europe in the fifteenth century when, after many ages of development, the priest finally became supreme, and his teaching nearly the whole of education. There is a scene, which Mr. Swinburne quotes but too briefly, where the Jews are admitted to the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, offering them an immense block of gold pieces, to implore the reversal of the decree which was about to exile all their race. The king and queen sit upon their throne, guarded by pikemen, between a hedge of whom, from the rear of the stage, a crowd of Jews approach, men, women, children, clothed in rags and covered with ashes, barefooted, a rope round each neck, some mutilated and lame from recent torture, hobbling painfully on crutches, others whose eyes had been put out in the name of Christ, led by little children! All of them fall upon their knees, and the old men strike the floor with their foreheads, while the chief rabbi piteously implores the poor boon of remaining in Spain, their native land. They ask simply not to be driven away from their wretched homes, and from their country to wander about and starve in a Europe which had some compassion for all creatures except Jews; who were then, as they are now, among the most virtuous of the human race. The rabbi cries:

“The beasts in the wood are with their mates. The birds in their nests sleep happy under the branches that protect them. You leave undisturbed the she-hound to give suck to her little ones. Permit us to live also, us, in our cellars, under our poor roofs, near the galley-jail and near the slaves' quarter, but also near the graves of our fathers. Permit us to drink at our fountains and live in our fields. Leave us the land and leave us the sky. King, Queen, have pity!”

There are a hundred and fifty lines of heart-rending pathos. Neither king nor queen—he hardened by lust, she by religion, both by avarice—answers so much as a word; and when all

the miserable band have hobbled out, and the two royal persons talk the matter over, considering what is best to be done, the queen says: "Let us take their money and banish them all the same." The king replies: "I was thinking of that. Yes; but that might discourage the others." The queen continues: "It is a large sum; it will give us an armed ship. Can we get more out of them?" The king replies: "Bye and bye."

But how futile is quotation from such a work! I must add, however, that this great master, master in the sublime philanthropic art, as well as in the beautiful art dramatic, like Mrs. Stowe in "*Uncle Tom*," like Turgénieff in the "*Annals of a Sportsman*," puts the weight of the odium, not upon the poor human creatures, weak, limited, credulous and misled, not upon Ferdinand, Isabella and Torquemada, but upon the system of fiction into which they had been born, and part of which they were.

The poet gives in a passage of singular and original power an epitome of ecclesiastical teaching, a description of the universe as interpreted by Torquemada, who came as near believing his creed as was possible to a human mind. The chief inquisitor was the very soul of benevolence. The inquisition developed speedily into an apparatus for confiscating estates, but several of its founders appear to have been men who were deeply moved with pity for human beings doomed to eternal woe and despair. The gentle and compassionate Torquemada remarks:

"This world is a hideous roof, pierced here and there and everywhere with graves, through which falls into the abyss of an eternal hell a ceaseless rain of souls. How can we doubt it when we see the very chimneys of the eternal cauldron—Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, Hecla? What is the remedy? What must we do to save a race fore-doomed to this? The fagot and the stake are the cure! We must cauterize hell. The hell of an hour must annul an eternal burning. What father would hesitate, what mother, on seeing her child suspended between the holy fagot-pile and frightful hell, would refuse the exchange which extinguishes a demon and re-creates an angel? Glory to God! I will cover the universe with funeral piles! I will utter the profound cry of Genesis, 'Let there be light,' and we shall behold the illuminating splendors of the fiery furnace! Oh, human race, I love thee!"

At this point the faithful, tender and consistent priest falls into speechless ecstasy.

During the last years of his life the burden of the poet's mes-

sage to Europe was to disarm. The condition of the continent, with a tenth of its able-bodied men under arms and a fifth of its able-bodied women doing the most loathsome and laborious portion of their work—in the field, in the barn, in the stable, in the street, on the railway—lay heavy upon his mind, and he seized one most memorable opportunity to give utterance to his feeling. On that occasion he spoke words which will bear fruit in Europe, I trust, when the trivial ferocities of Bismarck have ceased to be mentioned even in works of reference. The occasion too was happily chosen. Perhaps, the most interesting hour of Victor Hugo's triumphant life was the one in which he stood forth in Paris to vindicate and expound the unique man of the last century, Voltaire, on the hundredth anniversary of his death. What a eulogy was that? Then, for the first time, Voltaire found his interpreter. At length justice was done, and the essential man, the Voltaire of fact and truth, the tenderest heart informing the acutest mind, was exhibited to mankind. Not to dwell upon this masterpiece, I will merely notice the splendid art with which he enforced the lesson that breathes through the works of Voltaire and his own, a lesson common to the Deists of the last century and the Agnostics of this—the ridiculous stupidity of war as a mode of seeking justice. Said the orator:

“If to kill is a crime, to kill much cannot be the extenuating circumstance. If to steal is a disgrace, it cannot be a glory to invade. The face of a murderer is not changed because, instead of a gallows' cap, there is placed upon his head an emperor's crown. No; there is no such thing as glorious war. No; it cannot be that women should bear children in anguish, that men should be born, that people should plow and sow, that the farmer should fertilize the field, that genius should produce its prodigies, that the vast human activity should, under the starry sky, multiply efforts and creations, all to result in that frightful international exposition which is called a battle-field.”

It was in Paris that these words were spoken, the Paris of Louis XIV. and Bonaparte, for centuries the city most identified with warfare. The Exposition of 1878 had just been opened. Pointing toward the Exposition building the poet exclaimed, his white hair all bristling, his voice raised to the pitch of passion:

“The true battle-field, behold it yonder! It is that rendezvous of the masterpieces of human toil which Paris offers the world at this moment!”

JAMES PARTON.

DO WE NEED A METALLIC CURRENCY?

IF anything should be honest it is money. It supplies the measure of integrity in all business dealings between man and man. It does more than that; it serves as an accurate index to national character. No people were ever better than their currency. Never yet in time of peace—war creates exceptional conditions—has there been debasement of the current medium of exchange without corresponding political or social demoralization. What then must be thought of a coin professing on its face to be worth one hundred cents, that contains but eighty cents of actual value? What must be thought of the party or the power that issues such a coin, and puts it in circulation as money? If an individual, he would be unceremoniously set down as a rascal. How much better is it for a government to purchase silver at bullion price, and, after simply changing its form, decree that its subjects shall not only accept it from its hands at twenty per cent. advance on first cost, but use it in business operations, including the payment of pre-existing debts, at the fictitious valuation? What would be decidedly sharp practice on the part of an individual, can hardly be legitimate and honorable dealing on the part of a government. The silver dollar, as now coined and circulated by the government, is not what it professes to be, and that makes it dishonest money.

But is it, after all, wholly exceptional in its shortcomings? Do not the defects by which it is characterized appertain, in considerable measure, to all the members of the monetary family to which it belongs? A difference between real values as bullion and accredited values as money, is the rule, and not the exception, with our coinage. Take the cent, the genesis of the whole system, and with a hundred pennies' worth of other money we can purchase enough copper and tin and zinc—the ingredients of which it is compounded—to make twelve hundred pieces of

the legalized coin. With twenty "nickels" we can buy the material to make two hundred coins of the name. The values claimed are not in the substances used. Even gold, which we accept as the standard by which all money values are to be measured, would make quite a different exhibit in the market, if it were left to its own intrinsic uses, and without the help of the government stamp. From corner-stone to cap-stone of our metallic system, therefore, runs a vein of unreliability which brands the whole structure as largely deceptive, if not fraudulent, and constantly threatens its stability. All the world condemns *assignats* and other despotic currencies when written upon paper ; but how much better in principle, or for that matter in practice, is the government's dictum when stamped upon metal ?

The question is not, therefore, one of silver alone. That, as now discussed, only penetrates the rind of the subject. To go to its core, the argument must deal with the entire problem of a metallic currency. The writer is free to confess that, much as he disapproves of silver as legalized money, he knows of no reason for its exclusion that will not almost, if not quite, as forcibly apply to gold. The two metals are *par nobile fratrum*, and must ultimately share the same fate.

But although the defects of a metallic currency are palpable and formidable, it is not to be discarded unless we have something better to take its place. The only possible substitute is paper money. They—coin and paper—are, therefore, contestants and competitors for popular favor. Which is entitled to the preference ? In this connection, however, it is to be noted that as we have not got sufficient of the accepted monetary metals to do the world's business, the real issue is between an all paper currency and a paper currency with a coinage admixture. Paper we must keep and use ; why should we have anything else ? In practical use it will not be denied that paper has many advantages over coin. It is more convenient. You can carry in your vest pocket an amount of paper money, the transportation of which, if converted into coin, would call for a horse and cart, if not for a train of cars. You can send thousands of dollars in paper hundreds and thousands of miles through the mails with a two cent stamp. Paper is less exposed to the perils of theft.

Its value does not waste with the wear and tear of daily use. A loss of from three to four per cent. per annum on all gold and silver in circulation, which always falls on somebody at last, is no trifling matter. Paper is not so subject to accidental loss, and, if destroyed, can be easily replaced. It is less liable to be counterfeited. It takes much less artistic skill to successfully imitate the lawful coinage than it does our elaborately engraved bank note issues, and in consequence we have more spurious coins than bank bills in circulation.

If, therefore, the two kinds of money are equally sound in the hands of their holders, it would seem fair to conclude that the preference must be given to paper. And if equally sound, what is the use of having two kinds? Nowhere is simplicity so desirable as in the matter of finance. The fewer complications there the better. No matter how agreeable or useful it may be to have variety in other things, we never want any but the best kind of money.

Hence it follows that when we have reached that point where we have a paper currency as reliable as gold and silver, if not more so, the latter are no longer needed as money, and there are sundry excellent reasons why they should be wholly dispensed with. Have we not already reached that point? For more than twenty years we have had a paper currency through which, on account of any inherent defect, not one penny has been lost. Who now prefers gold and silver on the ground of greater security? Our national banking system has been amply tried, and it has stood the test. There is no reason to suppose that, so far as the principle goes, it will not do as well for the next thousand years as for the past twenty.

The writer is aware that the bare suggestion of such a thing as the exclusion of gold and silver from the currency, will strike the average man as almost sacrilegious. In his eyes they possess something like sanctity. They are "precious metals." They are called "absolute money;" that is, natural money. The average man regards them as having been created for the express purpose of being moulded into money. Says the author of an elaborate work on "Money and its Uses:" "The first lump of gold or silver dug from the earth, as soon as its beauty and uses

were displayed, became the object of universal admiration. Each beholder sought to become its possessor." All of which is very poetical, but very fallacious. History shows that among early peoples gold and silver were not particularly appreciated. At all events, they were not used as money. Other things were employed in preference. Iron antedates them as a currency. Stones and bones and skins and shells, and even the bark and leaves of trees, have had their monetary day. In early Virginia tobacco was a legal tender, in New England dried codfish. Even human beings, when in a state of slavery, have passed from hand to hand as money, and, not improbably, do so still in some parts of Africa. With many of our Indians horse flesh is the recognized measure of value, ponies supplying the currency of the land. The truth is that the employment of gold and silver as an exchange medium belongs to a period of semi-civilization. Their introduction as money marks an important and really advanced epoch in the world's business evolution. So far from the primitive man having an instinctive knowledge of their utility as a currency, he was slow to grasp the idea. Had he been approached by a stranger with a golden doubloon in one hand, and a gimcrack toy worth scarce a baubee in the other, the preference would have been unhesitatingly given to the toy.

There could be no greater misapprehension than the common belief that gold and silver constitute a natural currency. There is no such thing as "absolute money." There is no exclusive money. Says Turgot: "Every kind of merchandise has the two properties of measuring value and transferring value." And says Prof. Jevons: "It is entirely a question of degree what commodities will in any given state of society form the most convenient currency." Gold and silver, by reason of their malleability, their consistency, their exemption from rust, and above all their supposed scarcity, supplied a convenient medium for traffic as the world's commerce was passing from the barter period of its history to that higher development when its transactions are or can be executed by means of instruments that are strictly representative of values, and that is all that can truthfully be said of them. They have been useful stepping-stones to a paper currency.

But how can we have a reliable paper currency, paper itself

being worthless, without a metallic unit or standard to determine its commercial value? It is admitted that paper will do very well as money, but it is supposed to need a metallic reinforcement to preserve its virtue; in other words, that what we require is a "mixed currency." The currency, according to that theory, is a conglomerate thing, made up of strata resting upon one another, paper uppermost, silver next and gold at the bottom. It is a pyramid turned upside down. The larger volume is above, the apex answering to the base.

But if paper requires a standard or measure of value, why should it be gold or silver, or both? If they were like the fixed stars in heaven, or the signs of the zodiac, with places absolutely assured in the monetary system, their claims as regulators of the currency would command more respect. But we all know that they have no such claims. They are no exception to the law which makes marketable value depend on supply and demand. Indeed, of all merchantable commodities, their position is the most uncertain. How much there is of them no one can tell. How much of their actual quantity may come upon the market at any given time, no definite idea can be formed. Their volume is an absolutely unknown thing. The great bulk of them is hidden in the bowels of the earth. Mines may give out, diminishing the supply, or bonanzas may be struck, sending down the price of the coveted bullion with a run. No other mineral, not even iron, is so widely distributed. Nearly every neighborhood has had its gold excitement, caused by the finding of some trace of the precious metal. The discovery of a chemical secret for which many have sought, securing the successful treatment of refractory and low grade ores, may almost any day double the output of our mines. Even the waters of the ocean are claimed to hold great quantities of gold in solution.

The history of gold is a most remarkable record of ups and downs. Between 1570 and 1640, a period of only seventy years, its price, as indicated by its purchasing power, fell off forty-six per cent. That period covers the discovery and opening up of the New World's principal auriferous fields. Early in the nineteenth century, in consequence of the revolt of the Spanish colonies and the suspension of many mining industries, the tide

was turned and the price advanced. But the discovery of gold in California and Australia once more reversed the movement, sending it down fully thirty per cent. in the space of eight short years. And silver has been as fickle as gold, latterly even more so, having outstripped it on the downward road over twenty per cent. since 1873. Rarely have the two metals moved in parallel lines. Having not only different sources of supply, but being exposed to dissimilar treatment at the hands of the world's financial masters, they have now little in common except their eccentricity. What must be thought of a policy that puts the business of the country, through its currency, at the mercy of such fluctuating and unreliable factors? If weights and measures were by law made dependent upon constantly expanding or contracting standards, all would be aghast: why should our finances, which are fully as essential, be thus dealt with?

If it were not for our long familiarity with a mixed currency, we should not fail to perceive that there was something truly grotesque in an arrangement that subordinates the major portion of our money, and its most active and serviceable element, to the supremacy of a smaller and less useful contingent. If a number of individuals were associated in any undertaking, and a minority, composed of the most inert and incapable members, together with the most instable and visionary, was privileged to regulate the operations of the whole party, we would have a situation not without a parallel in our present system of money.

Why have a metallic standard of value for our paper money any more than a paper standard for our metallic money? It is as easy to determine what a bank note is worth as a gold or silver coin. The measure in both cases is the same, viz., its purchasing power. That is our only financial yard-stick. The obligations of the first, in point of time, and in many respects the first in importance, of all our banks of issue, namely, the Bank of Venice, were regulated by no coinage of the time. They were known as "money of account." For centuries they furnished the facilities with which Venice carried on her trading operations, and that they were not inadequate is proved by the fact that Venice was then the commercial mistress of the world. But we have an illustration much nearer home. From January, 1862,

to December, 1878, a period of nearly nineteen years, we of the United States had a paper "money of account," with no metallic equivalent or regulator. The government greenback and the national bank note, down to the time of the resumption of specie payments, were not predicated on gold and silver, with which they had very little in common. The two currencies moved in entirely different orbits. A gold or silver dollar was no index to the value of a paper dollar. Paper was money—the only money we had—and specie was merchandise, as regularly bought and sold as corn or clothing. And yet we, in our monetary transactions, got along without the metals.

An ideal unit or standard of money values is no novelty in the world's business. The *rouble*, by which all the moneys of Russia are computed, was long a purely imaginary denomination. Such a standard has unquestionable advantages. It is not dependent on supply or demand. It is not affected by panics. It is not subject to special interests; but resting on the agreement and convenience of an entire people, all the influences that tend to business prosperity unite in decreeing that it shall be stable and permanent.

No greater mistake was ever made in this country than the legalized resumption of specie payments. That act, which was induced by a blind reverence for gold and silver rather than by necessity or sound business calculation, once more subordinated our currency to the fortunes of fickle masters, from which, through the accidents of war, it had been emancipated. The result has been not merely to subject it to disturbing forces like the silver question, but to accomplish its actual depreciation. Instead of gaining in value by being put on a level with specie, it has lost. We are now paying one hundred cents' worth of paper for eighty cents' worth of silver. The same thing is true, in a lesser degree, of all our dealings in gold. The possibility of our bank paper becoming more valuable than gold was not thought of when resumption was resolved on. Yet, but for the statute that ties them together, our paper would to-day be at a premium in gold.

So far from our currency being dependent upon gold and silver for a sustaining basis, the writer makes bold to assert that,

if our banks were to suspend specie payments to-day, the business of the country would barely be disturbed. He will go further and assert that, if gold and silver were banished from the land—sent back to the depths from which they came—there would be no serious disturbance of the finances. The arts would suffer, and the mining interests would, of course, be upset, but the currency would experience no grievous shock. Gold and silver can no longer with justice be said to circulate as money. The people don't want them when paper can be had, and take them only under protest. They are stored away in vaults and cellars, where, in some unexplained way, they are supposed to do the public a great deal of good, but where, except as a basis for some clumsy coin certificates, or as a reserve for which current paper would do just as well, they are of scarcely greater account to the business of the country than if buried under their native mountains or at the bottom of the sea. Coin, as a currency, has practically become obsolete. Specie gets the credit, but paper does the work. Nor is there anything in the condition just described to be deplored. The absence of gold and silver is a sign of a healthy currency. It proves the soundness of our banks and the adequacy of their circulation.

There are plenty of people who, whenever the current of gold shipments is against us, become greatly alarmed. When we consider that ours is a gold-producing country, that feeling is remarkable. Why not fret over the loss of wheat and corn and cotton, and especially of interest-bearing securities, of which we are extensive producers? If foreign countries secure our obligations, on which we have to pay a steady usury, and we in return obtain their gold, which produces nothing if idle, or wastes at the rate of three to four per cent. per annum if in circulation, which has the best of the bargain?

But because gold and silver are hidden, it does not follow that they are harmless. One illustration will suffice. The drift of business is more and more to long-time contracts. The periods for which investment securities are issued, grow from year to year. Now, if the tendency of gold and silver, as in the past, continues toward depreciation, with all holders of such investments the gold question is a most serious one. Why it is so is

explained by Prof. Jevons, when he says that "a fall in the price of gold virtually violates every contract expressed in gold money, and benefits the debtor at the expense of the creditor." Every one who has money to receive, loses as currency values decline. One of our railway companies has recently issued a large amount of bonds having four hundred and seventy-six years to run before maturity. If the gold standard should be retained, and gold should depreciate as much in the next coming four hundred and seventy-six years as in the last past period of that duration, what would be the effect upon those securities? Simply that the owners would receive only about one-seventh of the value the bonds promise them, gold having declined in purchasing power nearly eight hundred per cent. in the last five centuries.

If we must have a material and marketable standard or measure for our paper money, why look to the depths of the earth, the contents of which are so unknown? Why not take it from the earth's surface, the product of which can always be pretty accurately counted upon? Says Adam Smith, with a brevity in which equal portions of wit and wisdom are compounded, "Corn is a better measure of value than coin;" and he proves his proposition by showing how produce rents, under long English leases, have held their own, while money rents have steadily lost their power of compensation. The same idea is expressed by Prof. Francis A. Walker, who says that "through considerable periods breadstuffs maintain their cost of production much more steadily than do metals."

At the present time our government, on the plea of providing an adequate currency, is a dealer in metals. It maintains great metal factories called mints, and keeps vast storehouses filled with the wares they supply. Why should it not, on the same principle, establish mills and warehouses for corn and wheat and cotton, selling their productions as they may be called for, and issuing money certificates predicated upon them? The agricultural interest is certainly entitled to as much consideration as the mining. But why is it not the better and true policy to make the entire productive wealth of the nation, both agricultural and mineral, the basis for a currency? That is now, in fact, what is being done in the case of our national bank note

circulation. Its security is bonds of the government, and their security is the aggregate wealth of the country. If an enlarged currency is demanded, expansion in that direction would seem to be in order.

One of the distinctions urged in the interest of the metals is that gold and silver are money, and that a paper currency is simply a substitute for money. Such is the ground taken by the well-known writer of the leading financial article in a recently issued political and scientific cyclopædia. Nothing could be more erroneous. While, strictly speaking, money of every description is a substitute for something else, anything that passes current, or is universally accepted in business exchanges, as an equivalent for values, be it coin, paper or wampum, is money. But although we may have, as is the fact, several kinds of money equally current, it does not follow that they are all of equal utility or occupy the same plane. We have money and money. The earliest business transacted was barter. It was simply exchanging one commodity for another. Then came the use of equivalents. Gold and silver, possessing the advantages of having their values universally acknowledged at certain fixed measures, and being easily handled, were in time generally adopted; but their use was barter after all. A horse sold for one hundred dollars in gold or silver was simply bartered for metal of the actual value of one hundred dollars. Then, in the evolution of business, came the use of representatives as well as equivalents—a wonderful step in advance. It was found that paper would answer the purpose, not as a "token" like the shell money of the ancients, but as the representative of property by which it was secured. In that way it executed the highest office of money, which is to express or stand for values, and not to embody them. Here is the highest point yet reached in the science of money-making; that is, money manufacturing.

The development just spoken of was very gradual. During its progress the world advanced from barbarism to civilization. Paper money is one of the features of civilization, and is as much above a crude, cumbersome metallic currency as civilization is above barbarism. Not that a perfect paper currency was at once, or even speedily attained. The earliest attempts at its use were

far from encouraging. The past quarter of a century has done more for its success than all previous years. Finding banking, under State laws, on the low level of a "wild-cat" business, which chiefly consisted in issuing bills, ironically denominated "shin-plasters," on inadequate security, and which usually shriveled when struck by the first panicky blast and perished like leaves of the forest, it has lifted it up into the region of the exact sciences. Very likely there will be further discoveries and improvements in the use of paper money—for even our national banking system is not perfection—but in that fact is seen the superiority of paper over gold and silver, which, having but narrow limitations, long ago reached the outermost boundary of their usefulness.

Another thing, in the same direction, accomplished by the last twenty-five years, is the demonetization of silver in nearly half the civilized nations. That is progress. The demonetization of gold in due time must follow. Those who labor for the restoration of silver coinage are simply fighting progress.

A very little retrospection will serve to show how rapid and almost revolutionary has been the advance we have made. It is not many years ago that as distinguished a statesman as Thomas H. Benton, in his place in the United States Senate, declared that "all banks of issue are banks of hazard," and argued that the only currency we needed was gold and silver. His views at the time were probably endorsed by a majority of the people of this country.

There are objections and obstructions, it is true, to the adoption of an all-paper currency—more apparent than real, however. The loss to the country in the value of gold and silver, our country being a producer of both, is the most formidable. But there would still be a market for the metals in those countries that have not demonetized them, and in our own they would be still in demand for mechanical and artistic uses. Dentistry alone is sending back to the earth from which it came so much gold that our graveyards promise ere long to rank among our richest mines.

Our foreign trade would not suffer, for gold and silver could still be used in commerce as bullion—the only way in which it is now used. When our coins cross the border to foreign lands, they become simply merchandise, to be weighed or otherwise

measured like wheat, cotton or pork. All contracts, government or individual, providing for payments in specie, could be easily adjusted when we had other money as good. The customs revenues were for many years receivable in current bank paper, and should be so again.

The annual saving to the country in the item of mint expenses alone would be a considerable figure. The best mint we can have, and the only one we need, is a printing-press.

The opposition to the change will chiefly come from two influences. The first is the mining interest. The whole country now hears the protestations of the silver men ; but from the days of Ephesus, when the uncompromising Paul of Tarsus so greatly disturbed them, the silver men have been noted for their turbulence. The second is the reverence for gold and silver entertained by the masses of the people, on the ground that they were the favorite money of their fathers, in forgetfulness of the fact that most of the machinery used by our fathers was very imperfect. The feeling amounts to a superstition ; but superstition always yields to reason, and as business methods improve, and the world more and more emancipates itself from ancient tyrannies, the fetich of gold and silver will be relegated to the shades of the past.

JOHN F. HUME.

CREMATION, NEVERTHELESS.

WHEN a good woman, of the species called "prayer-meeting killers" by Mr. Talmage, had woefully abused her opportunity at Mr. Beecher's Friday evening meeting, Mr. Beecher, when she had finally subsided into silence, quietly remarked, "Nevertheless, I believe in women's speaking at these meetings." Bishop Coxe did not perhaps abuse his opportunity in the March number of *THE FORUM*, but only used it with the characteristic energy and vehemence of his mind. Nevertheless, those of us who believed in cremation as a wise and practicable reform before we read his article, having read it carefully, believe in cremation certainly as much as ever, and perhaps a little more. I can, however, easily conceive that many readers of the bishop's article were filled with keen disgust, as they imagined, with the reform against which he threw himself so lustily. But should they analyze their feeling, they would find that its real object was the bishop's somewhat boisterous and rollicking, not to say brutal, treatment of a subject that demands the utmost tenderness. There is no subject that cannot be treated so offensively that it will seem itself to give offense. The evident relish with which the bishop dwelt on every grosser aspect of his theme makes it a pity, for his sake, that he could not have chosen with the other side in this debate. For, certainly, any one attempting to defend cremation against inhumation, and willing to give free expression to all the ghouliness that is latent in the latter, would have the best out of a million chances to write an article appalling to the imagination and the heart. But I do not believe that it is necessary for the justification of cremation that all the horrors that belong to inhumation should be paraded on the critic's narrow stage. Inhumation is still the almost universal method of disposing of our dead, and, while it

lasts, I would not add one needless pang to griefs that are already hard enough to bear.

It is objected by the bishop, first of all, and with recurrent emphasis, that the advocacy of cremation is a "craze." This is a very doubtful predication, both in view of what a place cremation holds in burial usage in the past and of the amount and quality and persistency of the agitation in its favor during the last dozen years. A craze, as he defines it by quotation, is "that insane love of haste and innovation, however vulgar and unnecessary, which in our generation is universally supposed to mean progress." He also defines it by examples, some of them according well enough with his quotation, some of them not at all. The cremation doctrine is among the latter. It bears no marks of haste. Its progress has been steady during the last twenty years, but it has been slow. Its advocates do not expect for it any sudden general adoption. Least of all, do they expect to force it on the community against its will, as Bishop Coxe conceives—an impossibility he ought to know, however much desired. Cremation and burial in the ground were rival practices in ancient Rome and many other places. It was a matter of choice, and the more cultivated and sensible and considerate generally chose the purifying flame. The thing that has been we may expect to be again in this particular.

If this craze is wanting in the notes of haste and violence it is equally wanting in that suddenness of coming and going and that epidemic, panic quality which every true craze has while it lasts; the tulip-craze in Holland being our best example. Cremation has a boundless range of precedent. It was, apparently, the universal custom of our Aryan ancestors; rejected by the Iranians only because they did not wish to soil the purity of fire with the unpurity of death; in steady favor among that section of the Greeks which was most nobly civilized and for which all arts and customs must be beautiful; rising in favor among the Romans in proportion as they rose in culture and morality, and never so much honored as in the period of the Antonines, that is to say, the period of Rome's highest attainment in government and religion. It is not often that a craze can boast such precedents as these. And it is not often

that a craze can show in its defense such an array of testimonies from men of affairs, as well as men of science as cremation can. I could easily exhaust the space allotted to me for this paper with the names of writers who are devoted to this measure, with some slight characterization of the books and articles which they have written. That the movement has had its "cranks" is not to be denied. The best reforms the world has ever seen have had their cranks but were not thereby discredited. That there has been any considerable amount of crankiness involved in the cremation movement in proportion to its total manifestation, Bishop Coxe cannot believe unless he has outrageously neglected his opportunities to inform himself concerning the literature of the movement, and the standing of its authorities. But the reform has many friends who are not writers, nor in any way conspicuous. I have been astonished at the multitude who are willing to be so accounted. If they are cranks then let us all be cranks; for they are the most modest, quiet, earnest, thoughtful men and woman whom I know, not less remarkable for their intelligence than for their sensibility.

When Bishop Coxe turns from his talk of cranks and crazes to a more specific treatment of cremation, his objections to it do not, for the most part, inhere in it *per se*, but in certain incidental features of its experimental stage. Grant that there has been vulgar curiosity as well as scientific. A few incinerations cannot radically alter human nature. Has there been no vulgar curiosity attaching to the ordinary disposal of the body, and have its discoveries been more agreeable than the crematory's worst potentiality? As cremation grew less novel there would be less and less of this. He objects to the building of crematories in close neighborhood with populous cities. But this is no more an objection to cremation than the objection to intramural burying is an objection to inhumation. When, however, he enforces his objection by the sarcasm, "Human bodies are reduced to a few ounces [?] of dust, without diffusing the residue into air and earth," it is evident that he has not informed himself in the rudiments of his subject. He has evolved a crematory from his inner consciousness, as the German did a camel, instead of reading what he might about the inventions of Siemens and

Brunetti. There is no claim that "the residue" is reduced to zero. It is claimed, however, that all nocuous gases are made innocuous by a simple process. And the claim is made by men whose scientific attainments—Sir Henry Thompson's, for example—entitle them to the most perfect confidence. Let the crematory follow the cemetery into the suburban solitude. But that there is any sanitary reason for its doing so cannot be shown. The sentimental reason is enough.

It is not necessary to cremation that it should be attended by the relatives of the person whose body is cremated. It was not perhaps unnatural for Bishop Coxe to imagine such a situation, it is so common for a mourning company to stand about an open grave while the grave-diggers fill it in. Whether cremation comes or not this barbarism ought to go. If cremation should become the custom of the community, it is certain that the relatives of the deceased would not be witnesses of the event. They or their friends would bear the body to some adjacent room; they would cover it with flowers and go away, leaving some trustworthy acquaintance to make the final preparations. The bishop's allegation, that "we do violence to the dead and attend the process" is without a particle of warrant from the necessities of the case. Moreover, the process is invisible to mortal eyes. The receptacle in which the body is incinerated, without touch of fuel or of flame, is neither open nor transparent. If it were either there would be nothing horrible to see, the alum-moistened sheet in which the decently appareled form is wrapped outlasting its contents. "Who can enjoy," the bishop asks, "an imagination enlisted chiefly on the side of all that should be kept out of mind as well as out of view?" Apparently he can himself, for he goes on to draw a highly imaginative picture of the process of cremation from which he omits no element of terror that he can evoke. Whatever should be kept out of view in cremation is so kept by the necessities of the process. If it cannot equally be kept out of mind, it can be so kept as easily as the fortunes of the body mouldering in the ground. And certainly any one disposed to follow these with his imagination, willing, moreover, to conform his imagination to the facts, as Bishop Coxe has failed to do in his imaginative picture of cremation, would

not find his task more tolerable than it would be in following the fortunes of the body in the crematorium. What there goes on "behind the veil" is something very different from what the bishop has pictorially conceived. When a poetical cremationist writes of the super-heated air of the crematorium as "a bath of rosy light," it may be that his ambition to make his doctrine palatable overleaps itself, and with the usual consequence; but it is certain that his metaphor agrees much better with the fact than do the majority of the metaphors which have been spontaneously devised for softening the asperities of inhumation. It is hardly to be hoped that any method of disposing of our dead can be devised that will make it an agreeable transaction. There must be painfulness for our imagination, though we know that there is none for them.

But, so far we have dealt only with the immediate impression. Whatever hardness goes with cremation is only for a little while—less than an hour. That which belongs to inhumation goes on for months and years. Even were Bishop Coxe's imaginative picture of the process of cremation in complete accordance with the facts, it would be a very pleasant picture in comparison with one which might be drawn from inhumation. There is such a picture in the writings of the Swiss physician, Wegmann-Escolani, an earnest advocate of cremation, so earnest that he does not hesitate to expose the horrors that pertain to inhumation to the common view. I will not quote the passage, but well may the author ask at its conclusion, "Why, in the name of a merciful God, should we subject ourselves and those we love to so dreadful a condition, when science at once offers us ways and means of avoiding it by a rapid and complete destruction of the body?" There is nothing that Bishop Coxe can imagine of cremation that is not sweet and tolerable in comparison with the process of decomposition in the earth. We know what Hamlet's father said, and know it was the truth:

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

It is absurd to seek, as Bishop Coxe has done, an argument against cremation in some accident that may possibly occur to mar the usual operation. Such argument from the general to the particular is as little temperate as Sheridan's cursing of the man whom he found tying his shoe before his house for "always tying his shoe." If there is anything defective in the apparatus of Siemens or Brunetti, we can trust to the inventive genius of the time to bring it to complete perfection. Equally futile is the argument, if argument it can be called; why be so anxious about the sanitary results of inhumation when the thousand drains and cess-pools qualify the air of New York day and night. "These things ought you to have done and not to leave the others undone." It is always the method of obstruction to suggest; why don't you do something else? Every wise reform helps every other. The sanitary reformation of our sewerage and offal-heaps will not be hindered by the sanitary reformation of our burial practices. The two reforms are equally inherent in the increasing tendency to believe that the kingdom of heaven upon earth will not disdain the finest health that can be nurtured by obedience to sanitary laws. Bishop Coxe's statement that there is "no odor where there is no exposure," has been a hundred times disproved by careful observation. The chemist and physician can detect "the odor of the charnel house" in our most spacious cemeteries. But there are odorless gases that are as full of death as the malodorous, even as the water which contains the poisonous cemetery germs may sparkle with the most persuasive invitation.

That cremation would obliterate the proof of poisoning is another argument against it which Bishop Coxe brings forward, following the example of some others; and he imagines a general mutilation of the dead to obviate this difficulty. But the presumption, in most cases, is not in favor of poisoning, and the influence of cremation could only be to bring any suspicious circumstance into greater prominence and to invite investigation before decomposition had set in to qualify the data.

There is less occasion to follow Bishop Coxe through his circumstantial arraignment of cremation, because, at its conclusion, in a few calmer sentences, he neutralizes almost every word of it. He concedes that cremation may be accomplished decently and in order; that "ashes" may be restored to "ashes" in the last event with fitting burial rites. It is impossible to avoid the feeling that he is here more jealous for the ritual of his church, lest some part of it should become superfluous, than for the fortune of our dust. But many who are in favor of cremation will prefer, with him, the ultimate consignment of our ashes to the earth. This end would be more honorable to them than their preservation in the most lovely vase (the Portland, for example,) that genius could devise. So "from our ashes might be made the violets of our native land." To grant so much is not by any means to give a particle of credence to the bishop's saying, "After combustion, the interment must follow, or heathenism prevails." It would be hard to prove that Christianity consists in burying a man or his residuary ashes in the ground. If it does, there were many Christians before Christ. Inhumation is not essentially but accidentally a Christian practice. It came from Judaism into Christianity, and was much encouraged by the doctrine of a bodily resurrection. It has always been encouraged by this doctrine and its attendant superstitions. It is true that the opinion that cremation would prevent a bodily resurrection would result in many painful complications. Are the blessed martyrs never to have any "conveniences for sitting down," and are all the heretics who have been burned on earth by Christian saints to thus escape from being burned in hell? Evidently it could never have been imagined that cremation would prevent a resurrection of the body, but, under such circumstances, only a miracle could compass it, and to multiply unnecessary miracles was a needless tax on the divine benignity. That "we are a Christian country" is another of the bishop's reasons for burial as the final consummation. But are we a Christian country? Our treatment of the Chinamen may answer Yes or No, according to the point of view. But we certainly are not in any sense that gives to any custom, as Christian, an exclusive right of way. "The civilization brought to this country by our forefathers" does not, thank

God, furnish the standard of our living! It contained many elements which are already done away. The Puritan Sabbath was at least as sacred in their eyes as inhumation. As that has gone, so this may go in turn, though not, like that, without Episcopal regret.

In thus addressing myself *seriatim* to the various points in Bishop Coxe's article, I have made it difficult, no doubt, for my readers to see the forest for the trees. The general outline of the debate has been obscured by the multitude of particular observations. If I have shown, however satisfactorily, the weakness of his argument, I may still be far enough from showing that cremation is a practice that deserves the approval and the advocacy of the intelligent and humane among us. That it is, I do not see how any one can doubt who has followed with intellectual seriousness the investigations and the arguments that the subject has produced. The investigations have amassed an amount of evidence that is astonishing and appalling, that "the dead are persecutors of the living, not as haunting specters but as mouldering forms." There is an almost endless catalogue of miserable epidemics that have been caused by the proximity of cemeteries, and by their disturbance, in response to civic needs, when they have been long disused. Sir Henry Thompson's economical suggestion that the ashes of the crematorium should go into the ground was met with scorn and execration, but one of the opposing inhumationists insists that we ought to leave our dead bodies "in bank for our descendants." The moral or the sentimental difference is hard to see. But, in fact, the dead so left "in bank" pay interest of death alone. That "decent chemistry of earth," which Bishop Coxe so much admires, allying itself with the circulation of the air and water in the ground, is the inexorable enemy of life and health. Victims of yellow fever impregnate the earth with countless germs of their disease, and all similar diseases have a similar operation. But the least contagious do not insure against such dangers as may well make us vary Shakspeare, thus: "The good men do lives after them; the evil is interred with their bones." How many that breathe only purity in life scatter impurity in death! How many that were always gentle here, grow poisonous and murder-

ous there! It is objected that the cessation of intra-mural burying makes all such dangers void. But it does not. If our cemeteries are now suburban, so are our reservoirs and the streams that feed their bounty. And our cemeteries everywhere are places where "fond lovers do convene," and where "those who mourn" go for communion with their dead. Then, too, there is the possibility that our cities will encroach upon them. Shall we think only of ourselves and go on adding thousands every year to the involuntary foes of those who shall come after us? Shall we permit the bodies of our dead to harm the living for whose sake they lived and gladly would have died?

There are other practical considerations which might be indefinitely expanded. It is not a little matter that under the present *régime* the poor cannot afford to die, the cost of decent burial is so great. The barest necessities cost so much that there is nothing left for tenderness. Compared with inhumation the cost of cremation need not be more than one dollar for three. Then, too, for those whose friends die far away from home, cremation would be a great advantage if they cared, as many do, to have their dust laid in familiar earth. To have this now, the dear ones must be poisoned after death, that is to say, embalmed. Our population is so restless that the dead are always being left behind. This, too, cremation would avoid. It would avoid a much more serious anxiety, by no means without real occasion: that seeming death may be a trance, from which we wake too late. That it can ever happen so is a tremendous argument for some means of absolute bodily death, and that it can and does there is no doubt. Only less horrible is the dread of those ghoulish monsters who can desecrate the grave and rob it of its helpless victim, a dread which the cremationist's expedient would utterly dispel, together with the dread of those disclosures and that violence to the dead which the rising floods so often carry in their train.

But if all of these considerations were of small account, and if the sanitary argument could be made entirely void, cremation would not lack for a convincing argument with the more sensitive, idealistic, and poetic people of our time. It is Bishop Coxe's contention that whatever sanitary reasons there may be

for it, every consideration from the side of sentiment is against it, and it must still be, in the quaint language of Sir Thomas Browne, an "unwilling ministration." But I would contend that, if every sanitary reason could be set aside, there would still be a basis of sentiment on which cremation could stand invincible. It is a horrible indignity that we do the bodies of our dead, when we allow them to enter on that nameless course beneath the sod which the imagination dares not follow. I know in what poetical terms the statement can be made—is made in Lowell's verse :

"Nay, to be mingled with the elements,
The fellow-servant of creative powers,
Partaker in the solemn year's events,
To share the work of busy-fingered hours,
To be night's silent almoner of dew,
To rise again, in plants and breathe and grow,
To stream as tides the ocean cavern through,
Or with the rapture of great winds to blow
About earth's shaken coignes, were not a fate
To leave us all disconsolate."

No, it were not; but all of this is equally and more readily accomplished by cremation than by inhumation. We are told by Bishop Coxe that Christian literature is full of the associations of the grave. Yes; and the most of them are such that death acquires from them new terrors. Yes; and the fittest would survive if there should never be another burial of the body in the ground. "The past at least is secure." Just as the imagery of the ashes and the urn has persisted through centuries of inhumation, the imagery of burial—the pleasant part of it—would persist through centuries of more rational behavior, while a new imagery would be generated by the new conditions—its most central and significant idea, purification. Last, but not least, I see in this reform the possibility of such a spiritual communion with our dead as has been, if not impossible with inhumation, extremely difficult. Who does not know of mourners who have lost all sense, or nearly all, of spiritual existence, and of the super-sensible which they admired and loved in the departed, through lingering over-much about the grave, as if the friend were there. We cannot be too

tender with the forms that have been radiant for us with life and love. But let "the haunt and the main region of our song" be the remembrance of this life and love, and our great hope for more of these beyond, and not the narrow house of their unspeakable decay.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

CONTEMPORARY SUPERNATURALISM.

HORACE, on his way to Brindisi, passed through a village suffering much for want of pure water but much excited by a miraculous liquefaction of incense. The poet was moved to laughter by this wayside conjuration: "The circumcised Jew may believe, not I." He has learned, he adds, that the gods in their secure bliss never stoop to give any sign or wonder to mortals.

Nearly nineteen centuries later Garibaldi, who believed in no gods at all, took possession of the Kingdom of Naples, and found the liquefaction trick grown to a great miracle attesting to the Neapolitans the continued presence of their patron-saint. Januarius. The chief festivals of the year surrounded it; large revenues came by it; the splendors and privileges of a cathedral rested upon it. The announcement that, on account of his invasion, the miracle would not occur as usual was thought so likely to bring popular odium on the new government that Garibaldi, freethinker as he was, compelled the priests to perform what he believed to be an imposture.

If Horace, instead of being moved to contempt of the vulgar credulity, had argued with the villagers that a miraculous fountain evoked for them were a more providential sign than the liquefaction of incense, it is possible that Garibaldi might have been saved the humiliation of sanctioning what he felt to be a fraud. If the literary gentlemen who cracked jokes over their choice Falernian at the table of Mæcenas about the superstitions of the circumcised had paid some serious attention to them, they might have saved Europe from that long massacre of thinkers and survival of the credulous which has made Christendom the habitat of consecrated folklore. "The Catholic Church," says Cardinal Newman, "from east to west, from north to south, is, according to our conceptions, hung with miracles. The store of

relics is inexhaustible; they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an energetic virtue, of supernatural operation."

Modern studies of mythology have so familiarized us with such miracles as these in various systems of belief that none of them seems so miraculous as the Cardinal himself. He is the wonderful relic. That a man of such power should declare his faith in Januarius's blood—as he does—is a phenomenon of significance. It required the martyrdom of science for a thousand years to produce this marvel. "Judæus Apella," to whom Horace so cynically conceded the realm of growing superstitions, had presently an empire to back him, could burn as tares all questioners of his creed, could cultivate such grain as prince and prelate required, and so propagate his spiritual species that no brain can be born without some "survival" of him in it. Darwin has not ventured to trace the evolution of Cardinal Newman and himself out of the same generation, and out of the church for whose ministry both were prepared. When that chapter of evolution is rightly written, it will explain how it is that his co-discoverer, Wallace, believes in spiritualism, and how Crookes incidentally discovers the radiometer while intent on ghost-craft. It may also explain the fact that an age of unprecedented scientific activity is accompanied by outgrowths of oracles, witchcraft, apparitions, healing pools, faith cures, and salvationist enthusiasms, hardly surpassed in extent by any medieval phenomena of the same kind, though happily free from some of the darker features of these.

It is often said that Science is the natural enemy of Superstition. In a certain sense this is true, but in a more practical sense it is fallacious. Superstition may be briefly defined as belief on insufficient evidence; science as belief on verification. But every believer regards his beliefs as verified. When we turn from abstract terms to the issue between the facts of science and the body of beliefs antagonistic to them, we find these so-called "superstitions" to be affirmations of a primitive science. They survive, in the face of discoveries which supersede them in the majority of scientific minds, because the majority of minds are not trained in the method of science, whereas they are trained

in a social, moral, and religious order based on the primitive science. "Unwillingly is the soul deprived of truth," says Plato; "*populus vult decipi*," answers the politician; but in fact the masses of mankind are quasi-automatic in their mental movements; the majority follow as truth their hereditary sentiments and traditions. Science cannot combat superstition directly. All its "facts" are affirmed tentatively, and it can never declare any alleged fact "impossible." Says Dr. Tyndall:

"The logical feebleness of science is not sufficiently borne in mind. It keeps down the weed of superstition, not by logic but by slowly rendering the mental soil unfit for its cultivation. When science appeals to uniform experience, the spiritualist will retort, 'How do you know that a uniform experience will continue uniform? You tell me that the sun has risen for six thousand years. That is no proof that it will rise to-morrow; within the next twelve hours it may be puffed out by the Almighty.' Taking this ground, a man may maintain the story of 'Jack and the Beanstalk' in the face of all the science in the world. You urge in vain that science has given us all the knowledge of the universe which we now possess, while spiritualism has added nothing to that knowledge. The drugged soul is beyond the reach of reason. It is in vain that impostors are exposed, and the special demon cast out. He has but slightly to change his shape, return to his house, and find it 'empty, swept, and garnished.'"

A salient example of what has been stated is supplied by our own time. The splendid results which have followed the discovery of keys to dead Eastern tongues, the exhumation of buried literatures, the development of the new sciences of Comparative Mythology and of Religion, have their practical representation in a larger catholicity of the Western mind. Asiatic systems of faith and philosophy but lately regarded as absurd idolatries are now studied with eager interest and even reverence. Beside this cosmopolitan body of knowledge and thought sprang up eleven years ago its parasite, called theosophy, which in one decade reached dimensions beyond those attained by Christianity in two centuries. Transplanted from a spiritualistic *séance* in New York to India, its banyan-growth there is represented in more than a hundred branches rooted in the native pride, sentiment, and superstition. The primary objects of the Theosophical Society were declared to be: "1. To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed or color. 2. To promote

the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions and sciences, and vindicate its importance. 3. To investigate the hidden mysteries of Nature and the psychical powers latent in man." The first and second of these objects carried such a flavor of Max Müller and Haug and Whitney with them that they were calculated to deceive the elect of Orientalism. But the scholars who became interested soon found that the real object of theosophy lurked in the postscript; namely, in the third of the above list, now known as "occultism." When Mr. Sinnett published his "Esoteric Buddhism" it was recognized that no spirit was too great and pure to be dragged into the conjuring confederacy of Mrs. Blavatsky. I had not read this ingenious balderdash when its author came to London from India as an apostle of the new revelation. After listening to his story of the wonderful "Thibetan Brothers," who could instantaneously appear a thousand miles from where they were, I asked him whether he had seen one of them, or whether I could see one if I traveled to their neighborhood. He replied to both questions in the negative, with a smile at my simplicity. Mr. Sinnett's faith rested entirely on the signs and wonders wrought by Mrs. Blavatsky, whose good faith was guaranteed by the immense sacrifices of fortune she had made for her cause. When, not long after, I visited the headquarters of theosophy in India, I found Mrs. Blavatsky living in a fine house and park, while Colonel Olcott was going about the country on richly-caparisoned elephants, the guest of rajahs, loaded with costly presents. Mrs. Blavatsky showed me a cabinet containing small "portraits" of the two principal Thibetan Brothers; one a conventionalized personage, with praying machine, pointed out as the great Koot-Hoomi. Her Indian disciples, who entered with us, prostrated themselves on the floor and so remained with hidden eyes. Perhaps if I had done the same a miracle might have been wrought, but as it was none occurred. I was told of a number of letters which, just before my arrival, had been placed in the cabinet and at once answered by the Brothers, far away in Thibet; but when I promised to devote my life to theosophy if a letter of mine were answered in such a way as to prove knowledge of things alluded to in it, I was informed that only two days before

the Brothers had forbidden any further postal service of the kind. During the thirty years in which I have been diligently trying to witness a miracle it has been my sad luck to arrive just too late or too soon.

After passing several hours at Adyar, the beautiful residence of Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Blavatsky—paid for and maintained by the Society—I carried away the conclusion that it was simply “spiritualism,” with chocolate complexion and turban; the commonplace “John King” of the West being here “Koot-Hoomi.”

Theosophy protests against being confused with Spiritualism—protests too much. Collusion between Mrs. Blavatsky and an eminent “medium” of London has been proved in an instance which, for the rest, is such a crucial one for the pretensions of occultism that it may well find place here. Mr. Eglinton, the chief London medium, after many *séances* in India, returned to England on the “Vega,” among the passengers being Mrs. B., wife of a gentleman of high official position at Calcutta, and several of her friends. After the “Vega” was about two days out from Colombo, a lady in Calcutta, a spiritualist and theosophist, brought to Mr. B. a brief letter to herself from her friend Mr. Eglinton, saying that he had written it to see whether the Thibetan Brother, who had appeared to him on board, could carry it to her; also stating that he would get Mrs. B. to mark the envelope. The letter brought to Mr. B. was tied to cards on which Mrs. Blavatsky had written, and to an envelope on which were three widely separate crosses. Mrs. Blavatsky was then at Poona, at least a thousand miles from the voyaging ship. This wonderful event and the marked envelope were published to the world and commented on by the press. The nine days’ wonder terminated when it was learned what had occurred on the “Vega.” Mr. Eglinton had approached Mrs. B. and her friend Mrs. E., and read them his letter to the Calcutta lady. Both of the ladies noticed that there was nothing in the letter which might not have been written before starting, no allusion to anything that had occurred on board. Mr. Eglinton then pointed out a cross marked on the envelope, just over the sealing point, and requested Mrs. B. to mark another cross, or two others, at points

indicated by himself on the side-folds of the envelope—in which case they would have corresponded with the marks brought to her husband in Calcutta. But, instead of complying with Mr. Englington's request, Mrs. B. crossed over his cross, making it a large asterisk. A letter from Mr. B. describing the marks shown him reached England in advance of the "Vega," and was brought to his wife at Gravesend before the passengers had left the ship. Mr. E. announced to the passengers that the letter "received" in Calcutta through Mrs. Blavatsky bore an entirely different mark from that made by Mrs. B. on the "Vega." Mr. Englington was dumb. Colonel Olcott and Mr. Sinnett, pressed for explanation in companies where I was present, could give none. The facts, here cited from letters now before me, written by Mr. and Mrs. B., and other witnesses, are not disputed and cannot be.

Since the occurrence just related Mrs. Blavatsky's chief confederates, Mr. and Mrs. Coulomb—till lately officers of the Theosophical Society and inmates of the establishment at Adyar—have published their confession. Mrs. Blavatsky's numerous letters to Mrs. Coulomb, giving directions for their impositions on various persons—including, one is glad to find, Messrs. Olcott, Sinnett, and Hume—have been scrutinized and printed. The Society for Pyschical Research in London, which two years ago invited Mr. Olcott to its meeting and accepted his invitation to investigate theosophic phenomena, has been compelled to adopt the unanimous report of its commission, whose inquiries included personal investigation in India, that the whole thing is a mixture of imposture, invention, and hallucination. Of Mrs. Blavatsky they say: "We think she has achieved a title to permanent remembrance as one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting impostors in history."

Mrs. Coulomb in her confession naïvely says that so long as Mrs. Blavatsky's marvels were imposed on natives she did not mind, "because madame had told me that they believed in these things," but when the turn came to the Europeans she did not like it. Mrs. Blavatsky, observing this, wrote her confederate a warning in the course of which she says: "I have a thousand strings to my bow, and God himself cannot open the eyes of those

who believe in me." It is to be feared that this confidence is well founded. Colonel Olcott and Mr. Allen Hume (out of whom probably Mrs. Blavatsky created Cott-Hume, developed to Koot-Hoomi) have given no sign of waking. Mr. Sinnett's "Occult World" is not suppressed, though its occult incidents have been made clear by those who helped to cheat him.

If theosophy be carefully studied it will appear that Mrs. Blavatsky's art has consisted chiefly in drawing around her persons of means and influence, but without the critical instinct, and contriving to get abler persons too deeply committed to dare open their eyes. A central authority once formed, found vast resources to draw on. With Max Müller in one hand and Colonel Ingersoll in the other, Colonel Olcott has charmed the Hindus and Buddhists with his able propaganda against the dogmas and biblical beliefs of missionaries, while discovering esoteric truth in the creeds of India and bowing to the authority of their priests. Theosophy is Brahman, Krishnaite, or Buddhist, according to the region it visits. In Ceylon it recognizes the authority of the Chief Priest of Buddhism, Sumangala, though this learned prelate declared to me that Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism" was untrustworthy, and that there exist no Thibetan Brothers or other wonder-workers, Buddhist or Hindu. But Buddhists have reasons for countenancing theosophy. In Ceylon the Roman Catholics were recently making converts among the natives through some sacred fountain by which they believed themselves healed; Colonel Olcott hastened to the neighborhood and found still more to declare themselves healed by his manipulations, whose credit went to Buddha. He was the means of uniting the secularist and spiritualist societies of Colombo, and of checking the propagation of Christianity in Ceylon. In many ways he has excited a sentiment of loyalty toward himself among the natives of India. A number of Singhalese and Hindu scholars expressed to me their regret that Colonel Olcott was entangled with Mrs. Blavatsky's occultism, by which they foresaw that he must ultimately be put to confusion. But on the other hand it is doubtful if he could have gained influence in India without supernatural credentials. Strong as may be the native dislike of Christian-

ity, and the anti-English sentiment, the Oriental mind has too long lived amid supramundane conceptions to heed any prophet who should bring no "message" from the invisible universe.

Theosophy has vainly tried to make headway in England. In that country the apparatus for the detection of impostures is more complete than elsewhere. There is now a sort of spiritualistic cemetery in London in which many exposed mediumships lie buried—the slate-writer who could not get messages between locked slates; the table-rappers who could not rap while Tyndall was under the table; the importers of objects through locked doors who failed when required to import bandboxes or other objects too large to be concealed under clothing; the thought-readers who could not find hidden objects if the hiders were blindfolded instead of themselves; the supersensuous perceivers and clairvoyants who do not claim Mr. Labouchere's thousand-pound note, which, I am assured by that gentleman, still awaits one fortunate enough to tell its number. The London Society for Psychical Research has not yet discovered a supersensuous seer able to meet this test of common sense. Its experiments are interesting, but I have heard of none proving supersensuous vision under conditions which absolutely excluded the possibility either of fraud or unconscious connivance. A thaumaturgist deceives his audience by the bland fairness with which they are permitted to choose their own scrutineers; by the idle precaution of blindfolding himself he blindfolds the spectators; but verification of an extraordinary pretension cannot be entrusted to the best unaided powers of observation. In crediting a marvelous discovery of science we do not trust our senses, which often deceive us; we do not trust the mere senses of scientific men, nor their mere testimony. What we accept is the senses of competent men subjected to a special training for observation of the class of phenomena to which the new fact belongs, those senses being aided and confirmed by instruments perfected by ages of progressive adaptation for the special observation needed, the result being checked by the like observations with the like instruments in all parts of the world; collusion being at the same time as impossible as it were without motive, since every sci-

entific man's interest and ambition are enlisted to overthrow an existing generalization by a larger one.

But beyond the realm of verified science there is a realm of mingled facts and illusions—hereditary abnormities—which supplies a sufficient *raison d'être* for the Society for Psychical Research. Most persons have had some experience which no science enables them to explain, and as most persons are interested to believe as much as they can, the exceptional experience is easily carried by the nerves to be shaped to an idol of the cave left in every man from dark ages. It is within my knowledge that a person in America appeared to another in London in a dream “as a corpse” (to quote the latter's diary), nineteen days before the sudden death of that person. The dreamer—an unbeliever in supernaturalism—had a few days before seen the corpse of a friend in London. In this case a diary prevented the dates being brought too close together; but how easy it were to build a marvelous story on such a coincidence! If every family contributed some such incident, it would only require a collector to bring them together in such mass as to impress the uncritical imagination, as do the tablets set in walls around bones of saints by those who believed themselves rescued or cured by invocation of the saint—tablets which an unbiased estimate finds ludicrously few for the centuries in which the saint has been invoked by millions. Scholars have not sufficiently considered the duty of placing these exceptional experiences—*feræ naturæ spiritalis*—under some kind of critical guardianship, to keep them from preying on human hearts in the interest of obscurantism and quackery. And it is especially necessary that men of science, who have fossilized so many miracles, should now examine the fossils and understand their moral and human significance, for they are prophetic types of the wonders which science itself is to work for mankind when it is thoroughly humanized. Against heartless elemental deities, against epicurean gods in their selfish bliss, the poor and suffering have steadily maintained their ideal of the loving and human-hearted god, interfering with the laws of nature for the benefit of man. Again and again has advancing science swept away these kindly divinities; they have reappeared as guardian angels, patron-saints,

sympathizing ghosts. The ancient happy heavens fade; the millennial transformation-scene, in which the poor and ignorant were to be changed into angelic form and wisdom, becomes a dream of primitive man; but the suffering millions cling to their old hopes under whatever new and fanciful forms; and when the spiritualist, salvationist, and other "armies" cease, it is likely that more formidable armies will confront the comfortable kingdoms of wealth and power in this world. Luxury and beauty were never insignificant things to the poor; they have been persuaded to endure want of them on earth in order to enjoy them permanently in heaven; but this contract is not fulfilled by the promise of a mere anthropological immortality which may carry them from slums of earth to slums of another world. A scientific writer, in the London "Journal of Science," March, 1884, speaking of some spiritualist miracles—mediums changing their stature, floating through air, statues weeping, and the like—says: "If such things may and do happen, it seems to us that we live in Chaos rather than in Cosmos." But has this writer considered how many people feel his scientific Cosmos to be Chaos? how many would be glad to have it broken up on the chance of getting a more comfortable situation? His Cosmos is more revolutionary than he supposes. No doubt popular education is steadily leading the masses of men out of their fictitious universe; but the unreal supernaturalism can only be safely superseded by the supernaturalism of science, art, and wealth, which, combined and humanized, can answer on earth the prayers which superstition points to a future world; can bend to human benefit the laws of immoral nature as the mechanic turns a tree into a table; can work miracles beyond all dreams and traditions of the past.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

WHAT RIGHTS HAVE LABORERS?

I.

It may very much simplify the discussion here opened if at the outset we state two or three pretty well established conclusions of economic science, viz.:

1. Labor, like flour or cotton cloth, should always be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest.

2. The sole legitimate condition that regulates wages is the demand for service and the supply of workers. If the demand diminishes, wages decrease; if the supply diminishes, wages increase.

3. The wage ordinarily paid is determined by an automatic division of the whole amount which a community is willing to pay for the specified sort of work, by the whole number of persons willing and able to do it.

The first and second of these propositions come so near being economic axioms that they will be allowed to stand for the present without support. If they are sound, every laborer ought to sell his services for the most he can get, and every employer ought to pay the market price of labor and no more. If they are sound, every laborer has a right to strike; that is, A has a right to refuse to work for B, either because B exacts too much service or offers too little pay, or because his manners are arrogant, or his place of business unventilated, or even because his language is ungrammatical or his hair curly; and B has an equal right to discharge A for reasons of his own. But A has no right to prevent other workmen from hiring to B in his stead, at any wages or hours they may choose to accept; and whenever he does so, either by violence on his own part or conspiracy with others, it is the duty of all right-thinking men to suppress and punish him, as they would punish any other law-breaker—any invader of property-rights or personal liberty.

The law of wages is stated in proposition three.

To illustrate it : Why is Patti paid \$5,000 a night for singing? Managers do not offer that price because they are sentimental or sympathetic—because she has a large family, or unusual expenses. No; they pay it because the best opera-singing is widely demanded, and cannot be had for less. The world gives \$20,000 a night for music by the queens of song. If there were a thousand of them, many might get only \$20 apiece. But such minstrelsy is a very difficult acquirement, and results from a most infrequent combination : great physical strength, beauty, vivacity, dramatic instinct, the requisite formation of the larynx and other organs of song, persistent application, the right teacher, the wealthy backer, and the melodious *je ne sais quoi* behind them all. These are indispensable, and their happy concurrence is so rare that when society looks about for entertainment it discovers that there are only twenty prima donnas on the planet to divide the \$20,000 daily, and only one is a Patti. So her \$5,000 a night is the result of the competitive bidding of those who can hear her on no other terms.

Again, the world pays a certain sum per day, say a million dollars, for plain sewing. It is not a difficult accomplishment, requiring long training and a rare blending of qualities. So, instead of there being twenty women to respond to the demand, there are twenty million women. Therefore, instead of commanding \$1,000 or \$5,000 a day each, they can command only fifty or thirty or twenty cents a day.

There are hundreds of men in the United States who get salaries of \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year each, and abundantly earn them by bringing to bear unusual skill, courage, integrity, knowledge, experience, and, above all, business prescience, in the increase and protection of extensive properties; but a man of humble intellect, and without special training, who knows just enough to wheel a barrow along a plank, gets only his daily dollar.

"But," says an objector, "the wheelbarrow-man ought to have more than \$1 a day; it is not fair wages." The reply is that any wages are "fair" which are as high as that sort of work commands in the open market; and to say that a laborer

"ought" to have more than the sum which results from a division of the demand by the supply, is just as reasonable as it would be to say that a farmer "ought" to get more than the market price for his wool or his potatoes.

I admit, nay, I assert, the demands of charity on every human being; but charity and business are and ought to be perpetually divorced. An employer is under no more financial obligation to his workmen after he has paid them current wages, than they are to him or to a passer-by on the street whom they never saw.

W. A. CROFFUT.

II.

The essential doctrine of Mr. Croffut's first proposition is that workingmen ought to be merchandise. That they are merchandise is true; the abolition of chattel slavery brought to an end only a form of servitude. But that they ought to be is manifestly false. His second proposition might pass for a law of wages if it did not assume that the worker is free to accept or decline offered terms. As he is not free, another factor besides demand and supply enters into the regulation of wages, namely, the duress under which laborers bargain. When the alternative of accepting market terms is starvation or exile, it is preposterous to talk about freedom of contract and the interplay of supply and demand as a measure of fair wages. It may be true that any wages are fair which are as high as the work commands in open market; but it must be an open market, not a Peter Funk auction shop.

His third proposition involves the obsolete wages fund fallacy. There is no such fund. Laborers are paid out of their current earnings. The competition between them is for opportunities to produce, not for the privilege of sharing in anything already produced.

That enormous salaries are abundantly earned, so far as the immediate parties are concerned, is true. Any man who produced less for his employers than he received back in wages, would be discharged. Economically, however, such salaries are not always earned. Bill Sikes earned all that Fagin gave to

him, as between himself and Fagin; but the wealth of London was not augmented by the skill and business prescience of Mr. Sikes.

Labor strikes are legitimate fruit of the doctrine that labor ought to be merchandise. Mr. Croffut argues that wages rise when the relative supply of labor falls, and fall when it rises. The trade unionist who looks to strikes for relief arrives at the same conclusion from the same premise. When wages are low he knows there is a glut in the labor market. The obvious remedy is to reduce the supply of labor by making combinations, as his employers do when they raise prices by a lockout or a corner; and the combinations must be vast enough to reduce the supply of labor below the demand for service. This is the theory of the strike. What is there wrong about it except the premise?

But, it is said, while men have a right to stop working, they must not prevent others from working, nor otherwise interfere with personal liberty or private property. Such an objection to strikes can be mooted only for the sake of debate. There are no facts to make it a practical question. Neither intimidation nor violence is a feature of modern strikes. Many difficult strikes have occurred in which thousands were engaged and vast properties were at the mercy of the strikers, without personal injury to any one, without destroying any property, without interfering with personal liberty—unless inducing laborers to keep out of the market be so regarded—and with a degree of intelligence, honor and fair dealing in sharp contrast with the selfishness, ignorance and arrogance often displayed by the other side.

In the abstract, strikes may be condemned; but considered in connection with the conditions which provoke them they are justifiable. Even if it be conceded that they are lawless, it must not be forgotten that lawlessness is a lever that has moved the world—a weapon with which the triumph of human rights over barbarous doctrines of the upper mob has been achieved. It was by an unlawful conspiracy that Magna Charta was obtained; regicide, the blackest of crimes, barred out of the English Constitution the doctrine of divine right; grand larceny

in Boston Harbor led up to the Declaration of Independence; and John Brown's lawless raid freed the negro slave. We should be grateful that the social revolution now in progress, destined to be the greatest in history, is attended with so mild a form of revolt as the labor strike. A century ago such a revolution would have been already streaked with blood.

It must not be forgotten, either, that the strike and its most obnoxious incidents have their prototypes in the conduct of employers. Trade unions were preceded by employers' guilds, strikes by lockouts, and the boycott by the black list. It is not claimed for laborers that they are more angelic than their masters.

The strike, however, while it may gain temporary advantages for laborers, can, in itself, accomplish no lasting good. It does not aim at the cause of declining wages. The objects of its attack are individuals who are no more responsible for either the cause or its effect than the strikers themselves. Nor is this cause a natural and inevitable law of industry, as we are asked to believe; it is an artificial condition produced by the law of the land. If the planet grew smaller while population increased, it would be clear that laborers would be at an overwhelming disadvantage. But the planet does grow smaller; not in fact, but in effect. The fencing in of land, which is permitted and protected by law, compels free men to seek masters; and every new bidder for a master lowers the price of labor. Strikes cannot remedy this.

Why, then, do I welcome the strike? Because it is the beginning of the end. Because it makes the people talk and think about the labor question. Because it will educate both master and man up to the truth, and its machinery will offer an effective organization for the final blow, through the ballot box, in the halls of legislation. It is comparatively a peaceful means of ending the irrepressible conflict of the centuries.

LOUIS F. POST.

III.

Mr. Post alleges that my first proposition, that labor ought to be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest, is equivalent to saying that laborers ought to be merchandise. I

do not think they ought to be. I regret that I failed to make myself understood in a language that is capable of great accuracy of expression. Does the proposition fairly mean that laborers ought to be merchandise? I trust that some of the readers of THE FORUM will think it does not, and will assume that it means what it says.

My friend proceeds to declare that "they are merchandise" and to intimate that they are slaves. I do not think so; but the refutation of the charge is not necessary to my argument. I am a working man, in the sense in which the word is here used; yet I do not feel like a slave and am not conscious of being merchandise. However, "I may be and not know it," as the youth says in the comic opera.

The objection made to my second proposition is that supply and demand are not equal competitors because the worker is "not free" to "accept or decline offered terms." That is, if the worker were always sure of a shelter, and of sufficient clothing and food for himself and family, he might then negotiate freely. But does not my critic see that if the worker were thus securely fixed he might prefer not to work at all, and that the probability or possibility of want is a chief factor in compelling the supply? Men are driven to work by the prophetic shadow of the wolf. The prospect of possible poverty and suffering is the mildest stimulus adequate to keep men at work with the degree of industry essential to the highest average of comfort. Men in the tropics—in equatorial America, for instance—suffer little exposure and have plenty of food at hand without working. They are not under any "duress." They are "free to accept or decline offered terms." So they generally decline. It is almost impossible to get them to work at all at any price. New Yorkers going thither to develop mines frequently take their workmen along with them—men who clearly understand that "the alternative of accepting market rates is starvation or exile," and therefore are willing to dig.

In objecting to my third proposition Mr. Post declares that there is no "fund" out of which wages are paid. Is he sure of it? As wages are almost always paid before the employer has realized on the current manufactures, I should think there must

be some fund to draw on. It remains true, I suppose, that the world is compelled to pay Patti \$5,000 a night because there is only one Patti; and that it pays a sewing-woman only twenty or thirty cents a day because plain sewing is not a complicated or difficult feat, and millions can do it. Does not this prove that supply and demand determine what wages shall be paid?

To my proposition that no man ought to be permitted to prevent others from working or otherwise to interfere with personal liberty or destroy private property, Mr. Post objects that it is not a practical question, for "neither intimidation nor violence is a feature of modern strikes." Indeed? Have I been mistaken? I thought that several innocent men were killed and a million dollars' worth of property destroyed during the Pennsylvania strike. I thought that in the recent strike of railroad men in New York, cars were broken and overturned in the street, horses let loose, and more than one man caught and beaten because he was a "scab;" that is, because he declined to join the law-breakers. I thought that the property of nine railroad companies was captured and held unremunerative for half a day by men who refused to obey their employers, because other men had a quarrel on another line with which they were wholly disconnected.

In a pamphlet issued by the Central Labor Union, the organ of local trade unions, I read from a report that the greatest opponent of trade unions, Ruppert, was to be first taken in hand and compelled to force his employees to join the union.

Concerning the strike on the south-western system of roads, in which the employees had confessedly no grievance whatever against the companies whose property they sacrificed, I read that "The Knights of Labor issued orders to-day permitting four passenger-trains to go out." The next day a brakeman was dragged from his post and beaten to insensibility. The next day a bridge was set on fire, but the fire was extinguished, and the same day the rails on another bridge were "spread"—not removed, but pushed apart so that the danger might not be noticed. An express train loaded with passengers rushed on the bridge, but it did not reach the fatal gap and plunge into the river beneath, because a man, a "scab" probably, had discov-

ered the infamous act and stopped the train in time. A day or two later the telegraph said: "Two more bridges were burned yesterday." This violence does not seem to be pronounced enough to justify any remonstrance, according to my critic. What would he have?

He deprecates revolution and bloodshed. So do I. He does not believe that strikes will do any permanent good. Neither do I. He thinks that private ownership of land is the great curse of our time; I think it is one of the great blessings of all time. It seems to him that workingmen are crowded; it seems to me they have miles of elbow-room. It would be as preposterous to talk of a floating cockle-shell being crowded on the surface of the sea, as to talk of an industrious man being crowded off the land in a country which still has three hundred million arable acres that never felt the touch of a plow, where every man may have a farm free of cost.

Another proposition may be added to my thesis, as follows:

4. The laboring men of America were never so well off as they are to-day, considering both wages and the price of living.

The familiar maxim that "the poor are becoming poorer" is not true. In 1850 the average of wages in the United States was \$248 per annum; in 1860 it was \$272; in 1870 it was \$310; in 1880 it was \$346. The daily wage has increased from eighty cents to \$1.16. During these thirty years, moreover, there has been a constant but not uniform decline in prices, so that seventy cents will buy in 1886 what it took \$1 to buy in 1850. The accumulations of capital have also increased, but not in so great a proportion. All figures bearing on the subject show that the rich have not become relatively richer, and that workingmen could never buy so much of the necessities of life with so few hours of labor as in the year 1886.

W. A. CROFFUT.

IV.

In his first proposition Mr. Croffut expressed his thought with absolute accuracy. He meant labor, not laborers, and I so understood him. But the nature of things cannot be changed by

forms of expression. The essential doctrine of the proposition is as I have stated. To say that labor ought to be merchandise is to say that laborers ought to be, for the laborer and his labor are inseparable.

By his own admission my friend's doctrine involves the enslavement of laborers. He concedes that the laborer negotiates under duress, but claims that duress is necessary. It is by the "prophetic shadow of the wolf" that men are driven to work, and the degree of industry essential to the highest average of comfort is to be maintained by the mild stimulus of possible poverty and suffering. If this be not slavery my vocabulary lacks a name for it. Defend it if you will, but defend it for what it is. Let it masquerade no longer in the garb of free contract.

Men might refuse to work if they were sure of shelter, clothing and food; but I do not believe they would. Many of the most beneficent results of human labor have been accomplished without hope of material reward. It was not the shadow of the wolf that developed the possibilities of steam, nor poverty that girdled the earth with electric wires. My friend's reference to the indolence of natives of tropical countries is without force. If they refuse to work because they get food without working, why is it that imported laborers, to whom food must be as free as to the natives, "are willing to dig"?

But men need not be assured of shelter, clothing and food, without work, to enable them to contract in freedom. It is opportunity to produce necessities, not the necessities themselves, of which they must be assured. The raw materials of wealth are abundantly supplied by nature, but private appropriation of land, that "great blessing of all time," locks them up and forces laborers to beg for work. This crowds the labor market, and free competition degenerates into a wild scramble for a "job."

If cockle-shells paid water rent for the privilege of floating upon the surface of the sea, as industrious men pay ground rent for the privilege of living and working upon the land, there would be no more elbow-room for cockle-shells at sea than there is for workingmen ashore.

The dependence of laborers will continue so long as they are

deprived by law of access to the gifts of nature. Three hundred million acres in the Far West offer no relief. He who goes there must have means to transport himself and family ; must risk improving the pre-empted domain of some lord of the earth, as the Mussel Slough settlers did to their sorrow ; must endure exile and solitude, and undergo unknown dangers and privations. Does access to land upon such terms enhance freedom of contract ?

The antiquated doctrine that money is the object of labor, although discarded by economists, still influences economic thought. It has a hold upon my friend, or he would not argue that there must be a wages fund because "wages are almost always paid before the employer has realized on the current manufacture." This means no more than that the employer gives money to the laborer before getting money for what the laborer has given to him. That is true. But what of it ? The employer gets the laborer's product before giving anything to the laborer. Laborers make their wages in the form of commodities before they get them in the form of money. The railroad magnate, Mr. Hoxie, knew this when he said that the daily and monthly payments of his company were made from its daily and monthly receipts. When wages are paid in kind their source is undisguised, and the absurdity of the wages fund theory becomes apparent.

My adversary lays stress upon his Patti illustration. I did not think it important. The general law of wages, under which sewing women work, is no more applicable to Patti than the general law of prices is to a patented invention. Her salary is the wages of peculiar ability and reputation. Like the wages of the leading lawyer, the ablest physician, or the most popular clergyman, they are governed by the law of monopoly, which is clearly defined and distinguished by Adam Smith.

The alleged violence of recent strikes illustrates anew the wisdom of the lion in the fable. So long as the "boss" class controls news channels, strikes will appear to be tornadoes of wickedness. But how happens it that there are no serious prosecutions ? Why are strikers so frequently in the pillories of the press and so seldom at the bar of criminal courts ?

Mr. Croffut's fourth proposition, if true at all, is true only in the absolute sense. It makes no allowance for change in social standards. While Adam was in the garden his wardrobe consisted of a single fig leaf; but we should not say of a New Yorker, whose clothing was limited to two fig leaves, that he was twice as well off as Adam in the matter of clothes.

It is encouraging to be told that wages have increased from \$248 in 1850 to \$346 in 1880, and that seventy cents will buy what it took \$1 to buy thirty-six years ago. But it is well known that laborers were far more independent in 1850 than to-day. The figures quoted show only absolute progression, which is quite consistent with relative retrogression. Even their testimony to absolute improvement cannot be trusted. Is it true, for instance, that seventy cents will buy as much house room in 1886 as \$1 would have bought in 1850?

But if the lot of the laborer were improving, both absolutely and relatively, would that justify his spoliation? Only a distorted sense of justice can defend conditions which take away from him an increasing proportion of his products, on so flimsy a ground as that the residuum increases too. Turning to the statistics of one varied and extensive industry, manufacturing, I find that money wages have increased since 1850 about as Mr. Croffut asserts, except that they were less in 1880 than in 1870. But there is a credit column in the ledger which he ignores. In 1850, the gross product of each hand was a little more than four times his wages; in 1860, it was five times; in 1870 it was nearly five and a half times; and in 1880 it was more than five and a half times. In 1850 the laborer, by adding \$816 to his wages, could have bought the gross product of his year's work; in 1860 he would have required \$1,150 besides his wages; in 1870, \$1,683, and in 1880, \$1,619.

In 1850 all the wages paid to hands in manufacturing industries in the United States would have bought 20 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of the gross product of those industries; in 1880 they would have bought but 17 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. Even if it be true that the laborer gets more for his work than he did, it is also true that a larger proportion of the wealth he makes is taken by the dominant class.

For the laborer I demand only what all men are entitled to by natural law, the right to produce and to enjoy the products of his labor. It is evident that this right is not protected when idlers are wealthy and workers are poor. The laborer is conscious of the wrong, though he may not know its cause or how to remedy it. If he appeals to force it is because he copes with force; a subtler force, perhaps, but force. I have no fear of any deliberate conspiracy of workingmen to trample upon the laws. They seek redress in lawful ways. But the prophecy of history will be at fault if despotic methods of opposing labor movements do not lead to furious insurrections. By doing justice present conflicts may be allayed and future danger avoided. "Let justice be done *lest* the heavens fall."

LOUIS F. POST.

V.

I can have no discussion with a laborer who insists that he himself is a slave and a piece of merchandise because he takes money for his work.

The first half of Mr. Post's rejoinder above is a complaint, not against capital or employers, but against God or Nature, because of the unfavorable environments in which man finds himself cast. With this position I have no controversy. It is hard. If man were a tree or a worm, he would not be conscious of the need of clothes or shelter, would not be filled with envy, emulation and covetousness. But he is sentient; intelligent. Of intelligence comes ability to contrast his lot with that of the more thrifty; of this comes discontent; and discontent breeds avarice; avarice, self-denial; self-denial, self-support, independence and wealth. Abstinence is the mother of competence. Civilization is the result of that divine greed which is born of discontent.

Workingmen's wages are greater than they ever were before. Wages are twice as high as they were thirty years ago, considering the number of hours men work and the things they can buy with their money. In proof of this I instance Giffen's "Progress of the Working Classes," the Massachusetts "Report of Labor

Statistics," and every public document that bears on the question.

Mr. Post says the working man gets, as wages, a smaller proportion of the gross product than formerly. Yes. But the gross product is not now chiefly the result of labor but of machinery. In Great Britain alone machinery equals the handwork of a thousand million men! This auxiliary, instead of oppressing the laborer, relieves him; instead of robbing the laborer, surrounds him with comforts, and even with what, thirty years ago, were unattainable luxuries. It is one of the gratifying paradoxes of this question that labor-saving machinery blesses all, and especially the poor man. I add two suggestions:

1. Workingmen now spend \$300,000,000 a year in the liquor shops of Christendom. Let them stop it and transfer their deposits to savings-banks.

2. The lack of manual training is the curse of our time. It breeds tramps. Let the afternoon session of all our public schools be devoted to teaching children the rudiments of a trade. A decrease of poverty will immediately follow an increase of skill. The fewer idlers there are the richer will be the community.

W. A. CROFFUT.

The Forum.

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ARBITRATION IN LABOR DISPUTES.

THE country is seriously disturbed at this time by what are called labor controversies. Some of these are labor controversies in a strict sense, arising as they do between employers and laborers, and having regard to the contract of service, while others are labor controversies only in the sense that those who are commonly employers and laborers are on different sides of them. The effect on business and on the peace of the country is serious, and the disputes are so unyielding that many are ready to declare the foundations of industrial society broken up and accepted principles of political economy shown to be unsound. Some teachers of that science come forward to demand effective legislation which shall cure the evils: a very proper demand if they pointed out what the effective legislation should be. This, however, it does not appear that they do, though the duty from their standpoint is obvious. The expert should devise the proper remedy and enlighten the legislative mind in respect to it; and he should show not merely that it would be effective if we had it, but that it is within the compass of legislative power. In a country also where the people are unused to and will not tolerate "paternal" government, it must be made to appear that the remedy is one which does not require despotic methods for its enforcement; if it does, it is so entirely out of the question that discussion of it is time thrown away, and whoever proposes it by that very fact shows his unfitness to be a guide in a crisis.

But with no guidance whatever beyond their own good sense, it may be quite worth while for intelligent persons to direct attention to remedies already within reach. The remedies needed are such as will prevent, instead of inviting, the evils they have in view. What we see now is that parties are taking redress into their own hands; that the means resorted to are hostile, some of them avowedly destructive, so that a species of civil war results, which naturally and almost necessarily leads to violence and to the partial overthrow of the civil authority. Such a state of things assails something besides the teachings of political economy: it puts popular government on trial; and the question it forces upon the attention is, whether the American people possess that degree of self-restraint within the bounds of reason, upon which representative institutions can depend for permanence.

Whoever believes that human society best secures the general happiness when it is peaceable and orderly, must also believe there are better means of redress for wrongs arising in any of its necessary relations than the hostile means above referred to. This must certainly be the case with the controversies now under consideration; for hostile remedies strike at the very foundation of the relation itself and are calculated to destroy its usefulness. This is evident from the very nature of the relation. 1. The purpose in entering into it is to make it of mutual benefit. This benefit is lost when resort is had to means which break it up. Inevitable losses from even a temporary suspension may be severe to both sides; and when to these are added, as is not unfrequently the case, injuries purposely inflicted, it may well happen that the whole benefit of the relation to the parties will be more than balanced by the loss suffered in an attempt in a hostile manner to obtain redress for a supposed grievance. 2. The relation is to a large extent one of confidence. In many positions the most implicit confidence is essential, and whatever destroys this or breaks up friendly intercourse renders a dissolution of the relation imperative. In other cases where property or interests of the employer are intrusted to the fidelity and vigilance of the employee, the want of mutual confidence seriously diminishes the value of the relation, and in every case the exist-

ence of unfriendly feelings must be looked upon as unfavorable to the best results. But hostile remedies destroy confidence, and they necessarily beget, if they do not flow from, unfriendly feelings. 3. In any well-established business, it is for the interest of both sides that the relation, so far as possible, be understood to be permanent. The employer may then depend upon it in making calculations for the future, and the laborer, in making permanent home arrangements, may avoid the losses inseparable from frequent changes. But hostile remedies, if they do not immediately break up the relation, can scarcely fail to bring in disturbing elements, and like a lawsuit in a family, to plant the seeds of ultimate dissolution.

The best remedies here as everywhere else are preventive in their nature, and have for their purpose to prevent a mere difference becoming an unfriendly controversy. Such a remedy ought commonly to be found in the mutual pains taken by the parties to establish and preserve such relations of confidence and respect, based on a recognition of mutual interest, as will render the springing up of angry controversies unlikely. This is impossible unless the parties mutually recognize an obligation, not limited by strict rules of law, to make the relation accomplish its purpose of mutual benefit; the laborer showing by his actions an interest in and a willing care for the prosperity of the business, and the employer in like manner showing that he has the welfare of the laborer at heart, and that he recognizes the laborer's interest in the business to this extent, at least, that he must be insured the full benefit of all he has contracted for; that advantage is not to be taken of his necessities to profit by them, and that if changes which may be detrimental to his interests are made necessary by circumstances, pains must be taken to prevent loss. The evils which now convulse the country are due more to a failure to observe this primary duty than to all other causes combined, and they are now so aggravated that even a general observance of the duty from this time forward would not readily cure them or remove the hostile feelings which have resulted. Who has been most in fault for this is immaterial: more often it has been the fault of thoughtlessness than of intent. How proper sentiments are to be cultivated, is a question ad-

dress itself to the good sense of both classes ; but certainly no reasonable means to that end can be considered unimportant, even though the immediate benefit may seem insignificant.

If, notwithstanding all that the parties may do to prevent it, a controversy arises which they cannot settle, a resort to outside aid may be necessary. But in considering what the resort shall be, the beneficial purposes of the relation must be constantly had in view. No remedy must be sought which will defeat these. An effectual remedy must not put an end to friendly feelings when they exist, or destroy confidence, or stop, even temporarily, the business. A suit at law will not answer these requirements, for that in its nature and management is adversary. Moreover, few labor controversies can be made the subject of a lawsuit, because generally they raise questions of a change in contract relations, and the courts are powerless to deal with such questions.

The remedy that answers these requirements is that of arbitration. There is no suggestion of unfriendliness in the proposition to avail of it. On the contrary, the natural and reasonable presumption is that the failure of the parties to agree may have come from the natural bias which interest gives to the judgment, and that a fair-minded, disinterested and intelligent party will be likely to discover how far the bias has misled the one or the other or both, and be able to indicate the points that should be those of agreement. The remedy is further commended to the judgment by the fact that it is inexpensive, that it is flexible and may be adapted to all sorts of controversies, that it may dispense with all the ordinary formalities of litigation, and that it may proceed without disturbing the business. Commonly it will be expected that the third party who is called in will first make an effort at conciliation ; and should such an effort succeed, formal arbitration will be unnecessary. But any reference of a dispute to a third party even for advice, is in a certain sense an arbitration.

The desirability of such a remedy is obvious : how far it may be made available is the troublesome question. But in some other countries arbitration has been found invaluable, and we ought to be able to profit by the lessons of its use. Especially

should the experience of England be valuable, the government and the habits of thought and of action among the people of that country resembling our own more than those on the continent. For several reasons, however, there are greater difficulties in the way of making the remedy general in this country than elsewhere. 1. The feeling of independence among the laborers is greater, and there is proportionately less inclination to allow their controversies to pass for settlement into other hands. 2. Workmen here are more migratory ; large numbers not settling down for permanent abode anywhere, but moving about from place to place, and often from business to business, as they think or hope they may better their condition. In many such cases it would be practically impossible to make the obligation to abide the result of an arbitration mutual, and one side could not be expected to be bound when the other was not. 3. There is also less permanence in business here than elsewhere ; employers being migratory as well as men, and many establishments being experimental, rather than definitely and permanently set up. But, on the other hand, the greater general intelligence among all classes in this country ought to tell in favor of the adoption of any measure calculated to be beneficial to their interests ; and there is no room for doubt that ample field for the useful employment of arbitration may be found in the great manufacturing centers, the mining regions and among the railroads. That there may be difficulty in introducing it is no reason for not making the effort ; few things of value are easy of attainment.

Methods next demand attention, and here very naturally the first thought is of legislation.

1. A statutory tribunal may be established with such compulsory powers as would be admissible in free government. Such tribunals have been found serviceable on the continent of Europe, and have been provided for in England. But in the latter country they are not resorted to, nor is it believed they would be here. Without the power to prescribe terms for the future, the jurisdiction would be too limited to be of much service, and they could not be given that power except through the establishment of despotic government, to which laborers at least would not submit.

2. A statutory tribunal may be established without compulsory powers. This would be merely a standing board offering its services in arbitration, and would be of still less value. Parties disposed to arbitrate would in general prefer to choose their own judges.

3. The tribunal most likely to be of value would be one established by the parties themselves. Where business is permanent and steady, it should be a permanent board of arbitration, created either for a single manufactory, railroad or other establishment, or for all who are engaged in any particular line of business in any locality or section. Tribunals of this sort are found exceedingly valuable in England, and their use has increased steadily with the best results.

To make such a board valuable, the parties must stand on an equality before it. It must therefore be composed of equal numbers of employers and men, chosen by them respectively; and it must receive complaints from both sides, whether coming from single individuals or from a class, or from all. The board itself should examine and determine the controversy if possible, but must have power to call in an umpire for final decision when necessary. It should be an invariable rule of submission that the business should go on undisturbed while the complaint is under examination. This is the best of all tribunals for the purpose. The award of the board or of the umpire would not be binding in law, but the parties would be pledged in honor to accept it; and the experience in England is that the pledge seldom fails in redemption.

4. Voluntary boards of arbitration may also be created for single controversies, where permanent boards are unnecessary or are found impracticable.

To arbitration by tribunals thus voluntarily created, no obstacles which are insurmountable present themselves; none but such as spring from the suspicions, the prejudices and the passions of men. It is, therefore, a plain dictate of reason to make vigorous endeavors to bring it into use. Every successful attempt has value. It settles the particular controversy. It tends to accustom the parties to the idea of relying upon other remedies than such as are hostile, and thus to render it more prob-

able that future controversies will be settled peaceably and with proper regard to mutual interests. It tends to bring parties divided in feeling nearer together, to remove prejudices and suspicions, and to impress upon them, while their differences are under examination, how inseparably their interests are associated, and how unlikely it is that one can be seriously injured without injuring both. The good influence extends far beyond the parties immediately concerned, for the whole community perceives that there are better means of redress for real grievances than such as are grounded in a hostility that ought not to exist, and which are likely to be administered in a spirit that puts reason altogether aside.

Arbitration, then, is the true remedy for labor controversies. Its use is a reformatory measure, and therefore, unless the tendency of society is backward, its adoption is certain. General adoption cannot be immediate ; all true reforms are likely to work their way slowly ; but society and the state are not transient ; they are for all time ; and whatever tends to make them peaceably accomplish their purposes, in like degree tends to give them beneficent strength, and to insure their perpetuity.

It should not be understood from what is above said that the opinion is entertained that a government commission or board of arbitration could be of no service ; on the contrary, it is believed it might be exceedingly useful in calming the passions of men, and bringing about a state of feeling in the country favorable to this method of adjusting disputes. No doubt, it might also sometimes give valuable assistance in the settlement of controversies, which, through mismanagement or otherwise, have been suffered to grow to enormous proportions.

THOMAS M. COOLEY.

FROM PURITANISM—WHITHER?

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago, a boy opening his eyes in central or western Massachusetts would see religion in the guise of orthodox Congregationalism. No longer a State Church, it held the ground in conscious security. Its theology had hardly begun to suspect itself of not being Calvinistic, though in many troubled minds in the pews and a few in the pulpits it was finding out the gentle art of softening the dogmatic points to the mourning parents of departed children, or accommodating them to the opening light in the eyes of reason. The Calvinistic standards were unchanged. In the eastern part of the commonwealth early Unitarianism, not quite Socinian, taking something from the Arminians and Pelagians for its doctrine of sin and freedom, and something from the Arians for its Christology, was already remonstrating, with dignity and refinement but with determination, against the prevailing system. Harvard College gave uncertain sounds. Not a few of her strongest and most accomplished sons were sending out books, pamphlets and sermons that found their way from hand to hand into families in different parts of New England most likely to be in direct communication by stage-coach and mail with Boston.

The individual boy, Haddan, was born in 1819, when Dr. Channing preached in New York a discourse as distinctly polemical as any perhaps in the fairly opened controversy. The father of this child, a sound Congregational minister for twenty years, a graduate of Yale, a pupil and friend of Dr. Dwight, who was a prince of orthodox chiefs, living without a parish on a country estate while educating his sons and others, had through correspondence and study come to believe that there was a way of being a Christian without holding by the Assembly's catechism or the Saybrook platform. His wife, who probably would be declared by the townsfolk to be blameless, devout, and given to

alms deeds much beyond the ordinary mark, was already under the teeth of an ecclesiastical torture managed with unscrupulous skill by the village inquisitor, a watchman who "ruled his flock with all his power," a full-blooded heir of the settlers from Holland who "fell first upon their knees and then upon the Indians," and later upon heretics. The result of his fidelity was the expulsion of the patient sufferer, after a decade of drill and plot, from the sheepfold which her father's faith and property had largely helped to build. The earliest religious recollection of this her youngest child, apart from her own marvelously firm and sweet piety, is that of periodical visits of the deacons, who uniformly, after partaking of her fruit and cakes, used to so acquit themselves of their chivalrous errand as to leave her in a depression lasting sometimes many days, not without tears. So the cruel Christianity presented itself to a very juvenile observer, somehow, doubtless by the saintliness of the victim, without twisting him into an infidel.

Instances of this sort were neither very common nor extremely rare. It is unfair to judge a theological scheme, any more than a tool in the hand, merely by its capacity for abuse. We are put here upon the task of defining the effect of a great religious institution and party in New England, at the beginning of this century, on a mind in search of a Christian faith and home. The defects were not those of unprincipled intolerance or indifference to truth, but of narrowness and disproportion. It is impossible that any denomination built on a dogma or group of dogmas, and not on the fact of the life of God manifest in the person and acts of Christ, should represent Christianity. It may revere the Son of God in one or more of His offices or characters, but it cannot receive Him as what He chose to call Himself, the Son of Man. It cannot reunite the life of the human race with God's life. It cannot bear the test of comprehensiveness or Catholicity, or cover the experience of all souls and nations, or satisfy the wants of integral man in spirit, mind, and body. No great Christian cause has lived on a subjective revelation, or a sentiment, or an idea, or the issue of a process of ratiocination. Congregational orthodoxy believed in Christ, but its Christ was in the past and in the future and in Heaven, not where living and tempted men most need Him.

He was in the ideal sphere, not in history. A sacrificial atonement offered as a doctrine was made the center of Christian faith and the heart of a creed, not the Incarnation.

This is said here only to indicate why, at a later period, seeking a spiritual home, Haddan was not led back into his ancestral Calvinistic tenement. His parental education was Unitarian, because his parents, banished from their former communion, were obliged to seek some other relationship. Local and personal conditions gave them, instead of a historical belief and organization, a new-comer having very attractive features—scholarly leadership, pure manners and a winning voice. But the surroundings in which this youth grew up were still those of the "Standing Order," which, however, was hardly an order, and had been standing hardly long enough to establish a stout claim to the credit of permanence. Its aspect, to the boy's eyes, was uninviting. The culture was undeniably rude. There was an ever-increasing impression of unreality. Naturally the immense problem and mystery of the unseen would come before a youth chiefly in public worship, and at those points where the instituted ministration touched the chief things in life—birth, the act of uniting with the Church, wedlock, death and burial. Here this touch seemed to Haddan to be neither strong nor gentle. Again and again he asked himself why this solemn performance might not be less rough and raw. Why should it not manifest in some fair measure the glory of that real realm where, as all were agreed, the perfection of beauty shines? In vacations and holidays he wandered with his fowling-piece in sweet-scented woods and along the river banks, wondering why all the deep meanings of splendor and shade, the living forms and harmonies, the innumerable and vivid witnesses to a beauty-loving Maker and order-loving Designer, should be so far apart from that other thing called religion. Why should the weekly Sabbath shut the door on all these divine disclosures, and open a door into a bare room of unsightly wood-work and blank plastering, without color, symmetry or significance? The village meeting-house was less graceful than the unsightliest tree on the hill-sides. One day the only symbol of aspiration about the building, the spire, was cut down to a squat tower. Inside could anything be more

bleak than the exercises? The most moving element was the psalmody, not without heartiness, but appealing to the imagination by a pitch-pipe, and on occasions a bass-viol and two violins. The paupers, black and white, were huddled into a corner gallery pew, watched in winter by a tithing man; in summer sunshine they gossiped in the porch and on the grass. The minister, uncouth if venerable, sincere in denunciation, an unflinching messenger of wrath, as he proceeded in his sermon invariably wept visibly and audibly over the perishing majority in his mixed assemblage of tares and wheat, with rhetoric and argument so confused that as a child Haddan rather supposed he was crying for fear that too many would be saved. Two things, however, about the preacher were clear. He meant to deliver his own soul by warning the wicked, and he left no doubt in his hearers that there were just five points in a saving orthodoxy, and that he knew just what they were. But as Haddan walked home through the clover-fields and bird-songs of June, or the broom-corn and asters and late golden-rod of September, there stood around him the upward-reaching "points" of just five mountains which always lifted his soul consciously heavenward. While understanding well enough that the Bible told him many grand and comforting things that the mountains could not tell him, still he was puzzled that the pulpit and the leafy peaks should never answer to one another antiphonally, but either ignore each other or be forever in dispute. One Sunday afternoon, as he stopped to look at the whirling eddies formed in the river by an inflowing brook, a zealous believer, whom he could not but respect, said to him half rebukingly: "My lad, do you fear God?" He said: "I don't think I do. I fear Him as I do my mother, whom you don't like, only when I do wrong; and then, not because I am afraid she will hurt me, but because I know that in punishing me she will suffer more than I do." This answer was not made with any notion of opening a new line of thought to the questioner, or of giving him a new view of the atonement, or of theodicy, or of eschatology. Whether it served that end the boy never knew.

How about morals? Most of the converted men were upright, and most of the converted women were pure. No stress was laid on baptismal promises, and the children of non-professors were

unbaptized, to Haddan's amazement. At Northampton, near by, two generations before, Jonathan Edwards, though he so preached that the older people clutched the sides of their pews to keep them from sliding into the pit, failed to persuade the young to live in chastity or decency, gave the attempt up in despair, and went away, leaving the town unclean. Immorality, however, was not now altogether prevalent. Some were afraid and some were ashamed to be vicious. Wine and other heating liquors were drunk freely, even at funerals. There was a singular penitential system, the only fragment of primitive discipline, and a travesty of that. Sins of fornication and adultery in "professors" were confessed publicly to the minister, the penitents, male or female, standing in the broad aisle. In this ceremony there was to Haddan a dismaying strangeness. He noticed that the young men and women in the congregation neither blushed nor hung their heads. He had not many companions, and among them the matter was seldom alluded to. In the parish registers of the Puritan societies there are too many old records of such violations and vindications of the seventh commandment. The sermons were never ethical. Haddan got his moral training at home. At his mother's direction he read the Old and New Testaments through and through, committing large portions of them to memory. After childhood his reading was chiefly in John Bunyan, Richard Baxter, "Robinson Crusoe," William Law, Walter Scott, Jane Taylor, Sir Thomas Brown and Milton's poetry and prose. All the family kept the Lord's Day and the State Fast without evasion and with a willing strictness. One Fast Day and one Feast Day in the year squared the account between public humiliation and public thanksgiving.

This portion of his life ended with a four years' course at an orthodox Congregational college where the dominant influence was decidedly and consistently evangelical. The president, professors and tutors were personally devout, and they made a conscientious effort to bring students to an acknowledgment of Christian obligation, particularly in what was known as the annual revival season, corresponding vaguely in the calendar to the Church's Lent. Haddan, then a communicant in a small Unitarian society some miles away, where he was allowed to go

sometimes to worship, and where he found a good deal of food for both mental and moral nurture, was visited in that way in his room courteously and kindly. The preaching in the college chapel was almost always edifying. The daily prayers, though at most unseasonable hours, were conducted with propriety but attended with imperfect reverence. The revival system was managed with more moderation and good sense than in some of the rural congregations under weak pastors. Perhaps it was a proof of the stimulating force of an exceptional and defensive position as well as of impartiality in the collegiate administration that Haddan applied himself strenuously to his studies, and that the faculty withheld from him no honor at their disposal.

Just about that time, from 1835 to 1840, a movement was felt which was to affect, palpably, American thought, literature and faith. Its influence was exerted primarily in Unitarian circles, but reached thinking men in New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. Under the name of Transcendentalism it introduced, chiefly from German schools, the intuitional philosophy, not only discrediting experimentalism, empiricism and the deductive process generally, but proposing inevitably a new method in the evidences of Christianity, Biblical criticism, the testing of creeds, and the spiritual life. Naturally enough the incoming wave found easy admission in Unitarian ranks, where liberty was already a cardinal principal. Immediate fruits were the Norton and Ripley debates on Spinoza and Pantheism, the "Dial," Theodore Parker's transfer from the suburbs to a Boston lecture hall, the coterie grouped about Emerson and Margaret Fuller, and a division of the Unitarian preachers and people into a conservative and a progressive party. A remoter and better consequence, as the way of Providence is apt to be with sincere reforms, was a permanent modification of theological habits in various Protestant leaders, a widening of the grounds of Christian belief, a freshening of dry fountains of discourse, and the dismemberment of a barren cause. Such attending phenomena as individual or partisan extravagance, over-statement, ill-temper, a provincial cant, an imitative Germanized style corrupting good English, would be transient.

To eager and open-minded young scholars those were interesting days. Haddan, who had never seriously contemplated

any other calling than the ministry, had gone after his graduation to Cambridge for a course of three years in the Divinity department in the University, a situation of which it may be safely said that at that time a favorable opportunity for outlook and quiet study was the chief advantage, rather than the curriculum and chairs. Every week brought some new contribution to the local excitement. Emerson preached his aphoristic sermon before the graduating class of the Divinity School. Was it Pantheism or not? Henry Ware and his coadjutors said it was little or no better. Doctors Francis, Stetson, Ripley and others said it was a sure prophecy from a divine oracle. Clubs met and sat up late. Translations from German metaphysics, poets and commentators were on parlor center-tables. Bright women recruited the intuitionist contingent. Brook Farm attempted to apply the foreign illumination to Yankee industry and the solution of labor questions by an improved Fourierism, drawing companies from the region round about to brilliant *symposia*, but under a financial necessity presently folded its tents and silently stole away. "Sartor Resartus" and Carlyle's subsequent writings were then and for some time after the popular reading for under-graduates and self-educated students all over the land. More than that, they were stirring in multitudes a sense of the radical difference in all moral and religious and social action between appearance and reality, letter and spirit, make-believe and self-forgetful earnestness. The increase was not all solid gold. When much old rubbish is suddenly cast out, there is always risk that some new rubbish will be taken in. It appeared to Haddan that beneath or very near these shiftings in the current of speculation there was a change at work in the whole doctrinal basis of the denomination to which he had belonged. Doubtless that the jejune, self-interested moralizing of the Priestly and English Socinian school should be spiritualized by a lofty appeal to consciousness and insight under a direct power of the spirit of God, was an immeasurable gain. St. Paul proclaimed an eternal law when he wrote, "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." But Christianity is a revelation. Of that revelation there is a record. Its credentials, its history, the general and reverential consent of eighteen Christian centuries, its marvelous power over civilized peoples,

hardly less than miraculous, invest it with tremendous sanctions. There is no trace of anything like Christian culture apart from its authority. In open questions it has been, what there must be, a court of ultimate appeal. Hitherto Haddan had seen it so held, as well in his own as in other Protestant bodies. Throughout the Unitarian and Trinitarian polemics that appeal had been made with confidence on both sides alike. The main question was, What do the Scriptures teach and mean ? It was a question of interpretation of documents, hardly a question whether the documents were authentic and binding. No abler modern work on the genuineness of the Gospels was published than that of Andrews Norton, a retired Unitarian scholar. By this time, however, Unitarianism had a pretty well understood doctrinal attitude. One of its chief tenets was the validity and sufficiency of private judgments. Should the contents of Scripture be subjected to such judgment ? The advance of rationalism would admit nothing less. Unavoidably, private judgment would lean to that one of two or three exegetical theories or inferences which favored the accepted opinions of the party, especially as these opinions were to be pushed and propagated. In the short space of twenty years the Unitarian press and pulpit virtually ceased to make a stand on the foundation which had been known as the Word of God. Maintaining, to be sure, that there is a general correspondence between the Old Testament and the New, no particular affirmation in either would be allowed to weigh conclusively against a "rational" view of the subject in hand. A so-called Pauline or Johannæan or Judean bias, a local or temporary or climatic coloring, would be made use of to dispose of a troublesome text. The court of final appeal was gone.

Broad room was opened at the same time for more extensive relaxations. Individual independence is a rapid but bold rider, and drives with loose reins. Institutional Christianity began to be regarded more as a superstition than as a safeguard or an obligation. Ordinances were optional. All beliefs were elective. Sacraments were not sacraments, except in a figure of speech. They might be serviceable or not. In not a few societies they were reduced, mutilated, or discarded. Everything like uniformity in worship was abandoned, and variation was held to be a

proud distinction. The ministerial preference or the majority prevailed. Devotional meetings were sometimes held in conventions with a real profit, the indifferent staying away. In the regular proceedings of such assemblies it was questioned and discussed whether a good standing in the denomination demanded that a member should call himself or be called Christian at all! Any distinctive divinity in Christ, the personality of the Holy Spirit, a sacrificial redemption, a permanent and hereditary disease of sin in human nature needing such redemption by a second Adam or head of the race, were emphatically if not passionately rejected, whether as facts or dogmas. Even in morals there could be no logical resistance to the supreme arbitrament of the individual mind. How could a statute-book, emptied of a law-making authority, treated as erroneous or dubious not merely in an exceptional passage here and there but in large sections, and these not defined, command obedience?

There would be, from a believing past and from many side sources of God's gracious help, high-toned families, pure lives, encouraging and enlightening preaching, ardent reformers; but it is difficult to see how practically the upshot could be escaped that everybody is to do, in this world of temptation, error and folly, what is right in his own eyes. That in his own eyes right would always be right, would, in that case, be nothing more than a charitable hope.

It happened that Haddan was for thirteen years engaged in the diversified ministrations of a prosperous city congregation mostly gathered within that period of time, acquiescing in Unitarian views and plans, surrounded by attached and reasonable parishioners, with no sort of external obstruction. If he remained ignorant of anything doctrinal or practical, anything of public policy or esoteric consideration, anything of form or spirit, anything in charities or aggressive enterprises, belonging to his denomination, it certainly was not for want of opportunities for knowledge. With the ministers of that denomination he enjoyed with a keen relish the warmest friendships. On occasions when it might be expected he advocated and defended orally and in print those constructions of Scripture in which he had been brought up. In all quarters his treatment by his

brethren was in the amplest degree generous and trustful. Gradually, however, he discovered that what he was most heartily and anxiously teaching was less and less in accordance with the denominational spirit and forms. When set to speak for "the cause" he did it with a diminishing zeal. With some pain he became aware that he was oftener in a vein of criticism than advocacy, and that he probably disappointed his audience by unfavorable comparisons between their negations and the positive creed of a historical church. At first his endeavor was to find out a way of so urging the truths of Christ's divine nature and mediatorship, the necessity of a personal relation to Him, both subjective and sacramental, and the inspiring power of His Cross upon character, charities, and missions, as to secure a reception of these truths without needless opposition. Substantially the same aim and line were followed in a service of five years in the chapel of Harvard College as an "independent," to which he was invited by President Walker and the Fellows and Overseers, partly orthodox and partly "liberal," in 1855.

In this comparatively tranquil air everything was favorable to reading and thought, to a review of the ground gone over and of church history, to a free comparison of systems, and an unprejudiced survey of the world outside. Certain editorial and other public engagements continued for some time at least a nominal relation to the body to which he owed much and to which he must always be grateful. It was a relation which, in spite of all exertions to the contrary, his own misgivings, some protests from his former associates, and some sharp attacks from one or two Congregational newspapers, rendered irksome and at last intolerable. However desirable it might be to deliver one's convictions to an assembly of young men in a leading University, to patient and unremonstrating learned faculty-men and their families, and to others with them, he knew there must be a limit to the prosecution of that design. Looking out as intelligently as he could, he thought he saw the disbelieving and disintegrating tendencies above named to be unchecked. He asked himself, Is there anywhere in ecclesiastical annals an instance of so swift a plunge downward, in any association of people bearing the name of Christ, simply by losing hold of the central fact of reve-

lation? He could no longer be content with a kind of Christianity destitute of a Christ in whom is all the fullness and power of God, without an inspired charter, without the law and inheritance and corporate energy and universal offer of the gifts and graces of eternal life in a visible church.

The question remaining then was where he should go. In what has been written it has been sufficiently shown why he was not likely to go back to the country he had just left behind. Candor makes it imperative to add that by this time the "liberal" movement had lost the character signified by its name. Of its two prominent original claims to respect, liberty and liberality, both of them fascinating, the latter at least had been, if not altogether, yet as a distinction, forfeited. No Christian body seemed to be so much given to censorious and abusive misrepresentation of its neighbors. Tolerance that runs only in one direction can give nobody on earth a title to honor. Then and afterwards, when liberalism came, as recently, not to content itself with controversial bitterness toward older and larger and equally honest companies of Christians, but proceeded ill-manneredly to proclaim that their guides and scholars and saints do not actually believe what they teach, it was disclosed to him that one may go through the whole range of churches and sects and arrive at none so uncharitable as that one which makes the loudest boast of its charity.

At no time, though familiar with most forms of unbelief, was Haddan either pressed or allured to any school of avowed skepticism. Doubts as to one and another and another article of the Faith, he had, and they were sometimes obstinate. But neither the course of the world nor the constitution of man, neither the mysteries of revelation nor those of Providence, neither what scientific testimony told him of nature nor what nescience suggested as probable, held out to him any plausible disproof that God lives, cares for His children, and speaks to them.

Domestic traditions would be apt to point out to him a path toward the popular orthodoxy. In his father's library most of the theological department was supplied by Puritan divines. Having seen that scheme in its actual operation in the kindred varieties of Presbyterian and Congregational organization, to-

gether with its scientific exposition by men of strong dialectic power, he was not thereby convinced or fed. An opening was made for him in Boston where an independent society might adopt a liturgy. He could see no root or affiliation, no brotherhood or sisterhood or fellowship for such a product, and respectfully shrank from the undertaking. If asked why he should not join such respectable and active bodies as the Baptists, or Methodists, or Swedenborgians, he could only answer by asking why he should. Toward the Roman Catholic Church, apart from its heritage in common with all the faithful in all ages and countries, a Divine Christ, the Apostles' Creed, an inspired Bible, and a spirit of reverence for the supernatural, he found no constraining attraction. Could its three salient challenges have been sustained, the exceptional attention he gave to them might have resulted in a surrender. Moëhler's "Symbolism" and Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" were laid in his way together at the outset of his theological education. One by one the three papal challenges broke down. The argument of a final authority overruling and extinguishing private judgment was met by the ready reply: "If I take you at your word, I shall negative your position by employing in my acceptance of it the very faculty and right which you deny that I possess." The claim of catholicity and unity fell to pieces at the exposure of the included heresies, shielded abominations, schisms, intolerance, and papal inconsistencies in the Roman obedience. The pretension to apostolicity, as to the differentials, gave way completely under the weight of more than three hundred years of intervening church-life and conciliar decree between the last of the Apostles and anything that could fairly be called a papacy.

Judging no man and no system, knowing well and praying for grace to remember that to one Master only each must stand or fall, Haddan believed that a church to which he could whole-heartedly and gladly yield both allegiance and service must wear upon its outer and inner constitution certain marks of truth. Its creed or symbol of faith must satisfy the requirements of three agreeing tests—God in Holy Scripture; God in one kingdom set up as He declared by Jesus Christ, having laws, a covenant, a door of entrance, a history, and a continuous com-

mon life ; and God in the testimony of His Spirit in the spirit and mind of man made in His image. Bound by this three-fold cord and upheld on this three-fold support, a church promised to afford him room, light, and safety. Its entire visible economy, in sacraments, orders and discipline, must be a direct outgrowth of the Word made flesh or the Incarnation, not a rule imposed but a divine development. Its worship must be liturgical, the utterance of the brotherhood after Scriptural models. Its conditions of communion must be large enough to make admission possible for universal humanity, men of every nationality, temperament and foregoing conditions. It must habitually republish the moral law and illustrate it. It must protect wedlock and the household by religious sanctions and by stringent regulations as respects marriage and divorce. It must invariably recognize as divine and primal appointments the State and the family along with the Church, and in times of lawlessness or disorder join its spiritual force with that of the government, and all the more if the government is free. Its prescribed offices must be absolutely impartial and uniform as respects all social and class distinctions from the highest to the lowest. It must treat character as a growth carried forward by a disciplined will under regenerating and superhuman helps, not as the happy issue of an ecclesiastical charm or as a mere supplement to an emotional "experience," and must therefore make the training of character the prime element in education. In such a church Haddan sought and thinks he found a home.

This sketch of his interior biography is the writer's discharge of a task assigned him.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

THE LIMIT OF SPEED IN OCEAN TRAVEL.

THE questions are often asked: What are the causes which limit the speed of ocean-going steamers? Where are we to look for more favorable conditions than those now existing? What may we expect in the immediate future, and what ultimately, as to the limit of increase of speed in steam navigation? The questions are easily asked; but, like many such problems, they will be readily seen to admit of no definite answer. No one can forecast the future in this age of multiplying inventions, of growing capacity on the part of the engineers to cope with nature and to force her to give aid in conquering her mightiest opposing forces, and of continually occurring victories of science and art, the one aiding the other, over apparent impossibilities, in every department of human activity. But we may at least feel our way somewhat beyond the present limit of our advance, and may, by careful study of the problem, and consideration of the principles of science and methods of art known to us, get some idea of what is before us.

The speed at which a ship can be driven through the water depends upon many, but well-known, conditions; the laws governing which have been, for the purposes of the naval architect, very well determined. Given the size and form of any well-designed craft, it is easy to predict, with a fair degree of approximation to accuracy, what amount of power will be demanded to drive the vessel at any proposed speed. This being known, it is easy to ascertain the size and form of the engines and boilers required, and to calculate their weight, bulk, and fuel consumption. It would thus seem that no unknown elements enter into the problem, and that a precise answer might be easily given to the question. That is not the fact, however, and it will be presently seen that there are very important factors, the value of which, and sometimes the nature of which, are not, and cannot as yet,

be exactly known. It is proposed in the following paragraphs to consider the elements of the problem, and to discover where these uncertainties lie, to what extent they obscure the subject which we have taken up for study, and, so far as is possible, to obtain some idea of the extent, as well as the character, of the limitations which they involve.

The resistance of a steamship or other vessel consists of two principal parts. The effort required to overcome the friction of the water on its "wetted surfaces" measures the one, and the force expended in producing the waves that are seen arising about every ship in motion constitutes the other of these two quantities. Of these factors, the first is by far the greater in all well-formed ships, and such alone can be considered here. For every ship of a proposed size and weight there is a certain form and proportion of hull which is known to be best for the intended speed, and hence there is no great difficulty in securing almost exactly the best possible form, and thus of eliminating avoidable "head resistance," or "wave-making" resistance, as the smaller of the quantities is termed. The friction of hull may be calculated, also, very approximately, as it is found to be very nearly proportional to the area of wetted surface. It is thus smaller as the surface of the hull below the water line is smaller. But it is evident that the nearer the form of the ship approaches that of a hemisphere, the less must be the resistance due to friction, and that between the latter shape and that elongated and graceful form which gives minimum head resistance there must be some intermediate form which will give the least total resistance. The form of minimum resistance for a given size of ship must usually be felt out by careful experimental work. The solution of the problem last stated is, then, one of the elements of the problem of larger extent: that of maximum speed on the ocean. This solution is in process of being effected, and may be considered as having been already obtained with fairly satisfactory accuracy. The "Oregon," now famous both for her speed and for her sad fate, and even more satisfactorily, perhaps, the "America," represent very excellent illustrations of highly successful attempts at a solution.

The power demanded to propel any vessel at ordinary speed,

varies as the square of her length nearly, or as the area of the transverse major section, and as the cube of the speed. Thus, to double the speed of any vessel requires eight times the power demanded at the lower velocity. Two vessels being of equal speed and similar form, but the one of twice the length of the other, the second will require four times the power of the first. The second vessel, however, carries eight times as much weight, and the power per ton of vessel is one-half as much as would be demanded by the first, if driven at the higher speed. These principles are modified by the relation of form to speed and size, and the rate of variation of increasing resistance of a badly-formed ship is greater than above stated; while, on the contrary, the well-formed ship may, at very high speeds, meet with a resistance which increases at a lower rate than the stated law indicates. For vessels loaded to a limit with machinery, the higher the speed demanded, the larger must be the ship.

The impelling power of the ocean-going steamship is supplied by engines that have now become well fixed in their general forms and proportions, although signs of another revolution are already plainly discernible. The standard form of marine engine for merchant ships is a machine having its steam cylinders set vertically. It is of the "compound" type; *i. e.*, so arranged that the steam taken from the boilers is worked expansively to a lower pressure in one cylinder; is then "exhausted" into a second, larger cylinder, in which it is further expanded, doing work, meantime, until it falls nearly to the pressure of the condenser; and is then exhausted into the condenser, where it is condensed and returned thence into the boiler to be again evaporated. The condenser is called a "surface condenser," because the condensation occurs on the interior surfaces of the apparatus, which are kept cool by the flow of water along the opposite side of the metal.

The boilers supplying the steam to the engines of ocean steamers are usually of the Scotch type, consisting of a drum-shaped vessel, containing the furnaces and flues, or tubes, in which the fires are kept burning, and through which the flame, smoke and gases pass to the smoke-stack, heating the water contained in the boiler as they move over these heating surfaces of

sheet-iron, which surfaces are, on their opposite sides, in contact with the water to be made into steam. The larger these boilers, the more economical are they, but the less powerful for their weight. Increased economy is always obtained at a sacrifice of power. Increase of speed thus means decreased efficiency.

The steam furnished to the engines will be used with greater economy as its pressure is greater, because it is worked with greater expansion as the speed of the engine is greater, and as the wastes, some of which are more or less controllable, are more effectively provided against. There are two great sources of waste: the one, the unavoidable waste which occurs in consequence of the fact that the steam must be exhausted from the engine at such a temperature, and in such physical condition, as to carry away a considerable amount of heat, partly sensible and partly unrecognizable to the senses, and hence called by James Watt and Dr. Black, who discovered it, "latent heat;" the other is that waste which is due to the circumstance that all parts of the engine are made of metal, and therefore have high conducting power, and thus, by a process of storage and waste which is very interesting to the engineer, but which cannot be here described, often cause the loss of as much heat as is usefully applied. The first method of waste, in good engines, will often lead to the loss of three-fourths of all the heat of the steam that is supplied to the engine. The enormous waste to which the steam-engine is thus subject is reduced by steam-jacketing—by the covering of the engine cylinder with a jacket in which steam from the boiler is kept, in order to sustain the temperature of the internal surface of the engine—by superheating, and by high speed of the engine. The direct means of securing economy are increasing the steam pressure, with corresponding increase of the range through which the steam is expanded, and the reduction of losses of power in the engine and its machinery of transmission, including the screw propeller. The extent to which these several means of rendering the engine more effective and economical and useful, largely determines to what extent gain of speed at sea can be secured. It is further evident that the lighter and stronger the engine and boilers can be made, the higher the speed of vessel attainable. It has been often

proposed to replace steam by some other fluid; but it is well known to men of science that the gain to be anticipated is theoretically *nil*, and engineers familiar with the steam-engine are well aware that not only are there no practical advantages of importance to be gained, but that many decisive practical objections exist to every other known fluid yet discovered and used in a heat-engine, in competition with steam.

The present state of the art may now be perhaps understood, and the probabilities of important advancement during the next generation may possibly be gauged with some degree of satisfaction. The steamer "Oregon," of which the name is now as familiar as a household word, may be taken as representative of the condition of the art at the commencement of the year 1886. She was a vessel of about 7,500 tons measurement, of 12,000 horse-power, and could, in a smooth sea, make about 20 knots (24 miles) an hour. The trip across the Atlantic was made in less than six and a half days. Her length was 500 feet, breadth of beam 54 feet, and depth of hold 38. The "America," a less noted, but no less wonderful vessel, is of 6,500 tons burden, 9,000 horse-power, and of very nearly the same speed. The smaller ship would seem to be the better illustration of the highest success in this direction. The "Servia" is 530 feet long, 52 feet beam, 44½ feet depth, and of 8,500 tons burden. Her power is nearly equal to that of the "Oregon," and her speed something less. A still later example of the best modern naval architecture is the "Etruria," a ship of 520 feet length, 57 feet beam, 41 feet depth, and 8,000 tons measurement. Her speed is about the same as that of the "Oregon," but she is a larger, steadier, and perhaps better ship. Ten such ships, placed stem to stern, as will be seen, would form a line one mile long.

But the most extraordinary performances, from the point of view here taken, are those of the steam-launches and torpedo-boats built in the United States and Great Britain within the few years covered by the construction of the ships just described. The Herreshoff yacht, "Stiletto," made more than 25 miles an hour not long since, and "showed her heels" to the "Mary Powell," the fastest river steamer, probably, in the world. A torpedo-boat built for the British Navy has made 20.14 knots

an hour, and another 21 knots, while still another is reported by its builder, Mr. Thornycroft, to the British Institution of Civil Engineers as having made 22.01 knots ($25\frac{1}{2}$ miles) an hour. These little craft are but 80 to 100 feet long, and of but 30 or 40 tons weight, including hull, machinery, and all. Their performance has excited the wonder of engineers as being enormously beyond anything yet attained by the larger vessels, the difference in size being considered.

Without attempting to assign a limit to the progress of naval construction in the coming years, we may be permitted to ask what might be done with a ship of a size now regarded as perfectly practicable, giving it the lines now regarded as the best for its maximum speed, a hull of minimum resistance to the flow of the water past it, and driving it by engines equal in economy, power, lightness, and general efficiency to the best yet designed and applied, and availing ourselves of every known means of securing the best result in the attempt to attain the highest velocity possible by these familiar methods, while yet retaining the conditions demanded of the fast transatlantic steamer.

It was asserted by a distinguished man of science, forty years ago, that no steamship could be made to cross the Atlantic because of the impossibility of carrying sufficient coal to supply the engines and boilers for the voyage. The prophecy was proved false almost as soon as it was uttered by the appearance in New York harbor of the "Great Britain," the pioneer of the Cunard Line, after a passage of 14 days and 9 hours, and of the little "Sirius" beside her. A more credible recent prediction was made by a well-known naval architect, Mr. Robert Duncan, in 1872, who stated that he anticipated that, before the end of the century, we should see crossing the Atlantic the ferry-boats of the ocean, 800 feet in length. The "Great Eastern" was 680 feet long, and the difference between that length and 800 feet is not now to be considered very great. Let us assume that such a ship may be constructed, the question arises, What would be her maximum possible speed?

A steamer 800 feet in length, 80 feet beam, and of 25 feet draught of water, would weigh, complete and in sailing trim, about 38,000 tons, if given what may be considered as the best

form to-day known for maximum speed. The fast ships of to-day exert about one and a half horse-power per ton to reach a speed of 20 sea miles an hour. With some little improvement, such as may be safely anticipated before the close of the century, this figure may be reduced somewhat, and a larger ship will have some advantage. Our later "Leviathan" may be expected to demand about 35,000 horse-power at 20 knots. We will, however, aspire to 40 knots (about 47 miles), or a speed of nearly one statute mile per minute. At this enormous speed she would cross the Atlantic in about 80 hours, or less than three and a half days. The power required would be calculated to increase as the cube of the speed; but it is, in fact, found that the law often becomes more favorable at these higher speeds, while a speed of 40 knots economically corresponds, according to what are known as "Froude's laws," to about the speed of the torpedo-boats, which latter are found to have reached a velocity well beyond the point of change of the ordinary law of resistance. We may take the probable power demanded as not far from 250,000 horse-power.

The weight of the steam machinery of vessels of various classes varies greatly, the maximum being several hundred pounds per horse-power, and the minimum falling, in the faster torpedo-boats, to a little above 50 pounds, while the yacht "Gitana" gives a still lower figure, 43 pounds. Progress beyond the latter point must be exceedingly slow, if we may judge by present appearances. These figures are partly attained by the sacrifice of efficiency, and we may perhaps fairly consider 60 pounds as the minimum to be calculated upon for this generation. Our machinery for the new ship will thus weigh about 7,500 tons. The fuel consumed by the most economical of known engines is much less than by the large steam-engines of the transatlantic "liners;" but we may take the lowest figure for to-day as a fairly probable figure for this case. This is $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of good fuel per horse-power and per hour, or a trifle less; and our ship will burn about 175 tons of coal an hour, 3,200 tons a day, and 10,500 tons for the voyage. The total weight of fuel and machinery will then be about 18,000 tons, leaving 20,000 tons for weight of ship and cargo. The hull of such a steamer, as now con-

structed, would weigh about one-third the total "displacement," or 12,000 tons. The introduction of steel and the improvements to be effected in construction will probably somewhat reduce this weight; but it is not likely, so far as can be seen to-day, that the reduction will be very great. Eight thousand tons and over are left for passengers, crew, stores, and such valuable freight as may be taken.

It might be questioned whether the propeller of such a steamer could take up and usefully apply such an enormous power; but the experiments already made on torpedo-boats by Mr. Thornycroft seem, in the opinion of that authority, to settle that point. He calculates that a single screw, of less size than those by which this ship would be driven, would be capable of transmitting the power of engines "indicating," as the engineer puts it, about 400,000 horse-power.

Our proposed ship may be driven by "twin" screws. It may be asked whether economy is not to be anticipated, and to a very great amount, by the adoption of higher steam pressures. On this question there is no settled opinion among engineers. It would seem, however, that the gain to be anticipated will be very slight, and that a limit will probably be reached soon. Pressures of 150 pounds and more are already adopted in some cases, and the introduction of the "safety" form of "water-tube" boiler will probably soon permit still higher tension; but the gain of economy from this change is now found to be very moderate, and but little is expected from it by the majority of experienced naval engineers, except in decrease of weight of boilers. The boiler problem is exceedingly important; the weight and volume of the steam generator is a great obstacle to further advance. Increase of piston-speed may help us more. The maximum reached at present is about 1,000 feet per minute; but steam will follow the piston at any speed up to more than one hundred times that velocity. There seems no reason to doubt that the adoption of familiar principles in balancing may permit much higher speeds to be attained. The gain to be expected from increased expansion of steam is apparently not likely to be rapid, or to become very great, in the immediate future. Decreased weight of parts by the more extensive use of steel, and perhaps

by the introduction of new metals and alloys, may prove helpful; but nothing positive can be said of this as yet. We certainly are not yet in a position to expect much. The gain by improved forms of hull, and by expedients looking toward the reduction of the friction on its exterior, cannot be expected to be important. Thus the question of increasing the speed of ocean travel seems likely to resolve itself into one of practicable size of vessel, and this means simply a question of cost and financial return. If higher speeds will "pay," higher speeds will be reached by the construction of larger ships. The limit is likely to prove mainly a commercial one for generations, so far as we can now see. To-day the fastest ships do not pay expenses, and the limit is reached in this direction. When more passengers and more precious freight can be found to pay for faster ships, faster ships will be built. The skill and knowledge of the engineer and shipbuilder will keep pace with the demand, so limited, far beyond any point that we can to-day perceive.

The wonderful effect produced by the application of human ingenuity to the development of inventions looking to the subjection of the powers of nature to the purposes of man, is well illustrated by these results of the introduction of steam power for the propulsion of vessels. Some slight idea may possibly be gained of our advancement in this direction, actual and possible, during a single century, by considering what is meant by the application of 250,000 horse-power to the propulsion of the ship here schemed out. The engineer's horse-power is the equivalent of the work of the strongest known horses when working at their usual rate in the ordinary working day. But the average horse is much less powerful, and it is safe to say that one-horse power, in the steam engine, is equal on the average to at least one and a third times the power of a horse. Then again, the horse cannot work up to his average full capacity longer than about eight hours a day, while the marine steam-engine works continuously, day after day, the whole twenty-four hours, without halt or slackening its pace. Thus the engine horse-power is the equivalent of the operation of four horses, where the work is carried on without interruption. The 250,000 horse-power of the ship of the next century must be taken as the equivalent of the work of

1,000,000 horses. One million horses would weigh about 1,000,000,000 pounds, or nearly 500,000 tons—over ten times the capacity of our ship, and nearly seventy times the weight of its machinery. The food and bedding of 1,000,000 horses for a single day would weigh probably 50,000 tons, or more than double the weight the vessel can float. Were this great herd of horses to be formed into a “string-team,” allowing ten feet for the length of one horse, and for the “clearance” between each two in the line, its length would be nearly 2,000 miles.

The cost of running the ship above schemed out would be probably not less than \$75,000 for each voyage across the ocean; and the passage money of 500 passengers, at \$150 each, would be required to pay this. Each passenger would save about four days’ time, and four days of annoyance incident to the present method of travel; and this must be the equivalent to him for the increased cost. The ship could make a profit on its freight and mails.

It must not be expected that the methods and details of construction which must be learned and applied properly in such a vessel are to be acquired promptly or easily. The problem of proper construction of the engine, or of the propeller shaft, alone, is a serious one which for a time may fail of solution, and may defer the realization of this speed for many years. There are hundreds of problems that the engineer and the naval architect must attack and solve before success can be attained. It may, however, be considered as not at all improbable that those of us who live to the next century may see the Atlantic crossed in less than four days.

R. H. THURSTON.

HOW I WAS EDUCATED.

MADAME NECKAR used to say, "It is never permissible to say 'I say.'" The editor of THE FORUM does not accept this law, designed to protect society from the egotists; or else, with full knowledge of its wisdom, he has deliberately become accessory to its violation. He knows that the writers of the present series, and not the editor, must bear whatever penalty may be incurred.

In answer to a personal defense which I was once compelled to write in the interest of the Church I represented, my opponent reported the number of times I had in my article used the first personal pronoun; and, although this was no answer to my argument, it was quite successful in producing for a moment a feeling of mortification. What a harvest would my old antagonist find in the following pages were he disposed to continue the count! And if Montaigne is right when he says that "a man never speaks of himself without loss," I am certainly running great risk in accepting a commission to tell how I was educated, especially since the report I have to make is far from being creditable to myself, inasmuch as I never was "educated" in the sense in which the term is usually understood. If the editor had asked, with that use of the perfect tense which embraces the past with an extension into the present, "How have you been educated?" or if he had asked, "How are you being educated?" I should have given—well, I should have given the very answer I am now about to pen. And I shall avail myself of this opportunity for saying my say on the general subject of education, as I have come to look at it through a little over fifty-four years of the educational process; and shall try to show how I was delivered from the notion that education is principally a matter of schools and teachers, of text-books, tasks and recitations; and from that other notion that education belongs

chiefly to the early years of one's life. Reminiscence does not bring my greatest joy as a student, for the present days are by far my best days, since in them I am learning more, and loving more to learn than ever before, since I opened my eyes on the morning of February 23, 1832, in the old town of Tuscaloosa, in the State of Alabama. The theory I have just advanced concerning the extent of the educational process, embracing as it does the whole of a life-time, will justify the wide autobiographical range which I take in the present article.

To state the matter fairly and fully at the outset, I must confess that I have never been at college. The reader can scarcely conceive the grief, made up of regret, discouragement, and mortification which this fact occasioned me through most of the years of my mature life. Even now I sometimes feel the sting of it in the society of college men. It has been my "thorn in the flesh." I have never found entire relief from its sharp prickings in the long list of distinguished men and women in both hemispheres and in all ages—writers, artists, sages, statesmen—who never enjoyed the benefits of college training; nor in recalling the melancholy failure in so many ways of so many men who have been matriculated, educated, graduated, and be-titled by the greatest universities; nor in the "practical" man's notion that classical education unfits a man for business. And certainly, I have never felt the comfortable self-complacency which is sometimes attributed to the self-educated man. The, to me, uncomfortable fact that I never even entered college, I have through all these years honestly faced and deeply deplored. The genuine regret which I have felt has supplied a large part of the conviction and inspiration under which I am now working for the increase of faith in the value of the college on the part of the average American citizen and parent. By voice, by pen, by example, in the ordering of my own son's education and by the Chautauqua service, I have for many years devoted my energies to the cause of the higher education; and I make this statement concerning my relation to the college to place myself with the advocates of liberal culture as against the mistaken and mercenary theory of the utilitarian; and thus I make humble protest against the pitiable vanity of those self-educated men, who, not

content with making boast of personal achievement, depreciate educational advantages which they failed to secure.

Of teachers and of schools, during my early years, I had many. My father was a man of large intelligence, a great reader, a good talker, a born debater, a man of sound sense, sterling integrity, strong religious convictions; of good old long-lived Huguenot stock, training his children to the highest family and social self-respect; tracing his ancestry to the south of France where my great-great-great-grandfather, Levi Vincent, was born April 10, 1676. In early life my father left his birthplace, Milton, Pa., and lived for many years in Alabama. There he met and married my mother—my first teacher, my best teacher, and the inspirer of my life even now, after these thirty-four years of silence. She was beyond most women in all the best qualities of motherhood, and to me, as Richter says, she “has made all other mothers venerable.” With Tennyson I can sing:

“Happy is he with such a mother !

Trust in all things high comes easy to him.”

My earliest recollections of the formal educational methods are connected with a little private school in Philadelphia, kept by a good old woman whose name I have forgotten, under whose care I was placed for a few weeks in 1837, while the family were *en route* from Alabama to the Susquehanna Valley. Then came the administration of a governess, who taught my brother and myself daily in an upper room of our home on the side of Montour Ridge, near the mouth of Chillisquaue Creek, in Central Pennsylvania. She gave us lessons in reading, spelling, numbers, writing, history, geography, and manners. She was as good as we restless boys would allow her to be, and we cherish her memory to this day. How long this *régime* lasted I cannot now remember; but after it came several years of school-life in Milton Academy, the Lewisburgh Academy, the old “Sand Hill School House” at Chillisquaue, and the preparatory department of the Lewisburgh University, under dear old Doctor Taylor and his gifted son Alfred. Later on I spent a

year in Newark, N. J., at the Wesleyan Institute, which closed my career as a formal student in a regular institution.

During these school years I studied all that any boy under fifteen or sixteen was expected to study. I mastered Kirkham's "English Grammar," and Murray's also; I had all the definitions and rules at tongue's end, and much of the "fine print." I could parse glibly. I spent months in thus dissecting Milton's "Paradise Lost," and I nevertheless still revere the poem and its author. I was drilled in Town's "Analysis." I read and re-read the old "English Reader" and Porter's "Rhetorical Reader." I studied Latin in those days, and knew the grammar well; translated the "Reader," "Cornelius Nepos," and "Cæsar;" recited in Natural Philosophy (Comstock's), and in Chemistry and Astronomy. I wrote compositions and made declamations. I got along well with my teachers. They were, with a single exception, kind, and I was studious. I was not a remarkably bright or ready pupil, and, except under one teacher, was never, I think, accounted dull or slow. Of that teacher I have only this to say, that I have made the memory of his injustice and severity serve me well, as they have warned me against imitating him, and have enabled me to warn secular teachers by the thousand against the sad and inexcusable mistakes he made.

I taught school for several terms, beginning the summer that I was fifteen, in a little school-house near my father's house in Chillisquaque. My last school was at Mechanicsville, near Col-raine Forge, in Pennsylvania, in 1850-1851. I loved dearly to teach, and was myself a student while I taught. I may not here, for lack of space, recall the various devices by which I made school-life a pleasurable experience to my pupils and a means of discipline to myself. How well I remember the little grove (adjoining the old Watsontown school-house, in Pennsylvania), a small section of which, in 1848, my pupils and I inclosed with a rustic fence and provided with seats, thus creating a miniature Chautauqua: there, on pleasant days, in the open air, under the shade of the trees, amidst the singing of birds, we drank in the fresh air of heaven, and studied our lessons with renewed diligence. The warm grasp of the hand and the affec-

tionate allusion to the old school days which I occasionally receive from some former student, make me glad that I ever taught, and make me prize more and more the high, helpful, and holy office of the teacher. Through most of my career as a pastor—from 1853 to 1865—I kept up special classes in Biblical history, geography, and interpretation, and in Sunday-school normal work, prizing the service of teaching as a means of personal intellectual discipline. To teach honestly is to be a student, and that under most favorable conditions; for to teach, one must know; must know more than he expects to teach; must know how so to “put” knowledge as to bring other minds into a receptive and active state toward knowledge; and must himself feel that inspiration which comes from the contact between eager minds—minds eager to know and minds eager to quicken and to communicate.

The chief value of my almost continuous school-life as a student for the first fifteen years, and of my school-life as a teacher for nearly four years that followed, lay in my home-life and its rare opportunities. My father was a reader, and had a small but valuable library which he required his children to use. I sometimes wish that I had owned Scott’s writings in those days, but fiction was not heartily approved in the old home. I read “Robinson Crusoe” and the “Swiss Family Robinson,” Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress” (which my father did not consider a work of fiction), and a few other products of the imagination; but I did read, and that before I was fifteen years of age, “The Spectator,” Gibbon’s “Rome,” Rollin’s “Ancient History,” Pitkin’s “Civil and Political History of the United States,” Plutarch’s “Lives,” Pollock’s “Course of Time,” Young’s “Night Thoughts,” “Paradise Lost,” Thomson’s “Seasons,” Cowper’s “Task,” Pope’s “Essay on Man,” and the general poems of Goldsmith. Among these my favorites were “The Spectator” and “The Seasons.” I not only read but I studied them. Peter Parley’s histories were far more pleasant and useful to me in those days than some of the statelier historical works I was required to read.

My father had given much attention to the matter of correct pronunciation and expression, and made a point of hold-

ing his children to the use of good English. All mis-pronunciations and all "bad grammar" which he detected were condemned, and we, the children, were not only allowed but encouraged to call attention to whatever we thought improper in the speech of each other, and of father himself. To this habit of parental carefulness I owe more for what little knowledge of English I have than to all my teachers and text-books put together. Living for several years in a community where the worst provincialisms prevailed, I was kept to a great degree from falling into habits which it would have been hard in the after-years to correct.

The religious element was an important factor in my early training. My father was a strict disciplinarian and a firm Christian believer. Family prayer twice a day was the invariable rule. Sabbath was a day of public and domestic worship, of songs and prayer, and careful searchings of heart. The work of the week-day in school, in business, and in recreation was on the Sabbath brought to a rigid religious test. In all this there was no harshness or severity; it was simply placing emphasis upon the greatest reality of human life. My mother was an incarnation of consistency, fidelity, self-sacrifice, and serenity. I never heard her speak one harsh or foolish word. She believed with her whole soul in the truths of religion as taught by Jesus of Nazareth, and her daily life was controlled by her faith. Therefore I could never think of education as a mere disciplining or furnishing of the intellect. To my thought, it embraced the developing and ordering of the whole manhood. This was my mother's doctrine, continually reiterated by my father: education without religious faith and life is valueless. To my restless, undisciplined, selfish boy-nature, all this seemed hard and impracticable. To her it was easy, but it was beyond my grasp. Therefore life was to me a struggle, full of divine aspirations and of all too human grovelings, of promise and of failure; and I suffered much from a conscious contrast between the best I dreamed of and the shabby best I did attain. False motives in study hampered me. It seemed to me that I had no right to gain mental power through selfish ambition. Education was my idol, and yet I could not conscientiously give myself wholly

to it. In this atmosphere I was brought up, and my religious reading was determined by it. I read in my early boyhood (before I was fifteen) the lives of Harlan Page, John and Mary Fletcher, James B. Taylor, John Summerfield, John Wesley, William Carvosso, Adoniram Judson, and others of this saintly class.

Nature was full of wonder to me, and wielded a strange influence over my life. The stars, the night-winds, the thunder, the clouds piled up like towers at the sunset, the ripples on the bosom of the river, the dark outline of the Montour Mountain in full view from my home; all these, and everything else in nature, took hold upon me, filling me with unrest and longing, that grew at times into a sort of torture. Everything had religious relations and intimations, and my young life during these earlier years was often morbid and sometimes wretched. I was exceedingly ambitious to be something in the world. I had a degree of faith in my ability, but eternity so impinged on the present as often to make life a melancholy thing. Legitimate recreation, not sufficiently encouraged by my father, seemed to me frivolity; my mother's saintliness all the while appearing as necessary as it was unattainable. This chaotic religious condition may have been (I sometimes think it was) a necessary step in my culture. I repeat the melancholy story not to condemn, but to make defense of early religious education, and to enter protest against the dangerous reaction of these latter days. I do not regret the faithful teachings which brought me thus early face to face with religious verities; but had this discipline lacked the demonstration of the pure and consistent life of my mother, it would have been disastrous in the extreme. Supported as it was by her living example, and by the real tenderness and integrity of my father, I was saved from permanent morbidness, and from the reaction which often comes to a man when the religious instruction of his youth has been a discipline of legality without love, and of dogmatism without the vitalizing and winning power of personal example.

I read in those days many sermons and much theology. I listened to lively discussions between Arminians and Calvinists, Baptists and pedo-Baptists; heard something of Second Advent

theories, and early began to prepare for the ministry to which my mother told me I had been at my birth consecrated.

In 1849 I was licensed to "exhort;" in the same year I received license as a local preacher; and in March, 1851, was appointed to serve as junior preacher on the Luzerne circuit in the old Baltimore conference, with a senior preacher, the Rev. John W. Elliot, in general charge of the circuit. In this my first year of service I did some of the most faithful study of my life. I was nineteen years old; college had been abandoned through the pressure of church influence and of personal conscientious conviction. Whatever I did must be done alone. I rode on horseback over what was called a "four-weeks' circuit," extending from White Haven to Black Creek, a distance of thirty miles. Over the good roads which stretched across the mountains of this coal region I would ride for hours without seeing a house or meeting a traveler, and here I studied diligently. I perused my professional standard, the Holy Bible; read Watson's "Institutes" and Wesley's "Sermons;" prepared sermon-outlines of my own; practiced the delivery of them on horseback among the pines; committed to memory whole pages of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope;" read the "Divina Commedia" of Dante; and studied every page of "The Methodist Quarterly," then edited by the scholarly John McClintock. I especially read and re-read the able series of papers on Comte's Positive Philosophy, which appeared that year in the "Quarterly." I wasted no time; felt myself wholly unfit for the work I was engaged in; wondered if I could somehow manage to break loose from the holdings of what I believed to be Providence, and go to college; struggled day after day with my ambitions; recalled the words and looks of my mother; remembered what my father had written me in 1849: "I rejoice that you seem to have your mind fixed upon being something. Amen. Let it be something good." I had as a public speaker an easy delivery, a good voice, and some pathetic power. My sensible father said to me before I left home: "Do not be deceived by the extravagant praise of weak and ignorant people, and especially of foolish women in the church. Remember how little they know, and what poor judges they are of preaching. Remember that back of the pleasant manner and good voice and

correct pronunciation there must be sound thought." So, among those Pennsylvania forests I would read the articles on Comte's Philosophy, the book notices and editorials in the "Quarterly," and compare my sermons with the strength and wealth of thought, and the vigor of expression on those scholarly pages; and I often imagined John McClintock sitting behind me in the pulpit while I preached. This process not only kept me "humble" enough, but sometimes promoted a state of self-consciousness quite unfavorable to the most successful delivery of my sermons.

I made effort after effort to bring conscience and circumstances into line with my ambition, and to break loose from the active ministry in order to complete a college course. It was all in vain. I finally yielded, but it was after a prolonged struggle. Among my old letters I find two from my father written in 1852, in both of which he touches upon the great source of my trouble. He probes for motive. He urges me to do what seems best. "Could I have my mind fully satisfied," he writes, "that your aim is to glorify God in all this desire for knowledge, then I would say 'press toward the mark.' But if self stands out, then take care. You may become as 'sounding brass' or 'a tinkling cymbal,' with all your learning. Excuse this word of caution." Later in 1852 he writes: "I notice your argument in favor of a learned ministry, but really, my son, the appeal is all labor lost. You are not one whit more in favor of a learned ministry than your father. All he objects to is a dependence upon learning." Here the father misunderstood the son, for the latter never for one moment placed the slightest dependence upon intellectual culture as a source of spiritual power. But it was something for a young man to have the frank, loving watch-care and counsel of so discreet and devoted a father.

The active ministry having been chosen, and all efforts to leave it even temporarily for further educational preparation having proved futile, in 1853 I joined the New Jersey Conference, and was appointed to my first church, at North Belleville, N. J., at the same time taking up the four years' course of preparatory study required by the Church: General history, the English branches, biblical, historical, systematic, and practical

theology, with written sermons and annual examinations. Under this system in those days the candidate might by the grace of sympathetic examiners pass the examinations with comparative ease; but the man ambitious to do faithful work found such work possible, and from the beginning to the end of my four years' course I studied diligently, coveting the most rigid annual examinations that I might have the largest measure of self-respect as a student, and prove to myself at least, what I might have done had the four years' college course been granted.

During my early ministerial life I conceived a plan reaching through the years by which, in connection with professional duties, I might turn my whole life into a college course, and by force of personal resolve secure many benefits of college education. I remembered that the college aims to promote, through force of personal resolve, the systematic training of all the mental faculties, to the habit of concentrated and continuous attention, that the mind with its varied energies may be trained and thus prepared to do its best work, subject to the direction of the will; that it cultivates the powers of oral and written expression; that it encourages fellowships and competitions among students seeking the same end; that it secures the influence of professional specialists—great teachers who know how to inspire and to quicken other minds; and that it gives to a man broad surveys of the fields of learning, discovering relations, indicating the lines of special research for those whose peculiar aptitudes are developed by college discipline; thus giving one a sense of his own littleness in the presence of the vast realm of truth exposed to view, so that he may find out with La Place that "what we know here is very little; what we are ignorant of is immense."

The task before me was to secure these results to as large a degree as possible: mental discipline in order to intellectual achievement, practice in expression, contact with living students and living teachers, and the broad outlook which the college curriculum guarantees. This aim, therefore, for years controlled my professional and non-professional studies. It was constantly present in sermonizing, in teaching, in general reading, in pastoral visitation, in contact deliberately sought with the ablest men and women—specialists, scientists, *litterateurs*, whom

I could find, especially those who had gone through college or who had taught in college. I secured from time to time special teachers in Greek, in Hebrew, in French, in physical science, giving what time I could to preparation and recitation. I read with care translations of Homer and Virgil, outlines of the leading Greek and Latin classics, and in connection with an exceedingly busy professional life, devoted much time to popular readings in science and English literature. When thirty years old I went abroad, and spent a year chiefly for the sake of coming into personal contact with the Old World of history and literature, and found double pleasure in the pilgrimage because I made it a part of *my* college training. In Egypt and Palestine, in Greece and Italy, I felt the spell of the old sages, writers, artists, and was glad to find that the readings of my youth and of my later manhood greatly helped me to appreciate the regions I visited and the remains in art and architecture which I was permitted to study.

This meager and somewhat morbid story of a half century of schooling has been told with perfect frankness. Since the struggles of those early years peace has come. The old and apparently irreconcilable conflict between studies secular and sacred has ceased. Life is no longer filled with insatiable longings. I am at school now as a student, every day; and unfinished *curricula* reach out into undefined futures. I shall never "finish" my education.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

MISCHIEVOUS PHILANTHROPY.

THERE is a passage in the "Odyssey" which has always seemed to me especially well fitted to impress the reader with a sense of the change wrought by civilization in our humane sentiments. During the long absence of Ulysses, when it was feared that he no longer lived, a crowd of suitors sought the hand of his wife Penelope. They took possession of a goodly part of the palace in such force that none could drive them from it. Their presence was obnoxious to all, especially to Euryclea, the aged nurse and chief attendant of Penelope, who every day wished them "in Jericho," in whatever form of words that household malediction then found utterance. Ulysses at length returns in the garb of a stranger, so that the only ones to recognize him are his son Telemachus and the nurse Euryclea. Many long days elapse without any sign that the owner of the palace will succeed in resuming his sway. At length one fine morning Telemachus comes to Euryclea and tells her he has something to show her. He takes her to a door in a distant corner of the mansion, throws it open, and bids her look in. An unexpected sight meets the old nurse's gaze. The floor is covered with blood, in which are piled up the mangled and quivering bodies of dead and dying men, transfixed with arrows and bleeding from gaping wounds. In the ghastly features, distorted by the agonies of death, she recognizes the faces of the hated suitors.

What is her first emotion? Does she turn pale with horror? Is she speechless with amazement? Does she scream, faint, and fall senseless to the floor? Not she. She screams, indeed, but it is a scream of joy! The welcome sight infuses the vigor of youth into her aged limbs, and she runs off to convey the joyful news to her mistress. But she is checked by Ulysses, who, covered from head to foot with blood, stands erect upon the pile of dying suitors. He gently admonishes her that she is too boisterous in

the expression of her joy, which, however vividly felt, should remain unexpressed. He then proceeds to inquire whether the maids of her mistress's train are all becomingly dutiful, obedient and pure. She replies that most of them are good girls, but a dozen out of the fifty are faithless and disobedient. "Then bring them to me," commands Ulysses. So she runs off to find her faithless assistants and leads the twelve in a body to Ulysses to share the fate of the suitors.

How fictitious soever may be the characters and events related in the Homeric epics, there can, I apprehend, be no doubt that they were true to nature, as nature was then understood. That is to say, the fancied men, women, heroes and gods, said and did what to the popular mind it seemed natural that men, women, heroes and gods should say and do under the circumstances depicted by the poet. What we learn from the passage just described is this: that three thousand years ago, among one of the most highly civilized peoples then existing, it was felt that if a woman stumbled unexpectedly on the spectacle of the bleeding and mangled bodies of a company of men whom she hated, the most natural thing for her to do was to feel great joy and give loud expression to it. If a virtuous woman had in her charge a company of disobedient and unchaste girls she was merely evincing her high standard of morals and sense of duty in leading them out in a body to be slaughtered like sheep.

The comparison with the modern woman will be unconsciously made by the reader in the very act of reflecting upon the inconceivability of the character just pictured. Scientific investigators tell us that there has been no material change in the bodily structure or mental make-up of the human race since the earliest periods of which we have reliable evidence. But there has certainly been a wonderful evolution of the sentiment of love for man. All that can be doubtful is whether it is born in the new race, or is a result of the early education of civilized children. As I have looked upon a modern little girl, full of the tenderest feelings, sympathizing with poor puss in her imaginary sufferings, and rejoicing with her when they had passed, I have wished that Professor Huxley or some other authority could tell me whether, if this same little girl had been brought

up under the care and with the surroundings of Euryclea, she could have looked unmoved upon the most harrowing scenes of bloodshed and death.

There is much in modern life to prove that the philanthropic sentiment we have just noticed has not penetrated so deeply into human nature as we might at first sight suppose. One of the common features of modern, as of ancient war, is congratulation over the number of the enemy who are killed. The historian of our late Civil War will probably find more than one case of a general who, when his ability and energy were called in question, boasted of the professional skill with which he had brought his cannon into such effective action as to mow down the enemy by hundreds. Now what did this imply? That his professional skill sent to many scores of women the news of their widowhood; that it carried to the ears of hundreds of little children the appalling words, "Papa is dead!" Were there any property of sound by virtue of which after every battle the wailing of the enemy's widows and the weeping of his children should be conveyed to the ears of every commanding general, I think war would soon cease.

Let me not be misunderstood as suggesting the introduction of philanthropic sentiments into war. One of the worst features of war is that mercy is cruelty. The more effective the weapons of death, the more merciless the discipline and the more deadly the onset, the smaller the number of widows and orphans which war will make. I recall two narratives, one of them perhaps fictitious, which have made a profound impression upon me, as they probably have upon the reader himself. One tells us how Frederick the Great was once passing through his camp after an hour at which he had ordered all lights to be extinguished. Finding one solitary light still burning, he entered the tent, where he found an officer just finishing a letter to his wife. "Stop a moment before you seal the letter," said he, "and add a postscript that before she receives the letter you will be dead—shot for disobedience of orders." The other incident has been celebrated in a poem to which thousands have listened in our principal cities, setting forth the clemency of President Lincoln in pardoning a sentinel who was sentenced to death for

sleeping on his post. The unreasoning character of our sentimental philanthropy is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the very sequel which rendered the clemency nugatory was made to give beauty and effect to the narrative. As a matter of fact the pardon was an act of cruelty, because, taking the general average, several lives will be lost for every pardoned sleeper on his post. The only good feature about it was that the man's life was saved. But he was afterward killed in battle, so that the final result was just as bad as if he had been shot at once. So long as we are to have war, so long will Frederick's policy be the more humane of the two.

There is no doubt that the love of man is developed in a high degree by our civilization. But there is one feature of this love which permeates all society, and which effectually prevents our giving it full practical effect. If we examine the matter closely we shall find that the action to which our philanthropic sentiments prompt us is not always guided by reason towards attaining a definite end, but is too often a mere blind impulse called forth by something which chances to strike our senses or command our attention at the moment. We know very well that within these United States, during the past year, a hundred men have met shocking deaths, and we know that a hundred more will have a like fate during the year to come. That knowledge, fortunately for us, does not cause the slightest disturbance of our nervous systems. But should we happen actually to see one of these deaths the shock would be terrible. Let us go through a wholesome course of self-examination on this point. Would the shock be terrible simply because we are philanthropic? I am not quite satisfied on this point. Since we cannot help the man in any case, why should our philanthropy be more shocked by a death we happen to see than by one we do not see? If old Euryclea and a modern lady were both accidental witnesses to the sudden death of a man who was cut in two by a circular saw, the one would stand unmoved while the other might faint away. It would take a long time to make it clear to Euryclea how any form of benevolence, or any desire that men should not suffer death by circular saws should make a lady faint.

Suppose, on the other hand, the two women saw a man about

to fall over a circular saw, and in such a position that he could be saved only by the promptest action on their part. In this emergency Euryclea would probably be the more prompt and effective of the two in her efforts to save the man, because there would be danger of the other being paralyzed by fear. In a word, this sentiment which civilization has evolved is not pure philanthropy, but is rather philanthropy mixed with a susceptibility of the nervous system to certain affections, produced by the sight or knowledge of suffering. Were it guided entirely by reason, it would still stimulate us to beneficent acts. But unfortunately the sentiment is, for the most part, moved by what we happen to see, whereas reason tells us we ought to act upon what we know, no matter whether we see it or not. The only real philanthropy is that which is directed to the diminution of the sum total of human suffering. To form an idea of the proper field for its effective exercise, I must ask the reader to undertake the unattractive task of trying to form a conception of the continuity of human suffering as a whole.

Since the beginning of recorded history there has never been a moment in which tens of thousands of human beings were not suffering intense pain as the result of acquired or hereditary disease. There has been hardly a moment in which some innocent person has not been in mortal terror from the threats of a ruffian, or suffering pain from injuries inflicted by criminals. The stars have never ceased to shine upon the spectacle of ruffians begetting other ruffians, to curse the society of the coming generation. Human suffering is to large extent a continuous chain through the hereditary transmission of qualities, and their perpetuation by education—criminals bringing forth and educating young criminals, sick bringing forth other sick, worthless and demoralized bringing forth other worthless and demoralized, and teaching them vicious practices. If, a hundred years ago, the angel who smote the hosts of Sennacherib had returned to earth and destroyed all the wicked, violent, and permanently diseased of our race, our society would now be materially better than it is. Among his victims would have been Margaret Jukes, that mother of criminals in New York State, whose progeny has been such a curse to the country.

Looking at this chain we see by the eye of reason that the way, and the only way, to weaken it is to attack its numberless links, one by one, by adopting every possible measure against the procreation of the criminal, diseased and worthless classes, by preventing children being educated in vice, and, in so far as they must be so educated, by preventing that vice from descending to posterity. Are our efforts really directed in this way? Let us look at the tendencies of modern society and see how this is.

Liberal sums of money for the benefit of the poor are contributed by our churches. A typical object of their charity is a poor widow who has two little children and can find nothing to do. A little examination shows that were she disposed ever so much to work she could find nothing more remunerative than sewing shirts at a few cents each for some clothier. Inquiring what she could possibly earn in this way, it will be found that a whole week's earnings would not buy her more than a dozen loaves of bread, a few ounces of tea, calico to make her children new dresses, a few quarts of milk, a pound or two of meat, and a ribbon for her bonnet. Forcing her to work for so miserable a pittance would be too cruel to think of, and her benefactors forthwith contribute all the funds necessary to support her and her children in idleness. Are they cutting a single link in the chain of human suffering? I trow not.

Let us now take another case. An era of hard times comes upon us; thousands of poor laborers are out of employment; one of them goes to the office of a public charity for aid. This charity is extremely careful to bestow its favors only upon worthy recipients, and therefore subjects the applicant to a thorough examination. In the typical case he is a man who has worked a little at various trades and become proficient in none. Perhaps he had recently got employment at low wages as a painter and thought he had a good job upon a house. But some member of the Painters' Union went to the contractor and forbade the employment of the man unless he was paid full Union wages. The boss replied that he was not worth full wages, and so had to discharge him under penalty of being boycotted by the Union. The poor fellow at last found a boss not under control of a union; but he wanted the applicant to

guarantee that he would not injure the material with which he had to work. The man could not satisfy him on this point. In fine he could find nobody who would employ him as a matter of business. There were perhaps a few people who would give him starvation wages until he could find something better to do, but it would be entirely beneath his dignity and manhood to accept starvation wages.

A critical comparison of the starvation wages with the prices of the necessities of life will show that with one week's such wages he can buy all the bread he can eat, a few pounds of beef, a pair of second-hand pantaloons, a pair of stockings, and seven nights' lodging. To force him to work for such compensation cannot be thought of, and so the charitable association supplies him with a free breakfast. Does it weaken a single link in the chain of human suffering? I trow not.

Then cannot society by organized action of some kind promote the happiness of the race? Undoubtedly it can by the simple method of attacking in every way the chain of human suffering. Every child which it rescues from a life of disease and vice, and trains in the way to health and morality, is a link broken in the chain. For every ruffian who is either put to death, or so secluded that there shall be no danger of his reproducing his like or teaching others his ways, there is one link less in the chain. For every boy who is allowed to grow up on tobacco and dime novels a new link is forged in the chain. If the laboring classes who under the improved condition of modern society can earn their living with so small an expenditure of energy, apply the energy thus saved to their own improvement, they benefit the society of the future. If they waste it in self-indulgence they increase the suffering of future humanity.

These considerations make clear to us how, if at all, we may gratify our philanthropic sentiments by actual contributions to the good of our fellow-man. The training of the neglected young and the suppression of the vicious of all ages are the objective points toward which our efforts should be directed. Our orphan-asylums, for example, should teach and train their wards for the proper performance of duty in the stations in life which they will be called upon to fill. The mechanic arts,

especially those of the bricklayer and carpenter, should be taught to a large body of boys now growing up in idleness.

If any of our readers do not yet clearly distinguish between philanthropic sentiments and beneficial measures, the contrast will be strongly brought out by calling to mind a few familiar facts of recent history, and reflecting upon their tendency. A few years since a half-grown boy was convicted in Boston of a murder whose cool-blooded atrocity amazed all who heard of it, but which was in perfect keeping with the boy's general character. When the day of his execution approached, petitions poured upon the governor, begging that his sentence might be commuted. Were these petitions inspired by philanthropy or by thoughtless cruelty? On this turns the whole question. So far as the mere sentiment which inspired the petitions was concerned, we might call it philanthropy, just as the act of a woman who gives her child a pleasant but unwholesome drug because she does not like to hear it cry, may be said to be inspired by her love for the child. But if we consider the petitions solely with respect to the ultimate effect of the action which they proposed, they were inspired by the most heartless cruelty. They asked the chief magistrate to spare the life of a being who could not be of any possible use in the world either to himself or to any one else, and who might well be the father of a race of murderers to curse our posterity through several generations. It was tender-heartedness begging that a poor tiger running loose in our streets might have his life spared.

The most singular feature of this pseudo-philanthropy is that atrocity seems peculiarly effective in exciting it to action. Many of our readers will remember how the most brutal murderer convicted in New York for many years was during the last few weeks of his life the recipient of delicacies supplied to his table by ladies of the city. The assassin of Garfield is another case in point. Had his victim been a railway porter no one would have objected to the law taking its course. His trial would not have lasted more than a week or two, and it is not likely that any evidence of insanity which could have been adduced would have been seriously considered by the court or jury. But the utter depravity involved in selecting the victim he did was synonymous

with insanity in the minds of many good-hearted men, and months were spent in vainly trying to show that he ought to go to the asylum rather than to the gallows. By a piece of good fortune almost providential, he had a court and a jury whose judgment could not be carried away by such pleas. But the total failure of two months of investigation to show any serious evidences of insanity did not satisfy our humane sentiments. At least one man went so far as to claim that the very act of overtly killing a President of the United States should be considered a proof of insanity; in other words, that the President should be the only man in the whole country whom nobody could be punished for murdering. Up to the very day when the assassin expiated his crime, petitioners appeared before the President begging that the question of his sanity should be reopened.

What was this but heartless, thoughtless cruelty? A very few months of treatment in an asylum would have shown him thoroughly cured of any insanity which might have affected him, and he would have been turned loose upon society to gratify once more his murderous propensities, and perhaps to breed a race of murderers.

The disgraceful prevalence of Lynch law among us is directly traceable to the same sentimentality. When a brutal crime is committed, men are filled with indignation against the murderer. But our laws and court practices are deeply imbued with those kind feelings which are excited by the slow process of a trial and the appeals of counsel for sympathy. To such an extreme do we carry our precautions against any man being hanged who does not legally deserve it, that in many States it is rather exceptional when a murderer suffers execution within a year of his crime. But at the moment when a heinous crime is committed the people of the vicinity justly feel that this long delay is intolerable, and therefore proceed to lynch the murderer instead of giving every possible chance to escape through legal technicalities. They do things better elsewhere. As an example: the diamond fields of South Africa afford about as promising a field for crime as can be found in any of our Western mining towns. But all excuse for Lynch law is done away with by the enactment and enforcement of laws whose Draconian rigor would

scarcely be credible to one who did not reflect that lynching was not to be tolerated on any account. I have no disposition to undervalue the public order which prevails in those communities of our Western Territories where a disturber of the peace is liable to be shot on sight, nor to underrate the chivalrous qualities of the men who shoot him; but I think it would be a great deal better to have in such communities such laws and methods of court procedure as would recognize the necessity for the strict and speedy execution of the kind of justice appropriate to the community.

My conclusion is that our modern humanity, as contrasted with the cool justice of the ancient female who could rejoice at the sight of her dead enemies and lead off a dozen disobedient young girls to be slaughtered like sheep, is not a wholly unmixed amelioration of the human character. We should rather look upon it as the commencement of a revolution which, if it takes the right course, will ultimately lead us to be moved by a desire for the good of the human race at large rather than by our personal horror of bloodshed and death. If it takes the right course, men will have an increasing interest in the progress of humanity, and be less affected by the misfortunes of the individual, especially by those misfortunes which are the natural result of his character and acts. It will take the wrong course if it leads only to an increased sympathy with such cases of apparent distress as happen to meet the eye, unattended by the due consideration of the ultimate effects of relieving the distress.

SIMON NEWCOMB.

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE KEELY MOTOR.

“Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.”

THE Keely motor came into existence—if a purely shadowy and disembodied entity can be said to exist—in the year 1874. The circumstances of its birth did not materially differ from those attending the nativities of countless other delusions, mechanical and pseudo-scientific, which had preceded it. True, its promoters among other things promised to drive steamships and railway trains by the force of a hitherto unknown vapor to be extracted in some unknown way by the motor or machine from an unknown quantity—a thimble-full of water; but there had been in the past an abundance of other machines which were to do much more than this without any water at all; and as for entirely new forces in nature, there were Mr. Crookes's psychic force only four years old and the etheric force of Mr. Edison just ready to leap from the seething brain of that philosopher. What more could the most exacting seeker of novelties in the way of forces possibly desire?

Although the introduction of three brand-new forces into the economy of the universe in a few years was, by some, regarded uneasily as rather a severe strain upon the old principle of the conservation of energy, still there were others who believed that the venerable theory could stand it if the forces could. These people regarded the Keely motor as merely another of those odd crazes which happen perhaps through the working of some undetermined law, like that which possibly controls the movements of meteorites; while, also, like one of those wandering bodies, it seemed likely that the Keely theories on meeting the material atmosphere of the world would presently flare up and disappear as gas. This anticipation has not proved true. To

the confusion of the skeptics, the Keely motor is here; that is, not here but to be here three weeks hence. It has been going to be here three weeks hence for twelve years, and at least if not here in substance now, it is to all intents and purposes here in the "mind's eye"—and in Mr. Keely's.

How are we to account for this persistence? How is it that the Keely motor having witnessed, not only the recurrence of the perennial water-fuel humbug, but also the rise and fall of the Gamgee zeromotor, the fifty horse-power engine driven by one galvanic cell, the Gary magnetic engine, the grasshopper locomotive, metallo-therapy, and the blue glass cure, still remains in 1886 the same will-o'-the-wisp as in 1874, luminous by contrast with the mental obscurity surrounding it, having no rival in that chaos of Cimmerian gloom save the flickering and fitful aurora of the electric hair brush? Why is this?

If the Keely motor were, in fact, a definite mechanism about the working of which there could be two opinions, or if it depended upon some principle of physics about which people might think as differently as they do about the economic use of steam, the natural vitality of the unsettled question might furnish some explanation. Or, if it were even the merest fad of some learned scientist, however much the judicious might grieve thereat, many would put their faith in the man regardless of the thing. But here is neither thing nor man. But there are promises and assertions—plenty of them. Let the Keely of 1874 speak for himself as to these:

"With these three agents alone (air, water, and machine), unaided by any and every compound, heat, electricity, and galvanic action, I have produced in an unappreciable time by a simple manipulation of the machine a vaporic substance at one expulsion of a volume of ten gallons, having an elastic energy of 10,000 lbs. to the square inch." "It has a vapor of so fine an order that it will penetrate metal." "It is lighter than hydrogen and more powerful than steam or any explosives known." "I once drove an engine 800 revolutions a minute of 40 horse-power with less than a thimbleful of water, and kept it running 15 days with the same water." "I propose in about six months (July, 1875) to run a train of 30 cars from Philadelphia to New York at the rate of a mile a minute with one small engine, and I will draw the power all out of as much water as you can hold in the palm of your hand. Why, people have no idea of the power of water! A bucket of water has enough of this vapor to produce a power sufficient to move the world out of its course!"

And then this gem, which deserves a pendant, not from Keely:

"An ordinary steamship can be run so fast with it that it would be split in two."

And how have the promises been kept and assertions verified? The times having ripened for a "boom," a thing typical of nothing but Keely and the scrap heap is concocted. A select few are invited to observe that a little wheel is turned or a hole broken in a bit of leather or a lever tilted. Their attention, it is true, is often directed to the expansive power of a gas, but by illustration only, as when corks, for example, are expelled from bottles of savory contents. The rest is silence until the time comes for the next "boom." So on for twelve years.

And Mr. Keely himself: Twelve years ago he explained all these promises and assertions by saying that vibratory inductions induce inductive vibrations—or something of like effect. He has a larger and more varied collection of words now, but the refrain is the same. Vibratory inductions in 1886 induce inductive vibrations just as they did in 1874; just as they will keep on doing until some one, like the deceived lover of Marjorie Daw, finds out that there never were any vibratory inductions, never any inductive vibrations, no inductions or vibrations at all, no meaning to the gibberish, and in lieu of the Keely motor of his fancy, a "viewless spirit of the wind."

There is no need here to rehearse the many arguments which radically disprove the pretensions of the Keely adherents. The claim is that water can by a machine be disaggregated into a vapor of immense power. It is enough to say that this is a creative act; and it is not given to finite beings other than Mr. Keely to create, but only to change the form of either energy or matter. But abstract philosophy aside, some eighty years ago, a safety lamp inventor, Humphrey Davy by name, undertook to upset this very notion that water contained numerous extraordinary and unknown things. Volta's pile had not long been invented, and Nicholson and Carlisle had only recently stumbled on the strange fact that the slow mild current of the cell could decompose water into its gases. One philosopher maintained that a singular substance which he called "electric acid" was pro-

duced. Another said that the purest distilled water always yielded muriate of soda, and he was so very definite about it that people went to Cambridge to see him, but "no person corresponding to the name and address of the professed author could be found." And then a Professor Pacchioni of Pisa said that he had done the same thing. It is all in the "Philosophical Magazine" of the time, and a muddle of colossal proportions it was. Davy's experiments are classic, and need not be detailed here. One disturbing cause after another was eliminated. When the power of the current was found sufficient to drag the alkalies out of glass, agate vessels were substituted, and when even these appeared to give up acids, gold cups replaced them. Finally it was demonstrated that pure water yields, when torn asunder, nothing but pure oxygen and pure hydrogen. That has been the faith of the world ever since. So that it is not only our settled beliefs in the abstract but in the concrete, that the Keely dispensation comes to destroy.

Now, a power-creating machine of no known form or mode of operation, when based on notions upset eighty years ago, is a wonderful thing; and the promises of its creator are not to be lightly considered. But when these promises are invariably attended by assessments on the elect, ah! "there's the rub." What promises can mitigate the pain of a wounded pocket for twelve years at a stretch? A power-creating machine of no known form, etc., is indeed beautiful and marvelous; but when it also has the staying and impoverishing capability of a mortgage, it becomes terrible. People stand not upon the order of their getting out, but get out at once. Clearly, neither in the motor itself then, nor yet in Keely, nor even in Keely's promises, can the reason for its continued existence be found.

And so we are led to study, not Keely nor the motor, but the followers of Keely, under which generic name may be included that collection of our fellow-citizens who, at one time or another, sometimes greater in numbers, sometimes less, find themselves inoculated with this craze, whether as promoters, manipulators, managers, directors, shareholders or otherwise. We propose to contemplate them in an entirely amiable and friendly way. Somehow we think they are just a little responsible for this—shall we

call it toothache?—in our scientific system. They will observe that the forceps and the turn-keys and the ugly little knives are quite out of sight, so they have only collectively to get into the big chair and whiff the cold vapor—which Mr. Keely will kindly provide—and away they go to that topsy-turvy land where, while we peer at them through our spectacles, they can revel in visions of newer and newer motors doing more extraordinary things than even Keely has yet thought to promise; and all without a penny of assessment on anybody.

It is necessary at the outset to recognize a clear distinction between the people upon whom the Keely craze depends and those who, in a sense, depend on it. We can classify them as follows: 1. The speculators, who buy and sell Keely stock, without regard to actual value, but simply because it is on the market and can be “turned.” 2. Those who derive some direct gain by their connection with the scheme, as in the shape of wages or fees or personal notoriety. 3. Those who invest because others do, without any regard to the merits of the investment. 4. Those who adhere because of an implicit, unreasoning faith.

That those who constitute the speculative class are not true Keelyites goes without saying. They change constantly. They buy stock in anticipation of the perennial boom. The boom comes and they “unload.” In the interval between booms the purchasers figure up losses, and

“Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

Then the process is repeated, and its continued repetition proves nothing, except that the basis for it all remains. So of the constituents of the wage-earning class, as the political economists would call it. So long as their pay continues they are fixtures. Chief among them is Keely himself. The only belief or opinion essential to them is that their emolument shall be enough and on time. When this is not the case they are apt to strike work, each after his own way. Keely generally addresses a meeting of stockholders in a discourse about vibratory inductions, which they do not understand, winding up with a peroration about the necessity for stronger pipes and other fixings, which they do. On one occa-

sion, however, their comprehension of what was expected of them proved so dull that they persisted in subscribing stock in lieu of cash, whereat Keely evinced immediate symptoms of panic, and with the terseness and perspicuity of a telegram said that his salary was overdue.

The unthinking people merely shadow the speculators or the true believers. And thus we can lay out of consideration all three of these classes. They are mere incidents; useful, but not necessary to the advancement of the enterprise. They do not pull on the tow-rope, but they ride the mules.

It follows, therefore, logically, that the true, Simon-pure Keelyite, the fount and the origin and at once the explanation of the whole thing, must exist in the last of our four groups. And hence upon this class our most earnest contemplation must be directed.

If we could collect all of its members, as a Darwin would collect a group of plants, in some secluded place and critically study them, also as a Darwin or a Huxley or a Spencer would do, charting their temperatures, weighing their food, recording their pulses, examining their retinas, and so on, we might perhaps expect to reach some rational theory which, from physical causes, would account for their singular faith. But, even if we should attach to each individual an ophthalmoscope and a thermometer and a stethoscope and a sphygmograph, together with such other special 'scopes and 'graphs as might seem suitable to meet particular needs, and insist on these things being worn on all occasions, still it is doubtful if any reliable result would be reached. What could these instruments do toward aiding us to the coördination of a great mass of merely subjective impressions? There being no demonstrable Keely motor, there can be no objective influences. Even if we went further than this, and denied to each individual communion with his fellows, subjected him to anti-pyretic treatment and to a moderate extent to a monastic discipline modeled on that of the Trappists or the Monks of the Caucasus, it is doubtful if the most distinguished neurologist would discover anything more in him than a new nervous disease. But we are not searching for new nervous diseases, the supply of which, indeed, at the present time, does not seem wholly inadequate to the demand, but for

the cause of the persistence of the Keely motor, through the existence of a certain class of the community which implicitly believes in it. We have a psychological, not a physiological problem to deal with. If, like locomotor ataxy, there is such an ailment as Keely-motor aphasia—a dumb, unexplaining sort of faith—we can safely leave that to the superior judgment of a concurring faculty.

Remembering now that we are treating a subjective impression of a non-existent thing—or, more accurately, let us say an inner consciousness of the possibility of the impossible—we may subdivide the group of Keely followers which we are studying as follows: 1. Those who believe in the Keely motor because they want to believe. 2. Those who believe because they do not understand. 3. Those who believe because they will not deny the inability of “science” to achieve inherent impossibilities.

To the second class, anything which is not understood by them is either non-existent or of immense importance. Inasmuch as they accept the existence of the Keely motor with all the assurance that they do their own, the alternative follows.

We have now to inquire much more closely into the phenomenon before us. We must determine as accurately as may be possible whether the faith with which we have to deal is really a faith peculiar to the Keely motor, or whether it is such a faith as the same classes of people would place in any other mysterious or occult notion with which their intellects might happen to become entangled. Take, for example, spiritualism, and differentiate the two faiths. We perceive at once that if a person wants to believe in spiritualism, there is no logical reason to prevent his gratifying his desire. So also he can believe in the green cheese theory of the moon, or that a red string around his neck will cure nose-bleed. There is no denying the potency of the will in matters of faith. It is the will which becomes the main factor, not the idea believed in. Therefore, however much the exercise of their volition may sustain this type of belief, we cannot regard this class of Keelyites as representative of the pure fundamental variety of which we are in search.

But nobody believes in spiritualism simply because he does not understand it. The spiritualist finds no difficulty in con-

ceiving the possibility of communication with the departed ; and, moreover, there is an immensely powerful element—the supernatural—in his belief which is wholly absent in the Keely faith, and which at once furnishes ground for the most distinct of differentiation. In all the claims which have been asserted in behalf of Keely, not one is based directly on the suggestion of supernatural interposition. Nobody has even hinted that Keely is a wizard. True, when it is maintained that Mr. Keely can set aside a law, and not merely a law, but the very fundamental law of the material universe, that is quite similar to saying that Mr. Keely can work a miracle ; but we do not for a moment believe that the most ardent of Keelyites would fail to repudiate any such idea, and even feel moved to rebuke the proposer as a trifler with the sacred vessels.

The followers of Keely who believe because they do not understand, assert the continuance of the existence of the Keely motor by the simple fact of the persistence of their belief ; and not ideal or subjective existence, but actual physical existence. There is no ideal existence within their conception of which they would not assert perfect comprehension. If they thought the Keely motor to be non-existent, they would not think about it at all. If they understood it, equally they would not think about it. But as it exists in their belief on the one hand, and they cannot understand it on the other, a comparison with their own intellects follows. Fallibility or incapacity on the part of their powers of comprehension is inconceivable. The difficulty cannot be there. The alternative is that the importance of the Keely motor is simply immeasurable. Vast as is the distance of the sun from the earth, even this is too small a unit to express the interval which separates the solar system from certain fixed stars ; but that fact does not for a moment diminish the immensity of the space between earth and sun. One might as well say, they would argue, that the grandeur of Chestnut Street is diminished because Broadway is a great straggling thoroughfare, fourteen miles long.

In marked contrast to this class are those who believe because of their overweening reliance upon the capabilities of "science." Just what meaning they attach to this much abused word is not

clear ; but apparently they accord to science the same attributes which a child gives to fairy god-mothers. It can get vast forces out of a thimbleful of water when the accumulated wisdom and experience of mature years is brought to bear, or turn pumpkins into chariots before the no less imaginative vision of infancy. If the intellect which believes because it does not understand, is a type of the infinitely great—here is its antithesis in the infinitely little. Nature is equally wonderful, whether displayed in myriads of worlds or in the atom.

It is an innocent and confiding intellect withal. In the terse language of Dick Deadeye it "means well, but" it "don't know." It loves to dwell upon the refrain that "science works wonders." It delights in reminding us that many a discoverer celebrated to-day would have been burned as a sorcerer in years gone by, albeit we are left sometimes not altogether without regret that the times have changed. It points out that two centuries ago no one would have believed it possible, with a drop of water in a percussion cap as a galvanic cell, to send messages two thousand miles under the sea ; and thence argues that a steamship may some day be driven two thousand miles over the sea by that same drop. Yet, with the same vehemence with which the before-mentioned class of believers reject the suggestion of the supernatural in the Keely cult, these individuals would deny that a man can lift himself over a fence by his boot straps, that a cake may be had and eaten too, or that two and two make five.

Now, what has the persistence of the thing believed in to do with the three types of faith above considered? Nothing. It is taken for granted. Even if, by the most indisputable evidence, each and every individual so believing were convinced that Keely and his motor had both become resolved into nothingness, that would not trouble their faith. They would one and all say that it had existed, and that if it was no longer *in esse*, it might be at any future time. Its existence, or the perfect possibility thereof to them, remains the fact ; if it happen for the moment to be non-existent, that is the accident.

Consider the moral force of such a faith as this when disseminated through a body of people possessing the faculties requisite to hold it. The very conditions of its being preclude their being

ignorant or destitute of reasoning powers. Even if the members of the first class do not reason, they at least exert considerable strength of will. Add to this faith the knowledge of a sort of martyrdom—the martyrdom of unremitting ridicule or open imputation of sinister motives, always present in the minds of its holders; and still further the periodical recurrence of Keely booms—the renewal of the old promises on the strength of some new concoction of mechanism, contradicting in their minds even the suspicion of physical disappearance; and what more favorable conditions for the continuance of the faith could be imagined?

And thus we find that, despite the non-existence of the Keely motor of Keely's fiction—despite the fact that it never has appeared, despite the assessments, the Keely motor exists in the form of a faith. "Nothing," said an arch-disciple of Keely to the writer recently, "no arguments, no pointing out of inconsistencies could cause my mind to waver an instant in the belief that Keely has made a great and wonderful discovery. To all your attacks I have but the one answer, I know it to be genuine and true. I believe in it with a faith that can never be shaken."

And, in truth, what arguments could prevail against such faith as this? One cannot argue a man out of a faith in which he desires to believe any more than one can argue him into accepting a doctrine in which he does not want to believe. "*E pur si muove*," said Galileo even after the rack; but those who tortured him would have undergone just as much torment and still have held to the contrary opinion. What will convince a person imbued with the notion that science can perform impossibilities, that this is not true, when equally he, by admitting the fact, again in his own belief, thus arbitrarily undertakes to set metes and bounds to the range of all future advancement of the race?

So we reach a reconciliation of the seemingly irreconcilable—on the one hand, no Keely motor; on the other, its persistence for twelve years. Contrasted with a charlatan convicted as such, all other considerations aside, by his own inability to carry into effect, or even semblance of effect, the least of his oft-asseverated promises, stands a band of believers in him and his theories whose faith apparently can no more be uprooted than can the Azoic rocks.

And is not this faith an entire psychological novelty? Purely subjective; for, as we have seen, it depends on no actual physical existence of its object, absolutely free from any supernatural element, fully developed in all its phases from tolerance and acceptance to bigotry and fanaticism, amenable to neither persuasion, reason, nor ridicule, and yet held by people enlightened, intelligent in all other respects, and dwelling in the most practical matter of fact non-visionary community on the face of the earth.

Who shall account for it? Where is the Spencer or the Thomson or the Hamilton who will revise his system of psychology to include its elucidation? Is it a spot of decay in our maturer civilization, or a symptom of retrogression in the midst of evolution? Will it increase or diminish? If it is increasing, what environment nourishes it? Or are the true believing Keelyites really few and far between? For the sake of the immutable sum of two and two, let us hope so. Let us trust that this craze is but an accident of individuals and not a true product of the times; and as for the believers themselves, let us, on our part, cherish the faith that no more is incumbent on us than to

Let 'em alone

And they'll come home—

and even if badly shorn,

Bringing their tails behind 'em.

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOYCOTT.

A WISE man has said, "There is nothing new under the sun." It is not clear in what sense Solomon intended this assertion to be taken. If he meant to say that nature, with all its principles and forces, is the same to-day as it was ages ago, then it is true that there is nothing new under the sun. But throughout all time facts and combinations of facts previously unknown have been continually brought to the knowledge of man, and if we regard these as being new, no one ever made a more untruthful assertion than did Solomon when he wrote the words with which I have begun this paper.

But there are many things that pass for novelties which are in reality almost as old as mankind. The student of history is constantly coming across evidences that the human passions were very much the same in ages long gone by as they are at the present time, and that when, regardless of the rights and privileges of others, man is disposed to be tyrannical or oppressive or to follow the way that he has laid out for himself, he employs means for the accomplishment of his ends which do not differ essentially from those which his ancestors used thousands of years ago.

The boycott is popularly supposed to have been originated in Ireland a few years since, when a certain Captain Boycott, a land agent, having rendered himself obnoxious by the energy and thoroughness with which he performed his duty as a collector of rents, was placed under the ban, and all tradesmen were forbidden, on pain of losing custom, to supply him with the necessaries of life. Captain Boycott is still alive, and at last accounts was high in favor with the very class of persons who had attempted his destruction by cutting off his supplies of food and clothing. His name, however, has been retained as the designation of that

peculiar species of outrage by which the innocent are punished for the real or supposed crimes of others, just as we have the mackintosh, the davenport, the hansom, and the guillotine, so-called in honor of the inventors of these appliances.

There is, however, nothing new about the boycott except the name, though it is very certain that in its beginning it had not the completeness by which it was afterward characterized and which in its revival in our day its promoters desire to give it. Its origin is lost in the mazes of antiquity, but, like many other means for compelling obedience to valid or usurped authority or to just or unjust commands, it has an ecclesiastical origin. It was known to the Greeks and Romans; the Druids practiced it with extreme ferocity; the Jews used it with all the attendant circumstances of horror that a gorgeous ritual diverted from its normal functions is competent to create, as in the case of the philosopher Spinoza, when black candles were made to drip slowly, as they burned, into tubs of blood, while the rabbi cursed, with all the fervor and vehemence of his Oriental nature, the victim of his wrath, amid the cries and groans and contortions of the affrighted congregation.

There is ample warrant both in the Old and New Testament for the boycott as it originally existed, and hence it very soon became engrafted into the Christian Church as an instrument to be used against its rebellious members from kings to peasants. It did not, however, in the beginning concern itself to any great extent with the temporal affairs of the sinner or criminal against whom it was directed. It simply cut him off from the sacraments and privileges of the Church; and in a day when these were considered to be of far greater value than they are now, this was generally regarded as the severest punishment that man could receive in this world. Little by little, however, the force of a decree that was supposed to be more efficient in the next world than in this was lessened, and not a few hardened offenders even went so far as to parody the gloomy ceremonial of "bell, book, and candle" to show how little they cared for the services of the Church, or feared the threatened tortures of the world to come. Then it seemed necessary that additional pains and penalties should be meted out to the recalcitrant member of the

flock, and it was forbidden to his relatives and friends to associate with him, and the curse was extended from his soul to his body collectively and to its several members individually. The ingenuity of man has never been more effectively shown than in the elaboration of the formulas used on the occasions of publicly boycotting (or excommunicating as it was then called) an offender. After cursing him of God, and of each member of the Trinity separately, of the Virgin Mary, St. Michael, St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, and all the Apostles and Evangelists, of all Martyrs and Virgins, and of all that is holy in heaven and earth, it proceeded in this wise:

“Let him be accursed wherever he be, whether at home or abroad, in the road or in the path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in the church. Let him be accursed living and dying, eating, drinking, fasting, or athirst, slumbering, sleeping, waking, walking, standing, sitting, lying, working, idling, —, —, and bleeding. Let him be accursed in all the forces of his body. Let him be accursed outside and inside; accursed in his hair and accursed in his brain; accursed in the crown of his head, in his temples, in his forehead, in his ears, in his brows, in his eyes, in his cheeks, in his jaws, in his nostrils, in his front teeth, in his back teeth, in his lips, in his throat, in his shoulders, in his upper arms, in his lower arms, in his hands, in his fingers, in his breast, in his heart, in his stomach and liver, in his kidneys, in his loins, in his hips, in his —, in his thighs, in his knees, in his shins, in his feet, in his toes, and in his nails. Let him be accursed in every joint of his body. Let there be no health in him from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. May Christ, the Son of the living God, curse him throughout His Kingdom, and may heaven, with all its virtues, rise up against him to his damnation unless he repents and renders due satisfaction. Amen. So be it. So be it. Amen!”

As Lea* says, this would seem to exhaust every possible resource of malediction, but Pope Benedict VIII. was endowed with a capacity for cursing unparalleled in history. Some vassals of a Count of Provence were endeavoring to obtain from him the grant of certain lands belonging to the monastery of St. Giles. This was more than his Holiness could endure with equanimity, but being unable to accomplish his end by any other means, he launched against them the thunders of the Church. After a few generalities, in the course of which he consigned to Satan the wicked men who thus sought to lay

* Studies in Church History. Philadelphia, 1869, p. 337.

their unhallowed and grasping hands upon the possessions of the Church, the Pope proceeds :

“ Let them be accursed in their bodies, and let their souls be delivered to destruction and perdition and torture. Let them be damned with the damned ; let them be scourged with the ungrateful ; let them perish with the proud. Let them be accursed with the Jews, who, seeing the incarnate Christ, did not believe, but sought to crucify Him. Let them be accursed with the heretics who labored to destroy the Church. Let them be accursed with those who blaspheme the name of God. Let them be accursed with those who despair of the mercy of God. Let them be accursed with those who lie damned in hell. Let them be accursed with the impious and sinners unless they mend their ways and confess themselves in fault towards St. Giles. Let them be accursed in the four quarters of the earth. In the East be they accursed, and in the West disinherited ; in the North interdicted, and in the South excommunicate. Be they accursed in the day-time, and excommunicate in the night-time. Accursed be they at home and excommunicate abroad ; accursed in standing, and excommunicate in sitting ; accursed in eating, accursed in drinking, accursed in sleeping, and excommunicate in waking ; accursed when they work, and excommunicate when they rest. Let them be accursed in the spring-time, and excommunicate in the summer ; accursed in the autumn, and excommunicate in the winter. Let them be accursed in this world, and excommunicate in the next. Let their lands pass into the hands of the stranger, their wives be given over to perdition, and their children fall before the edge of the sword. Let what they eat be accursed, and accursed be what they leave, so that he who eats it shall be accursed. Accursed and excommunicate be the priest who shall give them the body and blood of the Lord, or who shall visit them in sickness. Accursed and excommunicate be he who shall carry them to the grave and shall dare to bury them. Let them be excommunicate and accursed with all curses if they do not make amends and render due satisfaction.”

Here we see that the maledictions were not confined to the presumptuous offenders against the dignity of the Church, but that innocent persons, some of whom may have had no relations whatever with the principals, were consigned to the vengeance of the Deity. For not only were the wives and children of the rebels sent to perdition, but even entire strangers who may have eaten of food that the criminals had left on their tables or thrown upon the ground, came in for their full share of execration. Clearly, our modern boycotters have much to learn from the study of the forms in use by their forerunners.

This fulmination was launched about the year 1014, but it was not by any means the first example of an extension of the pains of excommunication from temporal to spiritual matters. In

the year 380 was begun the publication of the Imperial Edicts against heresy, and in the very first of these excommunication was declared to carry with it not only exclusion from spiritual benefits, but to impose certain temporal disabilities of a very unpleasant, not to say fatal character, if enforced according to the strict letter of the rescript. It was forbidden to give excommunicated persons food or drink, or shelter from cold or heat, and the attention of the civil authorities was specially directed to them as being without the pale of the law; certainly as dangerous individuals to be watched and to be isolated so far as might be possible from the rest of mankind. When the Pope excommunicated Robert II. of France, he, as was usual in such cases, absolved all subjects of the king from their allegiance. Everybody avoided the anathematized monarch, his courtiers fled from his presence, his guards deserted, and but two servants of all his retinue remained faithful to him. These, however, were so greatly terrified at their own faithfulness that they broke all the vessels from which the king ate or drank, and threw the fragments into the fire. Boycotting has gone very far in our own day, but no manufacturer or railway president was ever placed in so unpleasant a predicament as was this king when he was boycotted by the Pope. In addition to all the spiritual and temporal misfortunes to which he was subjected, it was currently believed that through the power of the curse imposed by the Pope a child was born to him that had the head and neck of a goose.

We have seen how in excommunication the innocent were at times punished for the guilty; but such limited extension of disabilities was soon found by bishops and popes to be often inadequate for accomplishing the object they had in view, which was primarily to bring the rebellious son of the Church to his knees. Accordingly, when a great noble or a king was the offending party, not only was he excommunicated, but his county or province or kingdom was placed under interdict. This consisted in the closing of the churches, the suspension of public worship and of all the sacraments of the Church, except that of extreme unction given to the dying. There were no marriages and no burials in consecrated ground. The superstitions of the people were so deeply rooted that burial in any other ground than that made

holy by ecclesiastical blessing was impossible, and thus the dead lay in the houses or on the roadside to putrefy and give out pestilential emanations to the living.

This was boycotting on a more extensive scale than any of the modern practicers of the process can hope to reach, and the decree was enforced with a degree of efficiency far in advance of modern powers. Nevertheless, the victim often held out with an obstinacy remarkable under the circumstances. Philip Augustus of France resisted for about nine months, and John of England for over three years. Yet they had all the prestige and might of the Church against them externally, and divided kingdoms at home. Eventually, however, each succumbed, and made abject submission to the successor of St. Peter, chiefly, in all probability, not because of any fear of the Pope, but for the reasons that the one had tired of the woman he had taken to wife, and was ready to accept any good excuse for sending her away; and that the other no longer took any interest in the matter that had provoked the pontiff's anger.

We see, however, that though the power of the boycott was strong in those days, the ability and the disposition to resist were also strong. Is it to be supposed that if in our own time the boycotters and the boycotted should be fairly pitted against each other the power of human endurance would not be as strong now as it was in former times, and with very different results to the boycotters? It is to be borne in mind that when a pope placed a kingdom under interdict he had all the rest of the civilized world on his side; he had nothing to lose, his revenues were not perceptibly diminished, his power was recognized by all other nations, and even by the one placed under interdict. It is far different with modern boycotters; the more extensively they boycott the more thoroughly they strike at the power they imagine they are upholding. They injure one man perhaps, and they bring destruction upon hundreds of their own class. They are very much in the position of the belly and the members in *Æsop's* fable: the arms, the legs, the mouth struck, so to say, against the belly, and refused any longer to administer to its wants, regarding it as a pampered wretch that lived only through their ministrations; but they very soon discovered the folly of

their course and were glad enough to resume their old relations.

And occasionally it happened that even in those remote times the boycotters were boycotted. The excommunicator and his adherents were not allowed by the communities whom they had placed under interdict to buy or sell in their towns, to grind corn in their mills, to bake in their public ovens, to travel over their roads and bridges, to draw water from their wells and streams, or to cut wood in their mountains. Thus it happened that under the temporal penalties which the victims were sometimes able to impose, the boycotters were glad enough to withdraw the boycott. They found that they had taken a two-edged sword into their hands, and that the blows they dealt out recoiled upon their own heads. But, notwithstanding the great power which popes and bishops exercised and the number and severity of the misfortunes to which they were able to subject the people by the use of the boycott, this institution fell into disuse. The interdict is no longer heard of and excommunication has ceased to carry with it any temporal penalties. It is very certain that this power would not have been renounced if it could longer have been exercised with advantage. To revive it in our own days is a barbarism and an anachronism. Can it be doubted that the result will be the same in regard to the modern boycott as that which attended its prototype?

Conceived in unreasoning passion, brought forth in ignorance and reared in disregard of the rights inherent in humanity, it is doomed to destruction. It is an attempt not only to injure directly a supposed guilty person by those who imagine they have a cause for grievance, but at the same time to make others who have no interest in the quarrel take sides with the boycotters; and thus the boycotters not only harm the object of their wrath, but actually inflict damage on themselves and on innocent persons dependent on them for the opportunity to labor for their own subsistence. When most successful it is most detrimental to the very class it is blindly supposed to serve. No more complete examples of ignorance, folly and tyranny are to be found in the history of the human race outside of those ecclesiastical prototypes to which reference has been made, and

there cannot be a doubt that as they went down before advancing civilization the modern imitations will share a like fate. Already there are indications that the boycotters will before long be boycotted. One wrong, however, never justifies another. It would be far better for legislatures to pass stringent laws in relation to all such conspiracies against the welfare of society, as is the boycott, and to punish with due severity their promoters. At the same time something ought to be done with the miserable cowards who, at the instigation of a set of ignorant fanatics, lend themselves to the work of boycotting a person who has done them no harm. Perhaps no law could be so framed as to reach them without imposing harsh restrictions on the innocent; but all liberty-loving persons with a spark of true manhood in their hearts should regard such wretched slaves with the contempt and detestation they deserve, and should make them feel their shame in the only place they would be likely to experience such a sensation—their pockets.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

THE PSYCHICAL WAVE.

TRUTH is terrible. She will have her way. One law is as inexorable as another law, and the mind that fails, from infatuation with one, to keep in relation to another, is brought up short, somewhere, by the very constitution of things.

One thinks of this not for the first time nor for the last one, but explicitly, in watching the course of the current of progress with which it is our fortune to be contemporaneous. No alert observation would deny that the class of phenomena which, for lack of a wiser term, we have taken to calling psychical, has come to the front of thought. That it is no longer a sign of culture to ignore the inexplicable—this is understood. The ghost is not now remanded to the nursery; he is invited to the library. Coincident dreams are not scouted into the servants' sitting-room; they are respectfully bowed over to the metaphysician. Mesmeric miracles and clairvoyant marvels and the problems of the trance, are not henceforth to be left to the "Banner of Light;" they are straightway tabulated and dispatched to the learned societies for psychical research.

The force which makes a parlor table rise half way to the ceiling, with a child on top of it, or the mystery which qualifies a stranger in a back street to tell you at first sight the name of your dead, or the secret of your heart, is no longer relegated to the logic of the medium, or the oratory of the strolling charlatan. It is lifted to the desk of the scholar; and the scholar has accepted the trust. Believers in what are called spiritualistic phenomena—an army estimated at from two to ten millions in this country alone—are building from their end, and in their way, about a volume of mysterious facts which, at the other end, and from another fashion of approach, commands to-day the attention of liberal scientific men on both sides of the sea. The thing has overflowed the culvert of superstition; it has gone above the level of what we call a craze or a fash-

ion. It has reached the dignity of an intellectual current. All momentum has its equivalent force. What is the philosophy working beneath the psychical wave?

When Herbert Spencer wrote the famous pages which he entitled "The Rhythm of Motion," he gave to the busy world which has no time to be scholarly, but which is eager to follow the trail of scholarship too great not to be comprehensible, a phrase for which we are all deep debtors. This term expresses better than any we have the use of, the nature of one of the most powerful laws known to the universe—the law of vibration. Every created thing oscillates; this is the amount of it. Though we wrought ourselves blind to ask the reason, we have not to go beyond the timing of our own pulses to learn the fact. The petty beat of the pendulum in the kitchen clock sways within the majestic diurnal revolution of the globe. The wave ebbs upon the shore; the tide flows beneath the moon. Your telephone message is a shallop set adrift upon the ripples of sound. Poetry uses no metaphor when it speaks of the floods of light. If a child draw the tip of a pencil lightly across a paper the line will be undulatory. If a cannon-ball were uninterrupted by any impeding body, it would return to the spot whence it started. A baby's cry rises and drops from insistence to subsidence. An American storm, spanning the continent from Montana to Maine, begins as a "blizzard" and ends as a zephyr. A weed growing at the bottom of a brook undulates. The use of the telescope teaches that every pulsation of the heart jars the room. Both lateral and vertical oscillations beset the motion of a railway train. The songs that muse of "winding rivers" sing above the law of conflict between the current and the channel. A leaf trembles in the wind, and the climate of the earth is affected by changes of position "taking twenty-one thousand years to complete." Sleep visits the blessed once in twenty-four hours, and awful periodicities control the jaws of earthquakes which swallow cities. An intermittent fever and a variable star obey the same authority. Sunrise and sunset, season and season, life and decay, are the throbs of one mighty circulation poured from an unseen Heart.

These things we are taught as the alphabet of modern philosophy. We are taught that the law leans over, far beyond the scope of physics; that the human mind, like the ultimate atom, serves the large decree; and that human experience itself is a slave to the eternal rhythm. We are reminded that grief and joy and hope and anguish alternate as much as the budding and the fading of a wind-flower. We are asked to observe that misery has its paroxysms as well as neuralgia; and that mourners smile because they have wept, and weep again, since they did smile. We are reminded that crime and pestilence pulsate in epidemics across the globe. We are called upon to record the throbs of the pendulum of history, whose swing sweeps from civilization to ruin, from the people to the throne, from tyranny to riot, from confusion to order, from morality to madness, from atheism to bigotry, from despair to faith.

We are asked, in short, to see for ourselves, by a review of that close collation of facts which the philosophy as well as the science of our day delights to honor, that vibration is the condition of motion, and that motion is the condition of life.

But we are asked to remember yet another thing. The figure of the cone of history is almost as old as historical philosophy; but the youngest of our thinkers would fall back upon it, who told us to-day that spiral law holds over or holds into rhythmic law. A thing or a thought works to and fro, but that is not all; it works spirally to and fro. For growth or for decline, to the base or to the apex—in the phrase of modern thought, to evolution or to dissolution—it is in the nature of motion to tend. Rhythm is not a simple affair. It is a complication. There is rhythm within rhythm, motion over against motion; movement double, quadruple, complex—if we do not say infinite, it is because we are too finite to follow the coil.

The vibration of the violin string seems a simple affair of molar disturbance producing sound-waves. Who shall say what was the rhythm started in the soul of the peasant who heard Ole Bull play in a tavern, and, amid the hush of his fellows—moved beyond them all—brought his hand down thunderously upon a table and cried: "*This is a lie!*"

Materialism is not the best word in the world to define an

aspect of modern thought, for which, on the whole, for our purposes, there may be no better. It stands, at least in the minds of most of us, for something definite, in the press of many indefinite views as to the nature or the outcome of a conflict which is sweeping us all along, soldier and civilian, whither we would, or whither we would not. The thing which is represented in a measure by this word has carried a high hand, and had a merry day of it. The age has succumbed to what it has called its tendency as thoroughly as a hearty boy to the measles. We have had it hard. It has been thought a feature of force of character not to believe too much. *Dilettante* doubt has made *bric-à-brac* of the gate called beautiful that guarded the temple. All the iconoclasts of wit and wisdom have hacked at the shrine. To be learned, it has been understood, was not to be devout. In proportion to one's knowledge one failed to believe. It has been the great effort of the time to establish a mathematical equation between an instructed mind and an abandoned faith. The mere holding of certain views has been accepted by a powerful class of thinkers as the tattoo-mark of intellectual barbarism. Did you not know that an immortal soul was old-fashioned? Have you not understood that God is out of date? Then go to. Teach your Sunday-school. Join a female prayer-meeting. Write religious verses. Leave knowledge to science and truth to men.

This has been the spirit of the times, and it must be admitted that it has been a successful spirit. Precious thing after precious thing has crumbled before it. Pearls have been dimmed. Hopes have been hurled from great heights to heavy depths. Daylight has darkened. It has gone hard with us to keep the faith-cells in our brains. Dear beliefs of souls dearer and better than our own have slipped out of our yearning arms as the dead slip into the coffin. Many an honest and earnest man in the last decade or two has lost out of his faith what he would give his life to regain, and call himself happy at the price. Silent hours wrung from busy lives will answer; secrets of reticent hearts will lift up mute faces to the question: Went the day sore with ye?

We have looked on while disrespect for the unseen, in the name of science, has torn at the vitals of everything which makes life worth living, or death a great opportunity. We have

endured while murder in the name of surgery has been done upon the fair body of truth. We have suffered while the sweet reasonableness of human hope has writhed under the scalpel of its vivisectioners. There has been no anæsthetic for that anguish. Ask. Any man will tell you who has known it.

They had their day, and they used it. We learned that we were not men, but protoplasm. We learned that we were not spirits, but chemical combinations. We learned that we had laid up treasure in the wrong places. We learned that the Drama of Hamlet and the Ode to Immortality were secretions of the gray matter of the brain. We learned that guilt was nothing but the law of heredity. We learned that one's pre-historic *amæba* (if anybody) should be blamed for one's private vices. We learned that beyond the fugitive slaves which we call the joys of this life, and the disproportionate pains which are their masters, we had not an expectation. Going hounded down to death, and crying out for the emancipation of eternal happiness, we learned that we had not a hope to our names.

We learned—no, no, thank God, we never learned to lay the beloved of our lives at the bottom of a grave and leave them there. We have never come without a pause to the end of the Apostate's Creed:

"I believe in the Chaotic Nebula, self-existent Evolver of heaven and earth, . . . in the disunion of saints . . . the dispersion of the body, and in Death Everlasting. Amen."

The modern philosophy has at one point prepared itself to fall a victim to its own logic. It has given registered bonds to the law of rhythm. It has omitted to remember that the history of all human belief is the history of oscillation, and that it must itself take its turn and meet its fate, like other human pulsations. The creed of negation, the *cultus* of death, has risen to its crest, and toppled. There came to our ears a wail of despair for the race at which the stoutest trembled. Was it the roar of the ocean of all time? Nay; look abroad; it was but the rustle of a brain-wave on the shore. The time is at hand. The moment of the ebb has come. This is the law. They who took away from us the only hopes that made existence any-

thing else than a stupendous tyranny perpetrated upon a defrauded race, shall see their dark work come surging back from the cap to the trough. This is the law. Long have they taught us the rights of such autocracy. Well have they worshiped the Law of Nature. In the way of social position, they would take nothing less for it than the Throne of God. By the creeds of their own deeds they shall be judged, or there is no conclusion in logic and no unity in history. In an old French picture demons toss a lost soul from one to the other, like a ball. Truth, which fares hard in an untruthful world, meets here a fate as restless. This is the law.

In the parlance of philosophy, we are told that the force embodied as momentum in a given direction cannot be destroyed; and that, even if it disappear, or seem to disappear, it reappears in the form of reaction on the retarding body. The easy illustration of the tuning-fork is used to remind us that "as much force as the finger exerts in pulling the prong aside, so much opposing force is brought into play among the cohering particles. Hence, when the prong is liberated, it is urged back by a force equal to that used in deflecting it."

The materialistic sound-wave has turned. This, he that slumbereth can hear. It will be nothing new in human story if we are called upon to observe that the ebb is at least as great as the flow. The exerting force, we must remember, not only meets its opposing force, it creates its opposing force. This is the law.

It has been written of the father of Goethe that he had no spiritual elements in him by which his weak points could be transformed into strong ones. What is true of a given type of character is true of a corresponding type of belief. In the whole Agnostic direction of motion there lacked the spiritual element by which its weak points could be converted into strong ones, thus to stand out against the crisis of the ebb and be carried over into the next vibration in a form likely to perpetuate the vitality of the last.

I think one may venture the assertion that the ruling philosophy of our day has done nothing more important than the arousing of a tremendous resistance to itself. This resistance

promises to be, at the least, as powerful as the force which it resists. The inexorable rhythm has begun in the motion of thought. A theory should be a gun. It should never shoot without calculating on the recoil. The materialist did not calculate upon the recoil; and the recoil has come. In the hunter's phrase, his weapon has kicked.

It has been said of Lessing that he knew but one system of tactics, which was with fixed bayonet to run his rival through the body. "He made no prisoners. When the work was over there was nothing left of his antagonist." The skepticism of our day has made too many prisoners; and her prisoners are escaping beneath her eyes.

The interesting thing, however, about the whole matter is the point of the compass at which the dungeon walls have been broken. Or, to keep to our figure, it is the direction of motion in which the rhythm has swung. One who has thought up to a certain point on these questions will not hesitate to say that the psychical wave upon which we have been caught, is the outcome—direct, logical and legal—of the physical wave in which we have been buried. This is the law. It has taken an extraordinary form. This is the curiosity.

We have been taught that rhythm is a complication; that there is rhythm within rhythm, motion lateral and vertical, movement on an axis, and movement in an orbit, and movement in a spiral; in short, that oscillation is not a simple affair of two strokes. The vibration may start where it is not expected. The pulsation may hit athwart where logic was not great enough to look for it. This is precisely what has happened.

If any of the priests and prophets of the materialistic philosophy had been told fifteen years ago, while they sat precipitating our souls into a sub-acetate in their laboratories, or offering us little icicles from the Glacial Period to replace the Easter lilies on the new-made grave, that more than one of the foremost scientists of Great Britain would be to-day avowed believers in the psychical nature of obscure phenomena, such as it has hitherto been considered good intellectual form to turn over to the juggler and the medium—but imagination cannot struggle beyond the learned smile with which such a suggestion would

have been bowed out. On the certificate of the scientific world, mad Cassandra would have been incarcerated in an institution offering all the modern improvements in alienism, had she foretold a vibration of thought like that of which this fact is the sonometer.

If there be any class of minds equally with the iconoclasts caught in the web of the unexpected by the sudden and subtle growth of the psychical life among us to-day, it is that of the devotees. The burliest positivist is not more puzzled at the present position than the religious believer. As little as it was to be conceded that men who had been instructed in the physiological basis of life, could ever interest themselves in the conveyance of an impression from one mind to another mind without the intervention of physical media; so little was it to be dreamed that the rescue of faith should be attempted through a table-tipper, or a trance-subject, or an Oriental mystic. Priest and physicist are at one in their perplexity. He who sat down to rest from his labors in the belief that he had slain the chimera of the human soul with his chip-hammer, and he who has been devoutly praying Heaven to arrest the chip-hammer by a miraculous revival of religion, are alike conscious of surprise. It is not within the organism of the church, it is not within the social ranks of faith, that the pendulum has begun to swing. If, because of praying for it, Heaven knows—that is a question for supernatural science to answer—yet not in the direction of praying for it has the pulsation started. Outside of all organism, rank, faith, and direction, the resisting force has sprung. If we were using the military figure, we should say it is a flank movement. From the oscillatory point of view, it is a counter-current. So unique is it, so apparently hostile to undulatory law, while yet so subtly obedient to it, that we might call it a tide-rip.

At any rate, here we are. Carried along upon a roller of reaction from the explicit, the world is well-nigh going over a cataract after the mysterious. Silken society seeks what it is pleased to call the esoteric, as it would seek a new waltz or an original dinner-card. It is *au fait* to be a Buddhist, at least. We hear of a Chela served up for lunches, as if he were the last

new poet, or a humming-bird on the half-walnut shell. A live Theosophist is a Godsend in a dead drawing-room. A brother from the resources of Indian occultism carries us in chains. We urge him to throw a rope into the sky, climb up and take it with him; it is a disappointment if the Axminster carpet does not serve as hopeful a basis for this purpose as his native jungle. Koot Koomi is as familiar a name in polite circles as John the Baptist, and one discusses Madame Blavatsky as one does the Pan-Electric scandal.

What is dubbed the Mind-cure runs riot even among people who really have minds to be cured. One is waylaid upon corners by one's educated friends, and besought to take one's private share of the universal disorder to a woman who sits with the back of her chair against the back of yours, and tells you that there is (like the distinguished Mrs. Harris) "no such a person" as your pet bronchitis, or the sick-headache inherited from your grandfather. It is not to the purpose of this paper to assert or to deny the cures reported to be wrought by this form of mysticism, but only to enumerate the form in its place among the others as significant of the present state of things. In some parts of our country it has had a significance truly enormous and almost incredible.

Telepathy, the new word for the old thing, gives us plenty of occupation. We seek to establish the telephonic connections of the unaided human mind, as eagerly as Professor Bell fights for his right and his patents. Separated friends make appointments to meet in dreams, or to "break-house" from the body, and take twilight journeys together in the liberated spirit. Our sympathetic coincidences are brought out and trotted down the psychical race-course. Our family ghosts are beckoned from their attics and fêted handsomely for the first time in their lives. If we are the happy possessors of a genuine life-apparition, we try the theories of brain-waves upon it, as a costumer drapes a dummy; and, if the garment fits, so much the better for the dummy.

The spiritualistic *séance* has risen from the bottom to the top. It floats upon the smooth surface of society easily. Mediums have their fashions, like bonnets. They are put on or off as the

season or the mode decrees. Personal beauty or a gentle manner goes well to their capital. In parlors to which they are unaccustomed they materialize flowers and play upon invisible violins. Circles strange to the occupation tip tables with the gas down, and shudder when the medium shrieks, or the finger-touches of the invisible stroke the paling cheek.

Beneath these popular amusements thousands of men and women are paying their two dollars a "communication" for messages from their dead, and carrying spirit-photographs happily identified by the mourners in lockets on their hearts.

On the other hand, quietly, and above them all, the students of the subject sit hard at work, tabulating authentic marvels, trying the law of guesses blindfold over a pack of cards, elaborating diagrams of digit-tests, and inventing combined die-throwers and tally-keepers to prove or to disprove the existence of the transference of thought without physical agency; investigating hypnotism, mesmerism, the witch-hazel, apparitions, trances, and the rest of it, in their own fashion and with their own admirable thoroughness; but divided among themselves in what we may call the prejudice of the result, as much as the Church itself is split asunder on the vital differences of religious creed. Thus and here we are. I would not be understood as flinging the toss of a phrase against any of these forms of the prevailing interest in psychical facts; as though one could say of any one of them, the maddest or the silliest, that there is nothing in it. There is something in them all. Let it become the task rather than the whim of the times to find out what.

Now, no one with even the most superficial knowledge of history forgets that this sort of thing has happened, in varying degrees, before. Mystery is as old as life. The medium of New York and the Witch of Endor are of one family. Magic and marvel are as ancient as the fire which came down from heaven and "respected" the burnt-offering of Abel. Cotton Mather took a bewitched girl home to exorcise her, and Mesmer did not hesitate to claim that for twenty years he had magnetized the sun. Superstition has swollen fact and curiosity has gone mad over the phenomenal, many a day, and oft. The world has never been able to get away from the inexplicable and the

unseen. The point of chief interest, now, is that the scientific method meant she should. Its apostles were to have changed all that. Nothing was more to be expected. It was a part of the new Gospel. In depriving us of hope they were to rid us of superstition, and the result was counted worth the cost.

Let it, on the contrary, be noted that the opposite has definitely happened. One would wish to give the emphasis of under-statement to a point like this, in saying that it has been reserved for the scientific age to experience such an uprising of forces not yet amenable to science, hitherto scorned by science, and wholly at odds with what has been the spirit of science up to this time, as must constitute in itself a phenomenon when witnessed in a period of such intelligence and incredulity.

From the last spot where danger was dreamed of the recoil has started. From the very reservoirs of superstition the flood has come. Not of the might of men, not of reason, nor of faith, the current has swung into the channel. From the illegal, the unclassified, from the despised and rejected—as before in the great awakenings of life—the power pours. A Greater than the method of the age is in it. Bound in the flesh of a philosophy without a hope and without a spirit, we see that there has come upon us a deep movement of invisible forces toward invisible truths. This is the motion of rhythm. This is the resistance of reaction. This is the law.

One of the popular romances of the day deftly recognizes these facts in the tale of a city beleaguered by the dead, who drive the living beyond the walls and close the gates upon them, because they have not perceived “the true significance of life.”

Louis Quatorze went one day to chapel and listened to the court clergyman, who, in a moment of forgetfulness, ventured to make the rash assertion :

“We must all die.”

The king made an impatient movement.

“Yes, sire,” hastily interpolated the poor preacher, “*almost all!*”

The chief trouble with the materialistic philosophy seems to have been that we must almost all die. Death is a fact which has not been created for the main purpose of confirming this

philosophy in those more persuasive features by which truth appeals to the human reason. The theory which shuts us into our coffins, screws the lid down, and says, "Now get out if you can!" lacks certain elements of the permanently pleasing or convincing to which mankind are still sensitive.

Death is either a glorious chance or it is an awful outrage. To every hope that leans or leaps beyond it, they shall be bound over who wrenched that hope away from us. Every man who has laid his dearest dead away in the dust and ashes of the spirit of the age, every heart that has known the isolation of a lost belief in the unseen, every uncomforted and comfortless lifting of life out of which faith has departed, every untold pang, every ghastly terror, every bitter tear, all frost-bitten tenderness and reverence and human lowliness of heart, and happy looking for blessed, better things to be—these, all these, to the uttermost, shall go to swell the great receding wave. Force is not lost. The molecular disturbance of despair, when it comes to the ebb, shall go over to form the rising tide of hope.

By this way, or by that, from superstition, or from science, or from faith, or from philosophy, with the impartiality of all profound human movements, the oscillation will take care of itself; but it will come.

We have not all of us the auditory nerve of the great musician who, at the age of four, insisted that he heard the blue-bells ring; but an ear less fine can hear strange harmonies in the restless air to-day.

Seek it as they will—if by sage or seer, though in folly or in wisdom—it is not to be denied that men are concentrating their curiosity, their enthusiasm, and their research upon the preservation of the human soul.

It is impossible to avoid the question: Is this, too, another wave to burst in bubbles on the long shore? But it is reasonable to ask if it may not be the swirl of the whirlpool whose spiral motion (such is the law) fathoms the depths of truth, and, by the protective power of the spiritual element, carries the diver who dares within reach of the buried treasure.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE FUTURE OF SUNDAY JOURNALISM.

THE Sunday paper is closely related to the growth of the press and to the large movement of which the newspaper is the partial expression. This movement is the development of modern society, the appearance of new forces, the more intimate relationships of one class with another in the activities of life. These agencies have brought the press forward and broadened its field. The larger outlook of the nation is impatient of its opportunities for expression in the channels of public opinion. The newspaper is not only the rival of the pulpit in directing life, but immensely its superior for effectively reaching the people; and with the relative decline of the interest in religious services, there is an increasing number of persons who find the Sunday journal more attractive than anything the Church has to offer. The changes in the observance of Sunday and the broadening of the lines on which human life moves forward to-day have prepared the way for the Sunday paper, and largely explain its growth and influence. It has met a want which the evolution of modern life had already created, but it is still in its earliest stages of development, and has been chiefly conspicuous for features which few thoughtful persons can commend.

The clerical view of it has truth and right on its side, and is naturally maintained. If Sunday is the Lord's day, its hours ought to be better employed than in reading papers that are mostly secular in tone and character. The Sunday paper is a wide departure from the traditions of the New England Sabbath; it jars rudely upon the convictions of those who still adhere to the ways of their fathers; it is not yet what a large number of the clergy can honestly indorse. Yet there is something to be said in its favor. It is usually a better paper than the daily issue. Its scope is greater; its contents are more diversified; it represents the largeness of contemporary life; it indicates clearly

and truly the relative condition and movement of the world. Secular and ethical interests are coming to have the place and importance in the paper that they have in real life. The arbitrary line between things sacred and things secular is obliterated. The best Sunday papers are to-day the best photographs of the existing condition of society in the United States. They furnish more, perhaps, than anything else the ordinary man's education; they are so largely representative of what interests humanity that, even in their present imperfections, their news-matter and editorials have a high ethical value; and when looked at in their wider relations and possibilities, they constitute one of the chief agencies for the transformation of modern society.

It is as unfair to judge the Sunday press by its worst examples as to judge of Christianity by its imperfect forms. The true way to study it is in the light of what it may be made. Granting its earthly origin, its interference with the traditional Sunday, its possible holding people from church services, its secular spirit and atmosphere, it occupies such a position that no wise man can ignore it. It holds the key to the secular and the religious education of the masses, and perhaps the most interesting and important question before the American Churches is whether it cannot be so related to the institutions of religion that it shall strengthen rather than destroy the reverent influences that ought to obtain in daily life. This is the real issue. It will not do to turn away from it. As society is now organized, its best men have a duty to its imperfect instruments which they cannot be excused from discharging. The sober, intelligent, thoughtful and religious people cannot afford to disregard what they do not like, and ignore it. It is neither easy nor pleasant to vex one's soul over the social and industrial issues which occupy the thought of men and stand in the way of the higher truths by which the proper light is to be thrown upon life. It is a simpler matter, for instance, to teach men Christianity direct than to teach it through lessons on political economy; but if the need of the hour is expressed in the subjects that are covered by economical science, it is the duty of those who are to deal with the entirety of the lives of men to see that the present relief and the eternal good shall not be separated in thought or deed. Christianity has

been too much taught as an abstract conception of personal duty, an arbitrary and *doctrinaire* system, too little taught as the method by which divine truth is revealed to men in and through the practical experience of life ; and the questions now disturbing the industrial classes and convulsing society cannot safely be ignored by those who are acknowledged to be its moral and spiritual guardians. When, forty or fifty years ago, the conservative clergy of New England told the rising men of that day, whose minds and hearts were aflame with the spirit of our reform era, that the new stir was nothing but modern infidelity, which they must not touch, and sank back into their saintly repose, the age went by them, and an unchurched community is one of the results to-day. No true issue that deeply concerns the thoughts or necessities of men can be ignored without losing the key to their minds and hearts. "The success of the Sunday newspaper," says Professor F. G. Peabody, "is a proof that the churches have not more than begun to use the opportunities that God has put into their hands." The Sunday press is a part of the movement for making the American Sunday of the future. It is the world's university, in which the people at large are educated once a week, and what controls the Sunday controls what lies between the Sundays. It is that sort of influence which controls the lives of men. It gives, and is to give more and more, the freshest and brightest, and often the best thought of the day to those who have a whole day before them in which to enjoy it. The present and potential influence of the Sunday paper is equal to that of all other agencies employed in this country on Sunday for the instruction and guidance of human life. It has come to that. It influences the unorganized, undisciplined, uncontrolled, unformed class, those who are, for the most part, not yet amenable to the rules of religious organizations. It holds the place to them that the sermon holds in the Church. That entertains and instructs, but it at present reaches a class, while the Sunday paper is rapidly becoming the representative organ through which all classes are best reached. Its scope is wider, greater, more inclusive than men think, and its influence reaches to the most fundamental things.

This will stand out more distinctly by comparison. What

can the churches do? What can the religious papers do? No one wishes to diminish their influence; but the sect-principle which rules their corporate action presents the measure of their comprehension of the interests of the body politic. The one is set off against the other, and even at best only the religious class listens. On the other hand, the Sunday paper has a universal circulation, and is, to a great degree, untrammelled in its utterances. If you speak in the pulpit or in the religious journal, you reach a few, and if the press takes up the work you reach a wider circle, but the Sunday paper commands the whole field. If this agency were turned against the churches, the result would be the crippling of their resources, and if it is employed for the complementary support of their work, no other instrumentality in the country can, under God, do so much for morals and religion in the lives of the people.

The Sunday paper is at present, far more than the daily press, unenlisted. It is too new in its position, too unconscious of its mission, to be otherwise. It is the organ of no religious society; it can be the organ of none. It can never be the instrument of instructions, religious or secular, that go against the interests of the people. It must take constructive positions. It must discuss religious questions upon the basis of what is for the good of all, and its social and educational judgments are controlled by the same principle. Here, then, there rises into view an instrumentality, unfettered, unalligned, independent and free, which is neither pulpit nor church, which no one man can entirely control, and in which all questions that pertain to American life and morals can be thoroughly and adequately treated. This is something unique in our civilization. There has been nothing like it. The great reviews are unfettered and deal with our important problems, but they influence the people chiefly through their readers. The Sunday like the daily press goes directly to the people with its message, and the indications everywhere are that it is rising slowly but surely to a better comprehension of its privileges and possibilities. The outlook of the Sunday paper, by virtue of its publication on the Lord's day, is different from the outlook of the other days of the week. The paper will be filled with all sorts of matter and will appeal to the tastes of

every class of readers, but in its editorial columns, with the same men writing for it, the tone will more or less be that of a day when the world rests from its labors. The editor feels this, and without the minister's purpose in his Sunday services, inevitably works under its spirit. There is abundant worldliness from the Church point of view, but there is also an unused power for God's influence upon the minds and hearts of men in those Sunday papers which, taken at its best, and employed according to its opportunity, can not only be made to atone for what is imperfect, but can make them the channels of the great spiritual forces of our present civilization. There is no other agency through which our American public can be so quickly, so effectively, and so entirely reached. Everybody reads the Sunday newspaper, and even those who decline to buy it on principle borrow it of their neighbors, and are instructed by its utterances. It is the only great influence in America capable of shaping things in the large, capable of presenting God to humanity in a fresh light, which has not yet been mortgaged, and which cannot yet be controlled by what is narrower than the interests of mankind. Much can be said against this statement in a small way, but when viewed in the light of its possible, and in some cases already realized, attitude toward religion, society, and education, it is not only true, but is becoming truer every day.

The position is so singular and exceptional and new that it is but little understood. The paper first appealed to the non-church-going class, and was almost purely secular, but it could not be kept to this plane. It rose above it. The paper is partly what its readers demand that it shall be, partly what its editor makes it. The patronage of the Sunday press all over the country has steadily improved in tone and character from the first, until the best Sunday newspapers have become so thoroughly representative in all their departments that intelligent men and women cannot afford not to read them. And the notable feature is that, while they have improved in the range of subject and discussion, they are still read by those who look into their columns chiefly for amusement and entertainment. They have not lost the lower audience while broadening out to a higher constituency. This is one out of many evidences of their cosmopolitan character. And

there goes with this the fact that the editor, though able to impress himself upon his paper, cannot control it, cannot make it the particular expression of himself. This is more and more the case in daily journalism, but in Sunday journalism the standpoint of teaching is not the individual man at all, but the needs and outlook of the average citizen. And if religion, morals, education or society are discussed, it must be from the central point of view that takes in the whole of life. The editor is the captain of his craft, but he carries as freight a representative survey of the world as it is.

This is what the best Sunday paper is to-day. The daily journal is the photograph of yesterday's world; the Sunday journal is the photograph of yesterday's world on a larger and still more comprehensive scale. The workingman turns to it and adjusts himself to the latest thought of the leaders of the day; the professional man feels in editorials and cablegrams and universal intelligence the pulsation of the aggregate civilization of the world; the religious teacher learns through its columns the direction in which the thoughts of men are moving, and ascertains how to adjust spiritual truth to the new social order; the statesman feels in it the currents of universal life that play between the nations as they play between classes in large communities. The Sunday paper has come into our homes perhaps through sordid and worldly motives, but certainly in obedience to an impulse which its proprietors and editors do not fully comprehend and can hardly be said to control. It is the expression of the closeness in which man stands to man in modern life—the closeness, the unity, the seeing as with a common eye, which distinguishes our civilization. It has expanded until it gives men the survey of the world on the one day in the week when they can best think about it, and the survey is the widest possible. While it caters to the unchurched multitude, it is educating the people of this nation in what concerns our highest experience of life upon a plane which is as broad as the public school, and perhaps as true to moral instincts as that of the Christian pulpit; and its work in all these channels of instruction has only begun. It is full of imperfection; but the short-comings of to-day will disappear to-morrow. The paper responds to its readers like

the orator to his audience, and the relation is so intimate that the one cannot exist without the other. As those who make the Sunday paper see their way more clearly, and as the reader makes himself felt more distinctly in the counting-room and in the editor's mind, the tone and character of Sunday journalism must continue to improve, and this improvement must be in the line of interests which are coördinate, if not identical, with the institutions of religion. The more conscience there is in the paper, the better it realizes its character as an instrument for doing God's work in the world; and the best Sunday papers, with all their necessary secularity, do not forget the fact that they are published on the Lord's day and address a Sunday audience. In one form or another they convey the message of the day, not as church worship and pulpit utterances convey it, but in ways of their own. The strictly religious element is now too much in subordination to other interests, and by force of circumstances would be least emphasized; but it is found, of its kind, in the best Sunday papers, and it is increasing in quantity and quality. It is also wholesome. One of the effects of Sunday journalism has been to teach the relativity of human interests. The Church has said, in effect, that only religion is important; the Sunday paper by word and example has emphasized the interests that support and interfiliate with religion. It has compelled men to accept a larger view of life, and, so far as religious matters have been touched in Sunday journalism, they have been discussed with an eye upon what is best for the whole of society.

It is now perhaps sufficiently seen that the Sunday paper not only occupies a unique position, but is working its way toward the realization of a new force in American life. It does not purpose to ignore any interest that concerns the welfare of mankind, and as it comes to be the expression of human conscience, the religious interests of the community will enter more and more into its thought and find a voice in its columns. This is the legitimate tendency of the best Sunday journalism, and perhaps it is in this way that it will ultimately most serve the interests of the American people. A brief survey of the religious problem will indicate what is here suggested. Our American churches are not a finality in the sense that the nation is. The nation is

a unit and the embodiment of a divine idea, but the Protestant churches in this country are imperfect and fragmentary conceptions of Christianity, both as an idea and as an organism. Our inheritance from England and Continental Europe was both political and religious, but the political has far exceeded the religious development, and the religious needs of American society are often beyond the conceptions of the forms of Christianity that obtain most favor in the organized churches. The present generation has rebelled against the attempt to put new wine into old bottles, and the best thought of the day is finding a voice outside of our established dogmas. The churches are conservative while society is progressive. The leaders of Christian institutions should be the leaders of society, and most of our difficulties come from the fact that our Christian teachers are behind, not in advance of or up to the movement of the age. This is as marked in social as in theological lines, and the difficulty is that the concrete conception of Christianity which corresponds to the idea of divine order embodied in the nation, does not find general or universal expression in our religious life. The sect-principle thwarts it and stifles the common thought of Christian people. As long as no ecclesiastical body has the lead and each is jealous of the ascendancy of the other, the existing religious societies must be an imperfect expression of our religious vitality. Every thoughtful minister feels the limitation of the position without seeing his way to something better, and never was the press so much the voice of this discontent as it is to-day. The Sunday paper presents the principal channel, outside of the leading reviews, through which the common and permanent interests of the community, so far as they concern moral and religious problems, can be freely and adequately discussed. Here partisanship is forbidden by the nature of the case, and the point of view is larger than that of any single religious body. If the highest ground may not be taken, the discussion is not profitless which aggregates and unifies the religious resources of the community, and brings men to see what they have in common and what our concrete life requires. More and more it must appear that organic and comprehensive ideas of Christianity and an enlarged view of the correlation of truth to life

should be widely presented, and for this work there is no channel like that of the non-partisan Sunday paper, which addresses the entire public on questions that concern the unity and efficiency of our religious and secular life. This is, perhaps, the greatest service which Sunday journalism is destined to render to our social development, and, if it has but just begun, if it is as yet hardly beyond the lines of experiment and possibility, it is enough to indicate where our hopes lie and where the influences are to be exerted which shall lead to the better organization of spiritual things among the people as a whole.

While the future of Sunday journalism thus concerns issues in which the entire community is interested, it would seem to be the duty of the guardians of society to take wider views of the relations of the press to the Church than commonly prevail. The press has no desire to be estranged from the clergy; neither can the clergy afford to undervalue this new and almost unconsecrated teacher. The editor is more of a man than many allow, and the minister is often a broader man than people think he is. The lesson that each has to learn is that the one cannot do his work without the other. Each is a leader in society; each is a distinct and emphatic factor in our daily life; each has duties and responsibilities which the other cannot discharge. The minister leads in the moral world; the editor on a broader, possibly a lower plane leads the secular forces; but the moral and the secular world are not two separate entities, but one and the same world viewed under distinct aspects. The minister of the future cannot deal with only the interests that are congenial to him; his field is as broad as the life in which he moves. The editor of the future cannot ignore the religious element in life as if it were out of the range of secular interests. The minister and the editor, as the voluntary guardians of American society, find that they are workers in a common field, and that the close activities of life have made all time sacred and all time secular. The sharp divisions of a more restricted order are more and more removed, and all good men are advancing toward the fulfillment of larger service to humanity upon a common basis. The day is not distant when Sunday journalism will be regarded as the adjunct, the complement, the extension of

the work of the Christian Church into society at large, and when the minister in his sermons and the editor in his leaders will seek to produce results different indeed, but not unrelated, and together converging to the greatest good of the people. Slowly men are broadening down from precedent to precedent with this end more or less consciously in view. The wisdom of the hour is to escape from the imperfection of our instruments both in the Church and in the press, and to see in the magnificent march of religious and social change the oncoming of better things and the opportunity for their realization.

JULIUS H. WARD.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT DOMESTIC SERVICE.

WHEN a man attempts to deal with the subject of domestic service it is generally plain either that he does not know or that he willfully ignores the chief factor in the problem. Consequently he gives for his result, "The previous education of domestics, not only in the enlightenment of their minds but in the regulation of their tempers, is the pressing need at present." Truly, *a* pressing need this, no one can deny, but not *the* pressing need. Grant all that may be said of the ignorance, dullness, indifference, insolence, indolence, extravagance of the present body of domestic workers, still it is true that *the* pressing need at present is good mistresses. I do not mean to say that every young woman that applies for work can be made into a good servant, but I do affirm that, with a reasonable amount of care and judgment in selection, the making depends rather on the mistress than on the maid.

By a good mistress, I do not mean one who is thoroughly skilled in all the details of the actual work, for although this is highly desirable, it is not the chief essential; nor do I mean the kind and tender mistress, for this also, though well, is yet not the most important thing. But a good mistress is a woman whose domestic business is well managed in all its departments, just as a good merchant is a man whose mercantile affairs are well conducted. And it requires more skill, it is better house-keeping, to get some one else to do the work of the house well than it is to do it yourself, just as it is a higher qualification for a merchant to see to it that bookkeeper, salesman, and cash-boy are all efficient in their places, than it is to do his own errands or sweep out his own store. Nor is there any more need of an "intolerable tyranny" over a woman in her home than there is of a like tyranny over a man in his business.

In general, people do not expect good things without much pains on their own part; but here is a case where people seem to

expect that the good will come to hand ready-made, that angels unawares will take possession of their lower floors and brood peace and order over the whole household, and that good cooks, like good poets, must be born and not made. There will be no reform until women take hold of the matter and give it some of the persistent, discriminating, patient, and systematic thought that the subject deserves. They have seen the difficulties long enough; let them now deal with the philosophy of the subject; especially let them attempt an accurate estimate of their own relations to it, in order to lay down for themselves a rational and consistent way of dealing with it. It is called a problem; yet how many women do, of set purpose, give to it the same kind of analytic and persistent attention that they would to any other problem? But until this is done we shall come to no solution, for, like everything else, it is only by thought—rational, humane, punctilious (*ad punctum*) thought, that difficulties will clear away and light appear.

The most really difficult and delicate of the questions will be those of a nature personal to one side or the other, and must therefore be met and solved by each individual for herself independently. Therefore, to lay down any general principles to fit all cases is impossible. Yet there are some faults so common to mistresses, as a class, that I hesitate not to declare them nearly as characteristic and universal as the "half-done potatoes and over-done beefsteak," the stupidity, the despotism and the arrogance of which we hear so much concerning the other parties in the contract. *Noblesse oblige*, and on the party possessing the power, the education, the means, the character, rests the larger weight of responsibility in any effort to bring about better relations between the hirers and the hired. When "the master of the establishment is compelled to interfere and dismiss a servant with words that savor more of strength than of righteousness," it tells all we need to know of that mistress, whatever may be the facts on the other side. To quote the adorable Dora in "David Copperfield," or the purse-proud Mr. Dombey, and to argue from their experiences the total depravity of the whole race of servants, is very much as if a question of manners or costume were to be fortified by illustrations from Betsy Trotwood or Miss Mowcher. But, so far as they

have any force as argument, it is all on my side. They failed in every important respect as employers. What, then, could we expect of the employed? Nor is Campbell's humorous story of his domestic adventure anything to the point. It only shows that a man may write very good verse and yet be mated to a poor housewife.

People never cease to wonder that poor girls choose labor in factories, behind counters, and at sewing machines rather than the better paid, better fed, better housed, and less fatiguing work in families. They assume that this is "owing to an absurd prejudice that they lower their position and forfeit their independence in doing what they call menial work;" but it is far more owing to the fact that they forfeit their liberty. Freedom is sweet to every human being; and in store and factory the worker, during some hours of the twenty-four, belongs to herself, and has no one to question her movements or intrude on her privacy. But a housemaid can make no plans which are not likely to be upset by the plans, or even by the caprices and thoughtlessness, of her employers; she may not have any notions or fancies; may not, except on her "day out," even take a bit of a walk without asking permission of another; may not express any personal likes or dislikes, nor indulge herself in any of the precious moods or whims in which at times even the most prosaic and commonplace individual delights. Very much of this cannot be avoided; rules are necessary, restrictions unavoidable; but the average mistress, instead of trying to lighten the consciousness of the yoke, is far more likely to emphasize it, and, in addition, to assume dictation over the tastes and leisure of those who serve her. Even if well meant, such real or supposed infringement of personal liberty is resented and rouses a spirit of antagonism. When there is a general though tacit recognition among mistresses of the perfect compatibility of domestic service with a due independence in personal matters, this kind of labor will not be held in such low esteem, and a better class of workers will not shrink from taking part in it.

But not only is there a lack of respect for the workers among mistresses, but also a lack of respect for the work. There are hundreds of little ways in which a mistress with a genuine re-

spect for the work can make this respect felt and use it as an incentive to improvement. "Do thus and so because it is my way," says the average woman while engaged in that difficult and arduous process known as "breaking in" a new girl. When the back is turned, instantly the maid does it another, and probably poorer way, because it is her way. But if "my way" were shown to be the best one, and for what reasons, and if it were seen that the lady herself found it no less fitting and beautiful to practice the best way in the work of the kitchen than in her other affairs, then the work would seem no longer menial, but dignified. In any department of life it is idle to clamor for good results without due regard to processes.

But although some fail through lack of pains to define and illustrate, there are other mistresses who carry oversight to excess. Many a good servant is spoiled by incessant interference and dictation. Even a very dull person may be taught in a few weeks just what work is expected of her and how it is to be done, and in general she will do it better and take far more interest if the responsibility of planning and executing be vested in herself. That housekeeper of half a century ago whom Colonel Hamilton had in mind when he described the first dish at the American dinner-party as "the roasted mistress of the house," was probably one of those women who make it a daily practice to say just when the bread shall go into the oven or the roast shall come out. If she had only one servant, probably she neglected to help her early in the day, or to see that plans were well-laid and things put in train for their easy execution; perhaps, indeed, she suffered matters to drift without plan, or called off the cook at a critical moment for some trifling duty elsewhere; and so at the last moment all was chaos. Or, she may have been guilty of no worse calculation than a *menu* too elaborate for her resources in execution. But in any case, unless some very untoward thing happened, her "flaming countenance" was quite as likely the sign of bad generalship as of bad service in the ranks.

Friction in the household means the same as friction elsewhere—either an imperfect engine or a bad engineer. We have heard of the mechanic who said he would have been a great inventor but for friction and gravitation; and there are women who

would be great housekeepers but for the friction between the departments. They prepare the daintiest dishes; they are great sweepers and dusters; their brasses and silver shine with the uttermost possibilities of polish; yet there is no harmony in the household because all the little difficulties of the machinery, the processes, plannings and troubles are visible; the servants, the hospitalities, the many requirements rub against each other or are in each other's way, and the whole is a slovenly machine. The first essential to good housekeeping is that parts shall run with as little bearing on each other as possible, especially that there be no loss of power through friction of minds and disagreement of persons; and this requires tact of no mean kind.

Then, at the root of the whole matter lies the fact that servants are too often treated as though they belonged to a different order of humanity from ourselves. It may be that they are arrogant, careless, stupid, ill-tempered, still these faults are not met in the right spirit. Even the lowest have some degree of human sensibility. This is violated when children are allowed to tease or laugh at blunders; when they are corrected in the presence of others, especially guests; when they are "nagged" continually; when every failure is rebuked, and success or approximation thereto suffered to pass unnoticed.

I am not idealizing or writing of hypothetical cases. I speak as one of the "modest householders" of nearly the required twenty years' experience, who yet feel, notwithstanding the usual vicissitudes in the kitchen, that life is very much worth living, and that there are two sides to this question. I am very far from thinking that our domestics are, as a rule, satisfactory. The points I wish to make are: that employers are more responsible for their own troubles than they are wont to imagine; that housekeeping being the woman's half (and it is a full half) of the business in which two people engage when they marry, it rests with her to deal with this large problem in a practical way; that until she does so we shall continue to have men writing "sorrowful or splenetic or passionate" but one-sided articles, while we remain as far as ever from peace and order and quiet in our homes.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

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ARE WE IN DANGER OF REVOLUTION?

BATTLES, conflicts, and dangers of all kinds have a mysterious charm for the mind, because life, whether animal, intellectual, or moral, whether individual or social, is developed and attains strength and excellence only through struggle; and it would lose half its charm could we strip it of the element of danger, the risk of loss, the hope of gain, which are never absent where men contend for the mastery. Though victory is the end of fighting, we love the combat more than the victory, and when the battle is won or the game is lost our interest dies; just as the story comes to an end when the fretful stream of love merges into the tame sea of marriage. The objects for which we contend change, but our love of contention never ceases to exist, in spite of the poet's saying that repose is the central feeling of all happiness. Effort, which is born of struggle and conflict, is to life what motion is to water—it keeps it pure and fresh; and an individual or a society which gives over the battle for higher things, fatally sinks to lower plains.

The bloody warfare, which is the delight of savages and barbarians, has ceased to have any charm for the civilized man of the nineteenth century; but he finds himself in the midst of keener and intenser conflicts, from which, if he would live, he cannot escape. Among savages and barbarians the life of the individual is merged and lost in that of the tribe or horde, but, as civilization advances, the individual does not dwindle but

grows. The tendency is to enable him to choose his own mode of life and to maintain himself in his position, to break the bonds which hinder the use of his faculties and to send him forth into the arena where the millions contend for wealth or place, and where the better few strive for intellectual and moral superiority. He becomes a reader, a thinker, an independent agent; he helps to mold public opinion and shape the destinies of his fellow-men. In this way civilization brings on the reign of the people, and makes it impossible that any strongest man should control a nation. But the reign of the people in setting mightier forces at work renders more gigantic struggles inevitable. Here in America, freedom of opinion and of conscience has been won; the battle for political and civil liberty has been fought and gained; and other problems present themselves to the human mind which never truly appreciates what it possesses, but by the law of development, as by the hand of God, is led on to new victories. Social questions are now uppermost in men's minds as political questions absorbed the thought of the eighteenth century. Hereditary privilege has vanished. There is liberty of thought and expression. Every man has a right to vote, and still the golden age has not come. Man holds the forces of nature in his hands; by their aid he has increased his wealth to an incredible degree; he has brought the ends of the earth together; and still there are millions who are poor and wretched. Whatever our condition may be as contrasted with that of past ages, the world is still full of evil and discontent. For the first time in their history the Christian nations have created a philosophy of despair, so that it has become possible to doubt whether life itself be not a curse. What numberless patent remedies and panaceas for our troubles have not been blazoned forth! The alphabet was to be the key to the garden of Paradise; but the multitude have been taught to read and write, and only clamor the more vociferously that they perish in desert places and quagmires.

Alcohol, it has been claimed, is the supreme evil, and yet the countless millions of Mohammedans and Buddhists are sober, but unspeakably wretched. And so each sect raises its cry affirming or denying, and in the confusion of tongues reason

grows bewildered. God is solemnly called the Supreme Tyrant, society a universal crime, property a boundless theft, and marriage the worst foe of love. All faiths seem tottering to the verge of shifting opinion, and in their frenzy many would hardly think it a loss if the earth itself were shattered. What is it, anyhow, but an ant-hill lost in space?

Such notions as these find sporadic utterance here, but they do not represent the thought or sentiment of any considerable body of Americans. We are not theorists and dreamers, but workers, who are reasonably satisfied with our work. This country, it may be said without incurring the reproach of philistinism, is a blessed land; nowhere else are such opportunities offered to all men; nowhere else do such multitudes find it possible to escape from ignorance, poverty, and the impotence of blind endeavor, into the pure light of free, orderly, and growing life; nowhere else is there more general good-will and sympathy in spite of the mingling of heterogeneous nationalities and conflicting creeds.

How quickly the angry passions of our Civil War have sunk to rest, however much demagogues have sought to keep them alive. No hatred can long flourish here. The poor do not hate the rich, and the rich as a body are not indifferent to the wants of the poor. Our wealthy men are the children of the poor, and their children or grandchildren will either perish utterly or go to work again with the laboring masses. Thus the money line, which is really the only line with us that separates class from class, is not a fixed boundary dividing hostile armies. We have, after all, but a sprinkling of very rich men, who have their uses, even when they are unintelligent and narrow-minded, or personally worthless. Capital is the army of a commercial age, and capitalists are necessary to undertake and carry on great enterprises; they fill the places of the captains of warlike ages. A railroad king may inflict financial ruin upon individuals and be unjust to his employees, but he will develop the country and bring material blessings to thousands. Even stock-waterers and railway-wreckers probably do far more good than harm to the general public. But the great capitalists, as I have said, are few, and in America pau-

perism is accidental. The people are neither paupers nor millionaires, but workers, whose energy and thrift secure them a competence. Seven millions, seven hundred and fifty thousand of these are farmers, while only about half this number are engaged in manufacturing. Three-fourths of these farmers own the land they cultivate, and the general tendency is to diminish rather than to increase the size of farms. Our laborers, too, receive higher wages and live in greater plenty than those of any other country. The story of our material progress reads like a dream, and we, who are now living, see but the beginnings of this incomprehensible work, and in many other respects our course is forward. Each generation begins the life-struggle from a higher plain. The multitudes who arrive here from Europe feel the quickening influence of our life, and their nobler faculties awaken. Thousands each year revisit their native lands and feel like strangers there, so thoroughly have they become imbued with the American spirit. They are not only satisfied with our political institutions, but find it difficult to imagine that they were ever able to bear the shackles and restraints of less liberal governments. If ours is the country of rich men, why do the poor, from the ends of the earth, flock to our shores? If capitalists exercise here a tyrannic power, why do the oppressed of every land seek refuge with us? In truth, we occupy the foremost position among the free nations of the world, and wherever political development is taking place it is in the direction in which we are leading. Our people either know this or feel it instinctively, and they really have no fears at all as to the fortune of the Republic. There is no other government which rests so completely upon the assent and approval of the governed, and this is the strongest foundation. Shall they who know and feel this grow alarmed because an anarchist has thrown a bomb into a squad of policemen? Or shall they have misgivings as to the future of democratic government because, now and then, here and there, in times of excitement mobs gather and deeds of violence are done? If such things can be a serious danger to the Republic, our condition is indeed pitiable. What peculiar forms of fanaticism may develop in individual cases no one can foresee, but anarchical doctrines must die out here from lack of a situa-

ble environment. They have not sprung from our soil, but have been imported from social conditions wholly dissimilar to ours, and the masses of our laborers have as little sympathy with them as the wealthy classes have. The preaching of such doctrines is undoubtedly criminal, and ought to be punished by law; but our society must undergo radical changes before this fanaticism can become a menace to our institutions, and whenever anarchists attempt to put their doctrines in practice, they will be dealt with as new communities in the far West deal with horse-thieves. Our political life lies in the supremacy of the law, and any party which attempts to defy its sovereign majesty will be mercilessly crushed; for the supremacy of the law means internal peace, the protection of life and property, and the freedom of the individual, and it is precisely to secure these objects that our government exists. A fanaticism such as that of the anarchists can only grow and extend itself under an arbitrary and tyrannical power. Only the sense of the most terrible wrongs can create so unnatural and extreme a temper. The destructive tenets of the Nihilists and German Socialists are the correlatives of Siberian dungeons and military despotism; but they cannot become contagious here, because the food needed for the propagation of the germ is not supplied. The common sense of the people has not taken the outbreak in Chicago as seriously as a mere newspaper reader might be led to believe, although it must be confessed that we Americans still sadly lack repose and self-possession, and are easily startled by sensational alarms. Thirty years ago a few men created a panic by shouting that the Pope was about to invade the country, and now the report of the Chicago bomb, through the cannon mouth of the press, has filled multitudes with dread lest the foundations of the social fabric should be on the point of giving way. It is as though, when we read that a cyclone has swallowed a village, we should begin to tremble lest the whole country be swept into the air. Our national inexperience, our rawness, our headlong, unreflecting energy, expose us to quick reactions. We are easily elated and easily depressed. "It seems," says Emerson, "as if history gave no account of any society in which despondency came so readily to heart as we see it and feel it in ours. Young men at

thirty lose all spring and vivacity, and if they fail in their first enterprise throw up the game."

Our labor troubles are of an altogether different and more serious nature than this scarecrow of anarchy and socialism. It is our mission to give larger liberty and fuller life, not to a privileged class but to the whole people. That the race should live for a few men is not tolerable from our point of view, and our destiny compels us to strive to bring about a social condition in which all men shall live for every man. Now the lot of the laborer is not here or anywhere what we know and feel it might be and ought to be. The laborers, who in proportion as their minds have been awakened, have become conscious of the hardships and limitations to which they are subject, feel this more keenly than any other class, and hence they have formed innumerable organizations to protect their rights and promote their interests. It is utterly futile to make an outcry against these trades-unions and combinations of unions. They exist, and the ends for which they exist, in spite of incidental abuses connected with their working, are praiseworthy, and there is no power which can put them down. To attempt to resist or thwart the legitimate claims of working men, is to provoke a state of things which might become a serious menace to the prosperity of the country. The problem is complex, and to look for some easy, ready-made solution is idle. In virtue of a law which is inherent in human nature, the poor are bent upon getting rich, and the rich on growing richer. To get money, and as much money as possible, is the aim and end both of the employer and the employed, and hence there arises between them an inevitable conflict. The capitalist is ready to take advantage of every opportunity to lower wages, the workman of every opportunity to demand higher pay, and thus the almost irresistible tendency is to form themselves into opposing armies, whereas the only hope of a better state of things lies in their being friends. Labor creates capital, and capital gives labor a field to work in. But of what avail is a truth like this when there is question of controlling passions which are stronger than reason? High and vital principles must be kept in view, and above all, the question must be examined without anger or partisan bias. We should not grow

weary of telling rich and poor that there are better things than money; that the best things, as love, virtue, intelligence, cannot be bought; that he whose chief aim in life is to get money and its equivalents is an inferior sort of man; that the truest and the deepest contentment comes of the consciousness of right doing, and not of the knowledge that we have so many dollars; and that with but little a true man may lead a not unworthy life, and escape the weariness and fears inherent in the possession of riches, which wean the heart from the heavenly fountains of admiration, hope and love. Truths like these to be effective must be taught by religion and literature, and we who find it impossible to escape the commercial spirit, with its single standard of value, must look to these spiritual powers to give us ideals which may lift us above the flat wastes of materialism. They also alone can properly teach that beauty is useful, that admiration and reverence are essential to noble life, and that to rest in sin or ignorance is the sign of death. Let us also not cease to proclaim that neither God nor churches nor states will save the vicious and the idle from the consequences of their crime and folly; that it is of the nature of right conduct and true work not only to bring success and sufficiency, but to give health, contentment, and strength as well. If the one good is money with what it will buy, then feuds and hatreds must be perpetual. Our wants are infinite, and if you take from man the ideals given by religion and literature, a hundred millions will leave him still a beggar. A false view of life is our radical defect. Our political problems always hinge on some money problem, our educational system looks primarily to the fitting men for money-getting, for our young men even success means riches, and our very worship implies that the poor are unfit for the kingdom of heaven. Thus we lose sight of man and think only of money; increase our wealth, while faith and hope and love and intelligence diminish. We build great cities to be inhabited by little men, are keen to drive a bargain and slow to recognize a noble man. We have eyes for bank-notes, and move dumb and unraised beneath the starlit heavens. If it were possible that a great philosopher or poet should rise among us, some foreigner would have to point him out to us; but we know our own, our men of boundless

wealth, whom we envy and despise. So long as our whole national life-struggle continues to be carried on around this single point of finance, what hope is there of avoiding fatal conflicts. The rich will worship their god Mammon alone, and the poor will plot and scheme to shatter the idol; and mechanical contrivances, such as arbitration boards and legislative enactments, will leave the root of the evil untouched. It is essential that we should know that the real and final test of a government, as of a religion, is the kind of man, and not the amount of money, it produces. We must return to the ideals of our forefathers, who preferred freedom, intelligence and strength to wealth, and who dedicated this land to higher manhood, and not to fatter mammonhood. Our politics, our literature, our whole national life, must be more concerned for man than for his money. No one doubts the importance of the interests of trade; we all desire that our manufacturers should be able to compete with other nations in the markets of the world; but if the interests of trade and competition involve the degradation of millions of our fellow-citizens, we shall cry out that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.- The interests of the working man are primary; the interests of capital are secondary. If the trades-unions shall succeed in forcing politicians to recognize that financial interests are not the only or principal human interests, they will have conferred a benefit upon the nation. Men, and not measures, are the first need of every society, and therefore all social schemes should look first to the forming of true men. But, in truth, only men create and educate men, and one of the delusions of the age is that this can be done by some sort of mechanical contrivance. Hence we look to legislation and government control to do what only vital forces can effect, and after the failure of each enactment some new scheme is tried, until law itself is in danger of falling into discredit. Better laws are desirable, but a true view of life is indispensable, and no state mechanism can properly take care of full-grown men and women who have not learned how to take care of themselves. The growing disposition to look to the general government for aid in every emergency is a symptom of disease; it is an outgrowth of habits and principles contrary to

the spirit of our institutions. The tendency of good government is to make government unnecessary, since it trains people to habits of industry, self-reliance, and order. The strong and energetic love freedom. A social state in which the whole life of the individual is absorbed and controlled by some external ruling power, can seem good only to the feeble and inactive; and this is the aim of the modern Socialists, and their theories, which have sprung from false and exaggerated sentiment, or from lack of mental soundness and breadth of view, and are a menace to all that is most healthful and manly in human nature and Christian civilization. The end of society is not to secure to all men the highest possible amount of physical comfort and sensual enjoyment, but to give to all men the best possible opportunities of developing their physical, intellectual, moral, and æsthetic endowments, and this is done by stimulating individual energy, and by leaving the highest prizes to be won by effort and struggle. Paternal government is, no doubt, best for children and slaves, but the nobler races have preferred freedom even to the tenderest care.

There is in innumerable minds, who have a horror of the current socialistic doctrines, an unconscious leaning toward socialism, which is seen in the tendency to enlarge the powers of the state. The founders of the Republic held that the state should assume no authority over the individual, save such as is indispensable to the general welfare; and how far have we not departed from this wise and generous view?

The state has taken control of education, and thereby weakens one of the most essential and vital social forces—the sense of responsibility in parents. It has, in consequence, been led to exclude religious instruction from the process of education; has, indeed, abandoned the work of education, and contented itself with some sort of mental training which sharpens the intellect but leaves the moral nature untouched and unraised. As a result, the young lose reverence, lose the power of discerning what is high and noble, and are only a more enlightened sort of barbarians. Had the state confined itself to encouraging and assisting the religious denominations to found and maintain schools, and to giving aid to private educational enterprises, it

would have acted in harmony with our theory of government, and we should be to-day a worthier, more religious and not less enlightened people; while, from an economic point of view, education would have been made vastly cheaper. In the same way the tendency is now to give the state control of public charities and works of reform, whereas the proper method to pursue is to have the state encourage and assist denominational and private beneficence. The recent labor agitations serve to show how naturally our thoughts turn to state socialism whenever danger seems to threaten. If the state owned all railroads, it is claimed troubles such as have disturbed the peace and prosperity of the country during the last few months would not occur. But in thus enlarging the functions of the government, we would double the number of its officials, and greatly increase the influence of professional politicians who, in various ways, are doing more than all other classes combined to bring discredit upon democratic institutions. They are the men who praise the people and betray their interests, who flatter the working-men and take the bribes of capitalists and wealthy corporations. They make possible the wholesale gambling, the stock-watering, the railway wrecking, the corruption of the judiciary and the legislature, which are in so many instances the agencies used in accumulating colossal fortunes. And the knowledge of this scandalous state of things, more than any other cause, favors the propagation of socialistic doctrines, and leads the people to hold the government in slight esteem, and to think there would be no great harm in taking from the money barons their ill-gotten goods. Thus the politicians are helping to undermine respect for law and belief in the sacredness of property. If there is no hope except in them, then there is no hope at all. Politicians work through majorities, whereas minorities shape the higher destinies of nations; and it is all important that we should learn that a man is not necessarily visionary, or weak in mind, because he does not run with the crowd. Gordon writes, in his "Memoirs," that the British Empire has been built up by adventurers, and not by the government. The principle involved in this fact lies at the root of our social faith. The blood which courses in our veins impels us to put our trust in

God and in our single might, and hence the normal tendency of our institutions is to increase the worth and influence of the individual, and to narrow the sphere and action of government. If we lose confidence in ourselves, and in every emergency look to the government for help, how shall we escape the slavish mind and coward heart? The greatest peril to be feared from labor organizations, is that the working-men will be led to put overmuch trust in these mechanical contrivances, and will cease to look to the vital sources of strength. When they have learned to confide their dearest interests to a trades-union, it will not be difficult to persuade them to surrender themselves, body and soul, to a socialistic state. Good government may secure freedom and opportunity, but the effort, sobriety and intelligence of the individual can alone give worth and dignity to human life. Let political economists still insist upon their iron laws of wages, of supply and demand, but let us not lose our faith in free-will; for so long as we believe that there is an element of freedom in the individual, we shall feel that social evolution is not wholly fatal; and if much depends upon inexorable laws, much also depends upon the faith, hope, love, knowledge, pity and courage of man. Sympathy, the spirit of humanity, the Godward mind, have wrought the miracles which political economy cannot even explain. Having done much, not for ourselves alone but for all nations, let us keep a brave heart, and believe that where all men think and act, the common sense of most will prevail, and wisdom, virtue and nobler manhood be the result. It is a religious duty to work for the good of this country, and it is not easy to imagine that any one can love God or man and hate America.

J. L. SPALDING.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EPISCOPALIAN.

I WAS "to the manner born." Well-nigh a quarter of a century's ministry has been given to the Church which I still serve. I love that Church too well to needlessly expose her weak points to the curious gaze of unfriendly eyes. There are no disappointed ambitions to turn my ink to gall. If this article were to stand alone, it would not see the daylight. It is, however, to be the precursor of other papers, giving similar inside views of sister churches. Frank confessions of the weaknesses of the different ecclesiastical organizations may serve a very useful purpose in calling attention to those evils. The first step toward any good house-cleaning is to throw open the windows and let light and air in. Such action may argue more care for the premises than the most resolute barring of shutters. One may ask, Why not throw open the windows upon the inner court of the Church itself, rather than upon the outside world? My answer is, There are no windows opening inward through which a sufficiency of light can come.

In the space allotted to me I will seek to suggest some of the defects of our system as touching worship, doctrine, and polity.

I. The Jews in olden times were known as "the people of the Book." Episcopalians are thus practically known as "the people of the Prayer Book." I yield to none in a reasonable admiration for that venerable formulary, as a thesaurus of devotional literature, as a pattern of liturgical art. One of the greatest services which the Episcopal Church renders to American Christianity is its preservation of this noble heir-loom of all English-speaking Christians. But a use, certainly not that of Sarum or of York, such as has prevailed in our Church until of late, is only an abuse of this noble book. Here is a great Church seeking to minister to all classes of a cosmopolitan people with one inflexible cast-iron order of worship; thrusting upon "all sorts

and conditions of men " one form of expression of the infinitely varying needs and aspirations of the human soul ; and then wondering that Methodists and Baptists sweep the field among certain classes, leaving it only here and there a forgotten sheaf to glean. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, on every one of which, under all changing circumstances of life, there is one thing to be said—the Order for Daily Morning and Evening Prayer. The bibliolatry of the Prayer-book is best exemplified in a certain action of the highest council of our Church, which well deserves to be immortalized among the follies of ecclesiasticism. At the time of the Chicago fire, our General Convention was in session in Baltimore. In the midst of the session one day, a delegate from Illinois rose to read the telegram which he had just received announcing that the city was in danger of utter destruction from the flames. Naturally he moved that the Convention interrupt its business and proceed to prayer. Unfortunately, however, there chanced to be no Collect in the Prayer-book for a burning city. What, then, could be done? Extemporize a prayer? Perish the thought that, in order to bring down help for a city wrapped in flames, the sacred order of the Prayer-book should be disregarded ! Still, some prayer must be offered. So these assembled dignitaries, representing the combined wisdom of the Church, went solemnly through the Litany, which prays for well-nigh everything except a burning city ; and then rose from their knees, feeling that, though Chicago might be burned to the ground, the majesty of the Prayer-book had been duly honored.

II. As far as the official standards are concerned, the doctrinal position of the Episcopal Church is singularly free. Perhaps it is a case of a Church building wiser than it knew ; none the less it has thus builded. Unfortunately, public opinion among us is by no means as large-minded as are our standards.

Our Church reminds one of a little boy who has come into possession of his father's trousers, which he finds uncomfortably big for his legs, and which he proceeds to take up by tucks.

Practically, we have our full share of narrowness and intolerance. In its ecclesiastical forms this littleness grows out of the saving doctrine of the Church—Apostolic Succession. I was

seriously asked, a few years ago, whether it was possible for a person to be saved outside of the Episcopal Church. A presbyter, since elevated to the episcopate, expressed to one of my friends his deep concern about the soul of a near relative who had died out of the fold of the one true Church. Our Episcopal Don Quixote, some years ago, levelled his lance against the other Churches of Protestant Christianity, as constituting a mass of what he was pleased to call "inorganic piety."

The attitude of a considerable portion of our clergy concerning Biblical criticism has been rather scandalously displayed of late in the East. The echoes of the panic-stricken cry which went up to the heavens over the voice of a certain presbyter in New York have not yet wholly died out from the memories of thoughtful men, who have been pondering the revelation thus made of our development in lucidity. That agitation made the fact clear that very many of our clergy practically knew nothing of the new criticism; which state of bliss, of course, did not deter these good brethren from duly anathematizing it.

One of our wisest bishops was reported as advising a certain clerical brotherhood, whose members were bent upon sharpening their tomahawks for the scalp of their erring brother, to take up the study of the Bible afresh—my informant said, with a certain grim humor, thinly veiled behind his calm words of counsel, as though enjoying the chance of a side-thrust at the ignorance which was assuming to decide off-hand upon questions of scholarship. Our last General Convention contributed one of the richest scenes in ecclesiastical history. In the course of the discussion upon the Revised Lectionary, the chapter containing the story of Balaam's ass came up for consideration, and some of the speeches then made in the highest body of our Church were enough to make the angels laugh behind their wings. Delegate after delegate rose to his feet in protest against the omission of this precious chapter. It seemed clear to a large portion of the assembled wisdom of our Church that the everlasting faith would be seriously endangered if Balaam's ass were not allowed a chance to bray freely. "Sometimes an ass may speak more wisely than a man," said one delegate; a conclusion which an outsider might suggest was amply justified by the vote which

followed, wherein, almost universally, the dioceses determined not to rob the Church of this edifying chapter of history.

There are many factors working together to depress the intellectual life of our clergy. The genius of our organization is eminently practical. No other Church can show more assiduous labor in all practical philanthropies. The ambition of our clergy is to have working churches. Students have a poor chance under such a *régime*. The men who are driving this incessant mechanism of splendid charity, with a devotion before which I, for one, am ready to humble myself, may well be pardoned if they are behind-hand in their studies. None the less, the Church's intellectual life suffers from this fine enthusiasm. The exaltation of the service becomes practically a depreciation of the sermon. One hears on every hand the common saying of good Churchmen: "O, we do not care much for the sermon, the service is quite sufficient for us!" The very length of the service crowds the sermon out of its legitimate position, and dwarfs it of necessity into a sermonette. The emphasis laid upon ritual tends to dispense with intellectual qualifications on the part of the ministry. Men are often attracted to our ministry because of the comparative ease with which success may be won, if so desired, upon a minimum of brain-waste. Our seminaries, up to within the last few years, have been almost wholly in the hands of one or the other of the two schools of thought which have a common bond of sympathy in their suspicion of the intellect in religion. In the leading seminary of our land a bright student ventured a few years ago to put to his professor, in the mildest form, a question concerning the verbal inspiration of some Old Testament story, upon which a thunderous answer came back: "Why, sir, if you begin to question the Old Testament, you will soon be going on to question the New Testament, and then what becomes of the faith?" Two men, personally known to me, were driven from a certain class in this seminary—the one returning to the vocation which he had left in order to take up the work of the ministry, and the other going over into the ranks of Unitarianism—both by the obscurantism which tyrannously dominated this institution of learning. Most of our institutions use as text-books, in the de-

partment of Biblical Criticism, works which are as antiquated as a primer of the Ptolemaic astronomy. A student whom I sent to an Eastern divinity school, finding that there was no provision in the curriculum for the study of Comparative Religion, and noting that the great university under whose shadow his school was standing offered a course of lectures upon this vitally important department, asked consent of the dean to attend this course of lectures. This permission was refused, on the ground that the school might be prejudiced in the eyes of the Church were it known that one of its students was attending such a course of lectures in a Unitarian institution. The president of the college which is the chief feeder of the largest seminary in our Church, himself owned to me that his institution made no provision for scientific study, on the ground that the clergy had nothing to do with science save to oppose it.

Such facts need no comment. A Church where these things are possible need not wonder if many of its clergy are mentally backward, nor be surprised if a tyranny of public opinion is possible under which the large liberty of the Church's standards is often effectively neutralized.

III. The polity of our Church is venerable with years, and has the halo of tradition around it. It goes without saying, therefore, that it must have solid merits. But institutions, like men, may gather weakness by the age which clothes them with dignity. I venture to lift my hand against the sacred ark of ecclesiasticism only so far as to point out to the true priests where it seems to be edging off from the center of gravity.

It is not only in the notes of a sheep-fold that one may catch glimpses of a conception of the office of the bishop, which, if realized, would revolutionize society. Any one who has engaged in the practical social works of our age knows what a loud call there is for true overseers of the Church; men qualified to rouse and guide the energies of great dioceses, and lead their moral forces into the conflict with the legion forms of evil that are tyrannizing over earth, and thus "organize victory" for the cause of righteousness and temperance and purity. It has been the boast of our Church that she has organized her armies more thoroughly than most other churches have done. True, but at

the head of her hosts she places not a general but a secretary of a war department, not a strategist but a master of red tape, not a Grant but a Halleck. I am not referring to individual bishops, but to the idea of the bishopric, as our Church realizes it. Is her ideal that of a man freed from the petty routine of administration in order that he may devise large schemes and execute them, that he may map a campaign and push it through to victory? Far from it. We have made of our bishops confirming machines—men whose time is chiefly occupied in going from parish to parish to perform a beautiful rite, which in their hands grows stale and unimpressive by virtue of endless repetition; so that when a pastor has trained a class for confirmation, he sighs that this crowning rite of the young soul's life is to be perfunctorily administered, by a tired bishop who knows nothing of the class individually, when it might be filled full of the feeling which is developed between the pastor and his spiritual children. What can a man do in making a service impressive who has repeated that very service several times in a day, through seven days in the week? What time and strength are left him for the true duties of a bishop? And in such perfunctory tasks do we waste the time and energies of the men whom we choose ostensibly as the generals of our armies. Need we wonder that instead of organized campaigns we have desultory bushwhacking? We do not count confirmation as a sacrament, and no one dreams of assigning to it such mystic powers as call for the supreme grace of Episcopal hands, yet to the tradition of the Church we sacrifice the splendid possibilities of leadership which now mock us in our routine-wearied bishops.

Our episcopate has for many years been degraded by the strength of party feeling in the Church. It is the glory of the Episcopal Church that she is comprehensive enough to shelter widely differing schools of thought. It has been her shame that these schools of thought have tended to become parties, carrying on an internecine war which was fatal to the development of her best life. It has become a well-nigh foregone conclusion in the national conventions of our great parties that no true leader can be nominated for the Presidency. The rivalry of cliques within either party has sufficed to kill off each great can-

didate and leave the field clear for some "dark horse." Precisely the same experience has been witnessed, again and again, in our diocesan conventions. Until the last few years we had ceased to expect that our greatest men could win our highest offices. Each party used to bring forward a true leader, and, after wearying ballots, some comparatively unknown man would be put up as a compromise candidate, his chief merit being that he had been too negative to excite the animosity of either side. He was sure of election. A presbyter who has had signal opportunities of gauging the caliber of the Episcopal bench remarked in my hearing a number of years ago: "In almost every diocese where there has been an election of a bishop during the ten years past, the new bishop has been inferior mentally to his predecessor." He could not speak thus of the latest decade. The leading diocese of the land has lately given a signal illustration of our new departure, in the election to its assistant bishopric of the one man in the Church who would have found the place by a process of natural selection; and the second diocese of the land has within a few weeks nobly imitated this example by honoring itself with the choice of our greatest man.

The office of the episcopate is being degraded among us by the obtrusion of the money qualification. It is natural enough that dioceses should like to get a man, otherwise fitted for the position, who has also the useful qualification of a good bank account; but it is quite as natural also that when men's eyes are turned upon the pocket of the candidate this serviceable appendage should swell into disproportionate size in the vision of the electors. It has come about, therefore, unconsciously, let us hope, that our dioceses have increasingly been drawn to a consideration of the assets of an eligible presbyter, until few men have the hardihood to hope for an elevation to the episcopate who have not first made to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Our latest bishop-elect, at the time of writing this paper, has just received his introduction to the Church in the columns of the "Churchman;" in reading which one is painfully struck with the difficulty that the writer seemed to have had in describing this excellent presbyter in terms which would account for his elevation. The cat seems to show its head out

of the bag in the clause, which might readily be passed unnoticed: "He is a man of large means." Better far now than stores of grace for an ambitious presbyter is a rich wife. A witty parson suggested at the time of the latest Convention that in the proposed "enrichment" of the Prayer-book (the suggestion would have come in very pertinently under this title), "the Form of Ordaining or Consecrating a Bishop" should be amended by the introduction of an additional question and answer to this effect: "*The Presiding Bishop.* Have you satisfied yourself that you are financially qualified for the office and work of a bishop?"

Answer. "I think so, my father-in-law being my helper."

The aristocratic tendencies which are the heritage of our Church tend to leaven, unwholesomely, our episcopate. Our presbyters very often toady to their bishops, who are none too coy towards this adulation. A visit to England is apt to complete the turning of the episcopal head, and the episcopal body comes back to this democratic land in the full glory of a cockaded hat and apron and knee-breeches, after the fashion of his lordship of London. In one of our cathedrals an American bishop turns a presbyter into an ecclesiastical flunkey, and has this member of the "inferior clergy" go before him from his throne to the pulpit, carrying his episcopal staff. Seeing which things, one does not wonder at the remark of a learned presbyter: "If I was asked to name the strongest argument against the divine nature of the episcopate, I should refer to the effect of the office upon the men who fill it."

If there are such factors working unfavorably upon the episcopate, it need surprise no one if the episcopate itself is, in some respects, reacting injuriously upon the Church.

Worse far than any of the minor mischiefs of our episcopal administration, on which there is not time to dwell, are the graver dangers attending the attempt to combine a patriarchal despotism with a constitutional government. Personal rule is always open to the danger of becoming misrule. Under a constitutional government justice can generally be secured, but under a patriarchal despotism liberty depends very much upon the patriarch. We try to combine these systems, and get some of the good and evil of each. Seeing what scandals have arisen

in other churches through ecclesiastical trials, it was very natural that our Church, having so convenient a paternal government ready at hand, should throw upon it much which otherwise would have been left to constitutional courts. The Church at large is often thus saved great trouble, but the individual clergy as often suffer great wrongs, while the deepest interests of the Church are injured. It is wise to trust big men with much latitude of administration in state or church, but history shows too clearly that smaller men need to be hedged round with the most stringent provisions of law, lest they become petty despots. A "godly admonition" is a very convenient form for repressing diaconal exuberance and for drawing the rein upon over-mettlesome presbyters, but so tight a rein may be thus drawn that the Church's progress shall be slowed up to a snail's pace. Snuffers may keep the light burning clearly; they may also put the light out. The practical working of such a system might be suspected from without; it is painfully experienced within. Let a presbyter start the watch-dogs of the Church, always ready to scent heresy, barking on his trail, and the peculiar and exquisite adaptability of a "godly admonition" is displayed. To bring a heretic to trial is certain to make an open scandal, to stir up the hottest blood of the Church, to expose it to the alternatives of seeming to repress liberty of thought, or of seeming to sanction doctrinal laxity. How convenient to have an official who can quietly sit down upon the venturesome presbyter and stifle his voice, without attracting the notice of the ubiquitous reporters! What a delightful solution of the problem! He who has ears to hear will not fail to catch ominous whispers of the assiduity with which this episcopal weapon is used for the hushing of convictions and the silencing of speech. It has thus come to pass in our Church that while the utmost liberty of prophesying is permissible under law, there is just as much actual liberty in any diocese as the bishop sees fit to allow, or as the tyranny of public opinion permits him to allow.

It is within the legal power of a bishop to keep a man out of the ministry because of his own intellectual incapacity to understand that man's thought. In one of the leading dioceses of our land, a diocese which fully as much as any other represents the

culture of our Church, holy orders were peremptorily denied to a young man because he had been needlessly frank when under examination, in stating the philosophy of his theology. The bishop advised him to withdraw his application for orders, assuring him that he could never be presented for ordination. Another bishop wrote, asking that the young man might be transferred to his jurisdiction, proposing to admit him at once to orders. It was not, however, enough for this stalwart episcopal defender of the faith that he had rejected such a "neologian," but he must needs deny to him the liberty of seeking a chance of ordination anywhere else, and to his fellow bishop and all the bench of bishops the right of passing judgment upon the matter. The only way in which my friend secured an entrance into our ministry was by moving West, and renewing again the tedious probation of candidateship in another diocese where, when he came up for examination, he had learned enough of the wisdom of the serpent not to offer gratuitous philosophy to the episcopal mind.

It is the old story of the Christian Church. The episcopate has always been the great barrier to intellectual progress. It has supplied the needful factor of conservatism in Christianity, and the supply has been in excess of the demand. Brakes are needful, but if the train is to get anywhere it is not well that the brakes should be more powerful than the driving-wheels.

In our polity there is nothing more scandalous than the state of our judicial system. What this is, a recent case, which is likely to become a *cause célèbre*, will best illustrate. A cultivated, scholarly presbyter, of high standing in the Church at large, having such a striking presence as would make it preposterous for him to do anything "on the sly," took a carriage in a Western city, one evening, and visited several houses of ill-fame in search of a female relative who had gone astray. A certain reporter, untroubled with a character, recognized him, and saw the material for a first-class sensation, which was duly blazoned forth. This presbyter had incurred the suspicion of "the unco guid," by reason of his liberal views, and meaner motives were enlisted against him in high quarters. His vestry carefully investigated the report, and so satisfied the parish, which included some of the leading men of the State, as to his innocence, that it has

stood devotedly by him through the trial that followed. The nature of that trial will be sufficiently indicated by a few unvarnished facts. Of the eleven witnesses for the prosecution, eight testified positively to the innocence of the accused; some having seen him repeatedly, and others having been with him constantly, during the term in which he was charged with his offenses; while of the other three, no one, save the reporter referred to, testified to anything beyond impressions. This reporter, on whom everything turned, was shown up by numerous affidavits as a forger, an embezzler, a fugitive from justice, who had been sailing under various aliases; and, on discovering that he was found out, he slipped the town without venturing to rest overnight. The accused was condemned by a vote of three to two; one member of the court stating through the press afterwards that the verdict had been reached, not on the evidence submitted, but on the suspicion that certain other expected evidence had been spirited away. The clergyman who had been induced to act as prosecutor avowed publicly his belief in the innocence of the accused, putting himself on record as "protesting against the finding of the so-called ecclesiastical court in the mock trial." The bishop, who let his sympathy with the prosecution find open manifestation, allowed private individuals to examine the official records of the case, and garbled extracts were thus given to the public, while the accused presbyter three times asked for a certified copy at his own cost, in vain. And from such a "mock trial" there is no appeal in our Church to any higher court! Is it any wonder that one of our leading presbyters, a learned canonist, should withdraw from the active ministry of a Church which thus caricatures justice?

Such are some of the confessions which an Episcopalian has to make. I have sought to "set down naught in malice," but to speak in entire frankness concerning these grave and scandalous defects of our Church; not surely from any love of exposing her sores, but only in the hope that laying bare these sores may aid in leading to their cure. She has ample vital force to purge her system of all impurities and to grow out in beautiful vigor towards the fullness of her noble form.

SHOULD THE STATE TEACH RELIGION?

IN no previous age has there been such an enormous expenditure for popular education as in our own. The school property of the United States has cost \$200,000,000, and we pay over \$100,000,000 a year for teachers. England, France, Belgium, Germany, show a like outlay, while elsewhere in America and Europe the efforts in the same direction are only in a less degree. In extent and energy, the movement for popular education at the present day dwarfs those of all preceding time. It is a striking fact, which all must have noted, that this movement seeks to sever itself more and more from all religious guidance. The efforts to secularize our education have grown with our efforts to extend it, until it may be questioned which of these now have the larger force and volume. This procedure has continued long enough, and on a scale sufficiently large, to warrant us in attempting to draw instruction from its results. Has it met our expectations? Is society gaining the good which it seeks in this way?

The darkest figures in our last census are not those relating to illiteracy. In 1850 the ratio of the insane in our population was one to 1,486; in 1860 it was one to 1,306; in 1870 it was one to 1,030; and in 1880 it was one to 549. In 1850 the ratio of idiotic persons among us was one to 1,469; in 1880 it was one to 656. In 1850 one out of every 2,365 of our population was a deaf mute; in 1880 the proportion was one out of 1,197. Thirty years ago our census reported one out of 2,367 as blind; while our last census reports one out of 1,033. These differences cannot be wholly due to the difference of accuracy in our census reports, for they have their parallel elsewhere. The increase of insanity during the present century has been steady, large and universal in the civilized world, and has been exactly proportioned to the growth of what we have

called our civilization. In England and Wales the idiotic and insane have well-nigh doubled in the last twenty years. The ratio of insanity among the Scandinavians—among whom education may be said to be universal—is three and four-tenths to 1,000; among the Germans it is three to 1,000, but among the less educated Romanic peoples it is one to 1,000; while among the uncultured Slavonic races it is only six-tenths to 1,000.

Similar figures might be given in relation to crime, and vice, and pauperism, and divorce, and illegitimacy, and vagrancy, and suicide. That these are on the increase in our best-educated States will hardly be doubted by persons well informed. While there is an easy liability to error in making sweeping social deductions from social statistics, and while one needs great caution in using such figures as I have cited, their general drift is supported by other and wider facts. The two institutions upon which the very existence of society depends are property and the family, but there has certainly never been such a war against these as in this enlightened nineteenth century, and nowhere is the struggle carried forward with such fierce animosity as in the cities and States most conspicuous for their culture. The leaders in this war, the men who are aiming their weapons most relentlessly at the very heart of society, are among the ripest fruits of that culture by which society is, nevertheless, seeking its salvation. Some of them are choice products of our universities.

Whether all this is properly the result of our present educational methods need not now be argued. It is enough to note that the education to which we are giving such prodigious energy, instead of destroying the real perils of society, does not even diminish these, but suffers them to increase enormously. It is a grave question whether by this procedure we are not lighting the torch of the incendiary rather than that of the guide.

It is not the illiteracy of any people, but their immorality, it is not their knowledge but their virtue, on which either their destruction or their salvation hinges—a familiar truth, needing, nevertheless, constant reiteration. But the morality of a people is not secured by teaching them moral precepts. Men are not made virtuous by instruction in virtue. Whatever be its ex-

planation, the fact will not be doubted that no moral renovation of society has ever been accomplished by the teaching of morality, however pure. The introduction, therefore, of moral instruction in our schools to any extent, if it go no farther than the teaching of moral precepts, will give neither quickening nor culture to the moral life. "To act justly and wisely," said Plato, "you must act according to the will of God." In the actual condition of men, religious considerations are their indispensable motive to virtue. Even if it should be claimed—though I do not think it could be successfully proven—that certain individuals are moral without any religious constraint, this would never be affirmed of the masses of mankind. Without a question, the great moral reformations of society have been wrought by religion. A religious quickening furnishes the actually efficient moral inspiration to any people. The reason why ethical teaching of any sort, if it be only ethical, never has and never can move men to virtue, is that nothing ever moves man's will but a will, either his own will in its pure and free self-determination, or another man's will brought to bear in personal influence upon him, or God's will as a supreme sovereign, requiring a personal obedience to His personal commands. Men are not governed, no man is, nor any child, by their understandings. Personal power is the only power over human conduct, and God's personal supremacy, a divine command and a divine sanction, must be added to the moral precept in order to give it the constraining force needful to a moral life. The words of Kant are ever weighty when he tells us: "Without a God, and without a world invisible to us now but hoped for, the glorious ideas of ethics may indeed be objects of approbation and admiration, but cannot be the springs of purpose and action." A false religion will be found more conducive to virtue than no religion. Without inquiring as to what might or might not be true in respect of the moral life in any given instance of a cultivated or an uncultivated atheist or irreligious man, there need be no hesitation in affirming, either from the facts of human nature or of history, that an atheistic people, a people without religion, if such could be, could not have even virtue enough to maintain themselves as a people.

It is therefore so evident that it may almost be called self-

evident, that the religious instruction of a people is indispensable, I will not say to their welfare, but to their very existence.

But who shall give this instruction? Can we properly leave it to the family? Are parents even in Christian families all adequate for such an undertaking? Have they the time for it? Have they the talents for it? In other matters they need to provide other teachers for their children, and it may fairly be said that if, at the present day, the children of Christian parents were left with no other religious instruction than their parents can give, they would be left lamentably lacking. I do not speak of exceptions, but of the rule. But what of unchristian families, of the multitude of homes where neither piety nor virtue can be found? Granted that it is a duty for parents, for every parent, to provide religious instruction for their children, yet what if this duty is not done, as is the case, and ever will be, in the multitudes of families from which come the children who are to make up the bulk of our population? The family will not provide the religious instruction needed, and indeed cannot do it. Shall we expect it then from the Church? But the Church is confessedly not doing this work, and, unless you give it the ubiquity and the power of the state, the Church neither will nor can do it.

But if other agencies could perform it, the undertaking is of such transcendent importance to the state, is so truly the one work upon which the very salvation of society depends, that the state cannot afford to leave it in any other hands than its own. The state must provide for the religious instruction of its population, if that instruction is to be widely given; and it ought to provide for it on precisely the same grounds that it provides for any other instruction. Why does the state teach grammar, arithmetic, geography? Of course, only to make better citizens. But a better grammarian, a better arithmetician, a better geographer is not, as such, a better citizen. He has not taken one step toward becoming so, if these are the only paths along which he has been conducted. He is the better citizen only as he is the better man, and he is the better man only as he is the more loyal to truth and duty; in other words, only as he is the more obedient to God. If there be any means by which this obedience can be

secured, it ought not to be a question whether it is in the province of the state to employ them. If the religious life of any people is essential to their continued existence as a people, surely the state is not outside of its sphere in attending itself to so grave a concern.

If it should be said that religion is a matter of the heart, and therefore the state, unable to inculcate it, should leave it alone, the same might be said with equal pertinence in regard to learning. A child does not learn till he has set his heart upon it, till he has directed his will toward it; and in wisely selecting our teachers, either in letters or in science, we look first of all not to their learning, but to their large-heartedness; we are not satisfied with our teachers till we find that beyond their own knowledge they have the power also of inspiring their pupils with a desire to know. It is not easy to see why the same care might not be exercised where religion is to be taught.

Undoubtedly, if the state should enter upon the work of religious instruction, the conscience of some of its subjects might be invaded; but while no wise man will treat the conscientious convictions of any person lightly, no wise government will let the conscience of its subjects control its public policy. This would be the abdication of government. A state might thus be estopped from ever going to war, from all levies of taxes for the support of its army and navy, from all police regulations, and indeed from punishment of every sort, for conscientious scruples can be easily found against all these. Is it an injustice to tax the Quaker for the military and naval defenses by which the country is preserved from invasion, conscientiously opposed though he be to war and all its machinery; and is it any more of an injustice to tax an irreligious person for the religious instruction of the people, by which alone their existence is to be maintained? Moreover, if the question of conscience is to come in here, why is not the conscience of the man who requires religious instruction for his children quite as important for the state to conserve as the conscience of the man who rejects it? One says that if either is compelled to yield, it is despotism; but surely, if both are to be held, it is anarchy. The truth is, this question of conscience has no relevancy to the matter before us. We

delude ourselves when we bring it forward. It is one of those idols of the theater, as Bacon terms them, "which have got into the human mind from the perverted laws of demonstration," which we have received as stage plays are received, where personages dressed up in fictitious garbs are made to seem real, when there is no reality to them.

Religion is not an end to the state. It is simply a means to the advancement of the state, and is to be used like any other means. To the individual person the sole question about a religion is whether it is true, but the state only inquires whether it is adapted to the end at which the state is aiming. From this point of view the state is equally preserved from religious indifference and religious intolerance. What kind of a religion it should employ, and how far it should carry religious instruction in its schools, is a grave question of statesmanship, respecting which governments may very easily make mistakes, very grave mistakes. But governmental errors abound in other matters. It would be easy to cite from our own and from other governments copious examples of these—mistakes very difficult to rectify, and for whose mischief it is impossible to atone. Sometimes long and laborious processes are necessary to reverse these; but we do not therefore set governments aside, nor exclude difficult matters from the proper functions of government; nor do we hesitate at all in our conviction that all governmental mistakes may and must be remedied, in a free state by reform, and under a tyranny by revolution. But the greatest mistake any government is likely to commit respecting religious instruction is to have none. Any faith for a people is better than no faith. What faith shall be employed, and in what way, are points respecting which wise statesmanship will direct as it does in other matters, and wise statesmanship will keep in view here as elsewhere the maxim, *de minimis non curat lex*.

A system of religious doctrine, if it were nothing more, would be as inapt as a system of moral precepts to secure the inspiration to virtue, so indispensable to a commonwealth. But the life of Jesus Christ has shown itself abundantly able to do this. Why, then, should it not be brought in closest contact with our life, and our children be kept continually under its quicken-

ing inspiration? The life of Jesus Christ has proved itself the life of men, and is sufficient to lift human life everywhere to love and duty. Why should it not enter into all our processes of education? Is there any reason why we should teach the life of Julius Cæsar in our schools, and should not teach the life of Jesus Christ? Which is the grander character of the two? Which is the more potent factor in the history of the world? We do not depreciate the Roman ruler, nor overlook his vast significance, in saying that it is not he but the Gallilean peasant who is actually transforming the condition of the world. Why, then, should not Christ's history be taught, not simply in Christian families and the Christian Church, but in unchristian families in the unchristian world as well? Why should not a wise statesman, who sees what the story of His life has actually done in dispelling darkness, in relieving sorrow, in removing sin, take advantage of it, and use it in the largest measure? We have its authentic records. Modern criticism has established these, and the general historical accuracy of the gospels, however they may be still criticised in detail, is no longer doubted by intelligent persons. The life of Jesus Christ is, to say the least, no less authentically recorded for us than the life of Julius Cæsar. Why, then, on any consideration, are not the gospels as proper a text-book in our schools as are Cæsar's "Commentaries?" And if the teacher of the latter is to know them; if we make thorough scrutiny respecting a teacher's qualifications for his task in other things, why not also here? If he does not, in the light of modern criticism, know that the story of the gospels is in the main true, he is ignorant; or if, knowing its truth, he would hide it, he is false; and, in either case, not fit to teach.

"The fundamentals of religion" are in the four gospels, and the quickening germ of all morality is there. "It is the glory of the gospels," said Vinet, "not that they furnish to us a new morality, but that they give us a power to practice the old."

Hence I say that the state should provide for instruction in the gospels, for its own preservation. If the conscience of its subjects approve, well; if not, the state will be cautious, but courageous also, and, if it is wise, it will not falter.

JULIUS H. SEELYE.

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH CRIMINALS.

No man who loves men, and who observes criminals closely, can fail to recognize the depressing blight that falls on them from their very friendlessness. That they have deserved the enmity of society does not in the least mitigate the loneliness that comes to them through their complete ostracism by society. They are too often regarded as a race apart, with all sinful impulses intensified, and all good motives dead within them. Their acceptance of this situation is forced upon them, and no matter how earnestly they may strive to reform, the social ban is only lifted in the most exceptional cases. When a noted criminal was told to trust in God to aid him in his reformation, he asked: "Do you think He would trust me? No honest man ever trusted me, and the best men have been most reluctant to trust me." A thief once said to me: "When a man once gets crooked he has got to be crooked always; honest people hate me for being a thief, and they won't give me a chance to be an honest man." Not once, but a score of times, I have had men say to me: "For God's sake, why did the State let go of me? I have no chance to be honest out of prison; I must either starve or steal." And when such a man gets hungry and desperate he generally does steal, and goes back to prison. It is not within the intention of this article to point out how this state of things might be somewhat remedied by changes in our penal system, but simply to make a plea for the criminal, on the ground that he is not given a fair chance by society when he earnestly wishes to reform.

There are many criminals who do reform, notwithstanding the difficulties that beset them, and their struggles, however they may be regarded by men, often show a degree of heroism that must send joy to the angels of God.

One of the most remarkable cases of this kind that I ever knew was that of "John Loughbridge," the *alias* of a man who

served a long term in one of our State-prisons for an assault committed when he was drunk. This man was the son of a well-known physician. His early home had been made wretched by a step-mother who hated him. He was driven out into the world, and became a "tough" and a member of a "gang." He was a hard drinker, got into a fight about a woman, and was sent to prison. He came out of prison with the honest intention of living a reputable life. He sought work and found it in a stable. A so-called detective recognized him as a "prison bird," and blackmailed him for half his wages weekly, on the threat of making known his past life to his employer. He could not live on the sum that was left to him, and was forced to leave his place. After spending six weeks in searching for work, he came to the office of the Prison Association for help. It was mid-winter; his feet were bare; his ragged coat was pinned and buttoned up to his throat to hide the want of a shirt; he was pale with hunger. Under favorable circumstances he would have been a man of more than ordinary strength, but he was so weak that he almost fell into a chair when he entered the office. We asked him what he wanted. He replied:

"I want work, and I only want work."

"Well, suppose you don't get it?"

"In that case I'm going to die," he replied; "but I'm going to die honest. I've made too long a fight to give up now."

We asked what trade he had learned in prison. He had learned moulding. He had once, since he came out, found a few days' work in a factory, and though he had given perfect satisfaction to his employer, it had become known that he was an ex-convict, and the honest men who were his fellow-workmen had, to use his own expression, "run him out of the shop." Said he: "I went around the corner of the building and sat down on the curb-stone and cried like a baby; so much like a baby that I was ashamed of myself." After that he got odd jobs—putting in coal, and later on shoveling snow; but after the winter coal was mostly in, and after a long stretch of fine weather, he was forced to eat his shovel by turning it into bread. "Talk about Arctic voyagers," he said, "why I've been through it all right here in New York, freezing and starving and hopelessness and

all." After a little time, work was found for this man, and he acquitted himself well. But he was harassed by old associates, by men whom he had known in prison. Months went on, and his life was a burden to him. His wife, a worthless woman who was in prison at the time of his release, came out, and by her vicious habits added to his misery. He has come to my house at two in the morning, driven out of his room by the violence of the woman whom he was trying to support. He lost job after job because it became known that he had been in prison. For two years he fought the battle, and then he took his own way down into the valley of the shadow of death. I received the news of his death just as I had been telling his story in a public meeting; the telegram simply said: "John Loughbridge has shot himself." The forces of Christian society had been too much for this poor prodigal, who "came to himself" to find a garment of shame prepared for him; and who, finding no place for himself in this world, preferred the chances of suicide to the certainties of an embittered existence.

This is not an exceptional case. I have known of other ex-convicts who starved rather than steal, who have for months suffered from want and from the diseases produced by want rather than go back to vicious courses. But there are criminals and criminals. The man who has started out in life with an intention of being a burglar or counterfeiter, and has trained himself for these "professions," rarely ceases to follow them, unless, perchance, he makes a fortune, and retires after the fashion of honest and prosperous tradesmen. It is safe to say that not one in twenty of the professional criminals who come out of our State-prisons have any very strong determination to reform. They have generally calculated carefully the chances of punishment attaching to their career, have fitted themselves for their profession by study and practice, and have long ago hardened themselves against any moral scruples that may have arisen in the early years of criminal life. For such as these there is very little hope of reformation through any ordinary influences. But, fortunately, our criminal class is not largely made up of professional criminals. Certainly not one-fifth of the inmates of our prisons have started out with the de-

liberate intention of leading a criminal life. They are generally persons of low moral perceptions, small will-power, quick passions, or victims of intemperance, either in their own or a past generation. For all these there is a large hope, when the day shall come that their individual cases shall be studied, and the attempt judiciously made to build them up where they are morally weak. This is impossible under our present penal system, with its atrocious county jails, in which there is no effort whatever made by the authorities to elevate the moral tone of the prisoners; with its county penitentiaries, generally under political management of the narrowest partisan order; and with its State-prisons, in which are generally crowded two or three times too many prisoners, and in which, in most cases, the motive idea is not reformation, but pecuniary profit. Thus, much of the work of moral development that should be done in prison as a part of the penal system of the State, is left to be done by individuals and by other voluntary agencies outside the prison. In several of the States, work is being done by prison associations which unquestionably ought to be done by the State itself. It would not, I think, be difficult to show that through the efforts of individuals like Michael Dunn and Jerry McAuley, and of institutions such as they build up, and of organizations such as the Prison Association of New York, more men have been saved to society than through the influences of the penal institutions belonging to the State. All good work, through such agencies as I have named, is done by individual treatment; not by separation of the criminal from the better part of society, but by studying him as a criminal and treating him as a man, while he still remains among men.

The search for some germ of goodness, some slumbering spark of the divine fire in the heart, for some good motive that can be worked upon to build up a good man out of a bad one, is absorbingly interesting. I believe that with the vision that God furnishes to all honest searchers, the discovery can be made in most cases; only there must be patient waiting, and a determination, in God's name and for humanity's sake, to find what is looked for. No man need hope for good results in any effort to deal with criminals, whether they be in prison or out of

it, who does not believe that in every man there is a possibility of goodness. Any man who has dealt with criminals will admit that he has frequently been surprised by a development of such possibilities into the very satisfactory reality of honest, upright, self-respecting life. For the sake of my argument I may be allowed perhaps to relate some of the cases that have occurred under my own observation. Those which my late colleague, Mr. Stephen Cutter, could have described were infinitely more numerous than have occurred in my shorter experience; but I am sure that he would have confirmed the principle indicated in the following instances, namely, that if the heart is touched, the most promising way to reformation has been found, and that all genuine reformation must begin or end with a new impulse in the heart.

It often happens, too, that a person criminally inclined only needs to get a right view of himself to bring about his reformation. Here is a boy, seventeen years of age, who has read so many dime novels, so much of the fiction of the Plains, that his heated imagination has made him believe himself fitted with all the violent qualities that go to make a successful cowboy and Indian fighter. He, indeed, has tried the experiment of being an actual cowboy, run away to the South-west, learned to drink whisky, to herd cattle, to make his talk a blaze of blasphemy, to throttle all the tender emotions, and to despise the decencies of polite society. But these accomplishments were not exceptional enough among the cowboys to attract much attention, and not finding the notoriety for which he craved, he came back to New York to be the terror of his widowed mother and the bane of a peaceable boarding-house that she kept. A cowboy in the South-west is one thing; a swaggering braggadocio, armed with bowie-knife and revolver and threatening murder in a New York boarding-house, is quite another. The youth became intolerable. The poor mother's life became a burden to her. The safety of her household made it necessary that she should call upon the law for protection against her own son. She went to the police station to make the complaint. The boy was very dear to her; he was her "baby," the youngest of the family; she was crushed by the necessity that

made her the complainant against this boy. Her principles were, however, stronger than her feelings; she made the complaint, turned away from the station-house desk, put her hand to her heart, gave a bitter moan of agony, cried out, "My heart is breaking," and fell dead! Her heart was, indeed, broken. And when the news of his mother's death was carried to the young bravado he said: "Now I suppose I shall be my own master." This would seem a bad case; one in which the better sentiments had been crushed out of existence.

This boy, as he appeared in our first interview, was fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a pleasant expression of countenance, a muscular body, and a somewhat slouchy, swaggering manner. We sat facing each other for two or three minutes, mentally studying each other. I found it necessary to take precedence in the conversation. "Well," I said—and I suppose I smiled—"you are a fraud; you are no cowboy; you are no Indian fighter; you are not 'Bloody Bill the Scout;' you've succeeded in imposing upon your poor mother, who never saw an Indian in her life, and was always afraid of a gun; you've made fools of a lot of silly boarders; and after all you are only a poor, simple, ignorant, silly boy of seventeen, not even bad at heart, only you've persuaded yourself that you are bad, and people have called you bad, and you've come to believe you are. You ought to be sent to an asylum for weak-minded youth, or a woman's school; you're not fit for State-prison. You never can make a successful criminal; you haven't got it in you."

The boy looked amazed. He had evidently expected that I would tell him what a desperate character he was. His lip quivered and the tears came into his eyes; being found out in his deception, he "put up his hands," and capitulated to his better nature. He has concluded to be a farmer, and has been conducting himself very respectably ever since that conversation. He had chosen to play a part before the world, and the world had been foolish enough to allow him to occupy the place he had chosen. He had been fascinated by the bravado of crime and consumed with a craving for criminal notoriety, and this craving was fed by the account of every criminal exploit and sensational trial that he had read in the newspapers, and by every recog-

nition of the distinction he had attained. Having been convinced that his view of life was a false and a dangerous one, it was only necessary to supply a new set of interests to save the boy. In our county jails his criminal tendencies would have been further cultivated and developed; in our prisons he would have been still further stigmatized as belonging to the dangerous class.

In dealing with criminals the ordinary appeals to a better life must be greatly intensified to have the slightest effect. They must be coupled with a prospect of help, and must be made to touch the heart as well as the reason. It is all but impossible to make the average criminal grasp the meaning of abstract moral laws. The parable of the Prodigal Son, once told by the writer to a criminal in the hope of arousing his moral sensibilities, fell on his mind like water on a duck's back. The coming to himself, returning to his injured father, and being made much of, were all regarded as so much advice to be taken literally, and were met with the response: "You couldn't come that on my governor; I tried it once, and he bounced me." The conception of moral sentiments generally does not reach beyond the low standard of expediency. In illustration of this, Mr. Brockway, of Elmira, tells how one of his young men who had broken his parole and been returned to the Elmira Reformatory, spoke of the very common expression, "Honesty is the best policy." "Yes," said he, "it is the best policy; there's no mistake about it. There was Jones; when he got through doing time in prison, he went out, and started in the clothing business; and if ever there was an honest fellow it was he. He began working in a tailor's shop, and he saved a little, and after a while set up a shop of his own; and then he got a good-sized store in New York, and everybody got to know him for square dealing; and by and by he got a store in Philadelphia, too, and his credit was A No. 1; and about ten years after he had started, he had about \$300,000 in his business—and he got away with the whole of it!" Yet I believe that that young man, whose moral perception could not reach higher than the standard of a very low popular axiom, might have been capable of sublime loyalty of friendship, might have been heroic in places

where personal courage was demanded, and could have been own to a friendship with good men and things that would have saved him. Perhaps my hope would not have been so buoyant with regard to criminals but for an experience that came to me early in my personal dealings with them. With an apology for the bit of autobiography that it contains, let me narrate the incident. Nearly two years ago there came to my office from an inland prison a man whose criminal record was made up of deeds of robbery and violence of the most aggravated kind. His coming was preceded by a letter from the warden of the prison saying that the man would probably come to me, and pronouncing him thoroughly bad, a dangerous character, the most treacherous, the most violent man that he had ever had in the prison. The letter was before me on my desk when the man announced himself. I looked up, and saw a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic man, with an evil eye, a sloping forehead, a square jaw; a stolid, sullen rogue, with more wickedness in his face than I ever saw in any other man's, save one. He was more than six feet tall, and as he stood by me I thought how easy it would be for him to pick me up, strangle me, rob me, and throw me under the table.

"Well," I said, "what can I do for you?"

"I want work," he replied.

"Where are your recommendations?"

"Haven't any."

"You're a pretty bad man, aren't you?"

"Pretty bad, I guess; I never claimed to be no saint."

"What are you going to do if you can't get work?"

"Well, I ain't agoin' to starve; you can bet your life on that."

"I don't believe I can get work for you," I said. "I have a letter from Warden ——. He says you are the worst man he ever had in the prison. I'll read it to you." So I read the letter, and the man's face grew more clouded as he listened. After I had finished, I said: "That is a pretty poor recommendation; nobody will have you on that; I believe that I'll have to employ you myself."

"What at?" he asked.

"To do errands and work about the office."

"Office boy?"

"Yes."

"What, me?"

"Yes; why not?"

"I'm too big."

"We could get along with your size if you'd promise not to grow any larger."

"How much would you give?" he asked. I told him. "That is too little," he replied; but I soon convinced him that it was enough to live on till he could get something better. So he accepted the situation. A few days after I sent him on an errand to my home. My mother said to me when I returned: "Will, what a dreadful man you've got in your office. His face frightened me. I'm afraid he will do you some violence." "So am I," I replied; "but there is nobody else to have him."

A day or two after that I wanted cashed a check of seventy-five dollars, and sent it, for the purpose, to one of my neighbors in the building. My clerk took it out, returned immediately, said my neighbor had just sent to the bank and on the return of the messenger would send me up the money; and then my clerk went out to luncheon, leaving Williams and myself alone in the office. Soon my neighbor's boy came in, with seventy-five dollars in bright new bills, laid them on my desk, and went out. My desk was in the corner of the room and faced the wall. A moment later, as I wrote, I felt that somebody was close behind me. There was no shadow, no noise, only the consciousness of some one near me. I went on with my letter, finished it, signed it, sealed it, addressed it, and then by some impulse, which I shall never be able to explain, except as an inspiration, I wheeled quickly round, stood up, brought my hands down on Williams's shoulders, and said, in a voice that startled my own soul:

"Williams, if you go wrong you will break my heart."

He sank into a chair by my side, absolutely melted; great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon the floor. I looked down; his shoes were off; and while he put them on, I unfastened the door which he had locked. He evidently meant to rob me, and to use whatever violence was necessary.

Not one other word on the subject has passed between Williams and myself. In that moment the man was startled into a belief that his soul was somehow linked with the souls of other men for a better purpose than a life of crime—that any hurt to his own soul must hurt others—that humanity had an interest in him and he in humanity; and when once any man comes to grasp that idea he will see that it is best to strive for its realization. A new look came into Williams's face, a new impulse into his life; he remained under my eye for some weeks, and then went to a neighboring city, where he obtained honest employment and won the confidence of his employer. He was leading an honest life up to three weeks ago, when I last heard from him. He may fall; he may slip back into crime; but he will have tasted the satisfaction of integrity, and the old life will never again have the same zest for him.

Why have I written out these incidents? Certainly not for the mere pleasure of story-telling; but to point this simple lesson: that the bond of humanity is the bond that will save the criminal when anything will save him. If honest society regards this tie lightly in dealing with the criminal, the criminal cannot be expected to remember it in dealing with society. Reformation begins with an apprehension of the tie that holds society together—brotherhood, fellowship, all the things that Christians profess to have learned from having been together in the heart of Christ. The comprehension of this tie comes from the heart. The soul has eyes that see farther and deeper than the eyes in the head; the heart has hands that are forever reaching out to grasp other hands. Unseal the vision of the criminal by the light of a little friendliness, meet the half-paralyzed hands in their aimless graspings for something better, cultivate the first germ of aspiration that shows itself, and you can have a part in the divine work of saving men.

There are two defects in the treatment of criminals to-day: one is that we neglect them altogether except to punish them; the other that we regard them as merely intellectual machines, that can be saved by training their faculties to act automatically in the direction of right. In one case we continue them as enemies of society, and in the other we make them its friends

only to the extent of an intellectual limit. I do not believe that the Elmira Reformatory saves men merely because of its noble course of study, but because it represents the desire of its founders and its superintendent to save men; a desire born of their love for humanity. When the whole State shall stand before the criminal class as a strong power, bent upon saving them because it believes them worth saving, and determined not to stop in its effort till it has saved them, using such severity as is necessary and only so much, then I believe there will be a responsive thrill in the heart of many a criminal, and he will rise up and say, not "Honesty is the best policy," but "Honesty is the best principle;" and the heart shall bid the man live rightly when the head may say to him that he would gain in worldly things by keeping on in the old courses. The criminal is a man; that is all. He is a creature of heart, and of mind, and of body. He must be treated as made up of these three. To win him to Christian society, his heart must be touched by the thought that Christian society desires to stand in a beneficent relation to him; that it means to treat him fairly, and as leniently as its own thorough protection against him will permit; that it means to help him to correct the errors of his life; and to do this that it will spare no reasonable means. He must be made to see that society has a place for him, and a welcome to that place, when he shall give satisfactory evidence that he means to reform; and no place for him while he continues in his old courses. Bitterness must be somehow gotten out of his heart and ignorance of social duties out of his mind, and his body must be trained to a habit of self-repression and of industry. But we must begin with driving out the heart-bitterness, the darkness of the soul; and this can only be done by displacing it by sweetness and light poured in—the sweetness that is manifested in an inclination to save the man, because he is a man; the light that is manifested by a determination to do it because we too are men with passions like unto his own, which are only kept within bounds by our happier conditions of education and environment.

W. M. F. ROUND.

SHALL WE MUZZLE THE ANARCHISTS?

"IN regard to liberty of writing and speech," says Jeremy Bentham, "I would place matters on exactly the same footing as that in which they are in the Anglo-American United States." The practice thus heartily indorsed consists in perfect freedom of utterance. By the first amendment to the Federal Constitution Congress is forbidden to encroach upon this fundamental right of personal liberty, and the policy which finds such expression in the organic law of the central government may be accepted as properly portraying the practice in the several States. As is well known, the early Federalists endeavored to introduce unusual punishments for the offense of criticising either the policy of the government or the conduct of officials, and the "sedition law," as it was termed, passed during the administration of John Adams, met with the approval of the court. But the reception of this law by the people emphatically declared that they believed in no sort of censorship, for the indignation which it aroused could not be allayed except by the humiliating defeat of the party that passed it. So far as I am aware, there has been no subsequent attempt on the part of civil authority to control the expression of opinion, or to limit the sphere of criticism upon the government or upon the existing order of society. It is true that during the late war certain papers which advocated the cause of rebellion were suppressed in districts where martial law had not been declared; but such acts were defended as war measures, and proceeded from the military authority. It may then be said without reserve that the American people have, thus far in their history, acted upon the belief that individual freedom, exercised under conditions of strict responsibility, is sufficient guarantee for that personal security the enjoyment of which is the best test of a just society.

Have we now, after a hundred years' experiment, come to a

point in our development as a nation when this policy must be reversed? It seems unnecessary to remark that the occasion for undertaking such an inquiry is the disclosures that have been made in Chicago concerning anarchist organizations, and the perpetration of the crime, altogether unusual in the United States, of using infamous weapons to strike terror into the minds of a peaceful community. We can no longer treat with amused indifference the threats of those who propose to establish a new heaven upon this old earth by means of indiscriminate murder. How then shall we treat them? The necessity of answering this question brings again into review the theory of personal liberty which secures to every man the right to express his opinions. Was this theory rational when established; and, if so, have new forces of any sort been introduced into our modern life which should lead us to modify the old defense of freedom of speech?

Although Bentham's praise of the policy adopted in this country is fully merited, it should not be forgotten that the principles of personal liberty enjoyed by the American people were received by them from England herself. The eloquent argument of Milton against public censorship may be said to have determined English thought respecting freedom of utterance, and it is a cutting from this plant of liberty removed to the virgin soil of the new world which has grown into that freedom which we now enjoy. In Mr. Mill's "Essay on Liberty," which met with hearty approval from American readers, we find the thoughts writ by the old Puritan expanded and reduced to argumentative form; in this essay, therefore, may we expect to find the most perfect expression of the theory of free speech.

The considerations by which Mr. Mill urges that government should interfere as little as possible with public discussion are the following:—1. By interfering to suppress opinions or experiments in living you may resist truths and improvements in a greater or less degree. 2. Constant discussion is the only certain means of preserving the freshness of truth in men's minds and the vitality of its influence upon their conduct and motives. 3. Individuality is one of the most valuable elements of well-being, and you can only be sure of making the most of individuality if you have an atmosphere of freedom, encouraging

free development and expansion. 4. Habitual resort to repressive means of influencing conduct tends more than anything else to discredit and frustrate the better means, such as education, good example, and the like.*

The readiness with which we admit these propositions shows that they form a part of our inheritance of thought ; and yet we demur when the principles propounded by Milton, Erskine, Bentham and Mill are urged to shield the utterances of anarchists, whose avowed purpose is the destruction of that personal security now guaranteed to every citizen by a carefully developed system of constitutional law. Listen, for example, to the following, which is said to come from the pen of a respectable citizen of Toledo, Ohio :

“The capitalists’ golden bags and the bondholders have denied us all rights. They would make us slaves. Our only hope is in earnest, organized action. Burn, kill, and destroy until we force the autocrats to terms. We have lost hope in God, hope in humanity, and hope in the world at large. Let every man do his duty. This is a time when the working man will either become a slave or a master. Choose between the two, and choose at once. Let us give no quarter and ask none ; only let us stand by each other, and each man at his post. If we must die, let us die like men and not slaves.”

Would the denial of the right to use such language tend to “resist truths” ? Does discussion of this sort preserve the “freshness of truth in men’s minds” ? Does it savor of the “atmosphere of freedom,” or would its suppression “frustrate the influence of good example” ? It seems evident that the argument of Mr. Mill is addressed to a different sort of expression from that which is disclosed in the quotation thus casually selected. He refers to discussion, and to such exhortation as may properly follow impassioned discussion ; he would not lend the authority of his name to the free use of language which becomes the first step in crime. So far as the expression of opinion is concerned, I see no reason why the theory of free discussion is not as fully applicable to the anarchists to-day as to those who dissented from the established order of society at any time in the past ; but having made this concession, it seems that the full requirements of the doctrine of liberty have been com-

* As stated by Mr. Morley, *cf.* “Fortnightly Review,” vol. xx. p. 237.

plied with. The right of self-protection is as essential a part of the doctrine of liberty as the right of self-assertion. It is not the argument in the above quotation which would give the law of a free people just cause of action against him who wrote it. Discussion respecting the nature of property or the equity of modern methods of distribution cannot fail to disclose more clearly and settle more firmly what is true. But language which goes beyond discussion and incites to civil crimes comes to be an offense accessory to the crime, and so far as moral right is concerned may be prohibited, in order to prevent the crime to which it leads. The reasoning upon which such a conclusion rests is the same as that which allows the law to prohibit the carrying of concealed weapons.

There is but one conceivable condition on which the warfare of terrorism may be defended by the moral code of liberty, and that is when the organic law of the country fails to provide for peaceful revolution. But this is not the case in the United States. Here the will of the people when legally expressed becomes the supreme law of the land; and, when a set of desperate men endeavor to terrorize a peaceful community into cowardly compliance with their wishes, they act in a manner for which no theory of liberty makes provision. They place themselves outside the law by refusing to carry on their agitation according to the law; and the law is not to be blamed if it accepts the sentence which such men pronounce against themselves and treats them as outlaws. And I cannot forbear saying in this connection that the laboring men are of all citizens the most interested in maintaining this distinction. The solution of the labor problem lies in a further development of certain proprietary rights which shall be to the advantage of the workman; but should these new rights be developed, they must rest for their enforcement upon the same form of legal procedure with which we are now familiar. It would be suicidal for working men to adopt the methods of anarchists, for in so doing they would destroy the only means of defending such rights as they may acquire.

Giving, then, a definite answer to the question first asked, we may say: Free discussion is essential to a society that seeks the

enjoyment of true liberty and consequently finds support in sound reason ; but the doctrine of free discussion does not contemplate such license to press and speech as will endanger the peace and tranquillity of the community. But have any new forces been introduced into our modern society that call for a modification of the rule of liberty ? It is natural that the factors that make up society should change, and that principles should present themselves to succeeding generations in slightly modified lights. Milton did not write for a people of mixed education, nor did Mill contemplate a rapid increase of the foreign element. It is a significant fact that of the anarchists now lying under arrest in Chicago, not one is a native American. It has been assumed that the United States, with her boundless opportunities for industrial development, could easily absorb all immigrants and instruct them in the ways of free institutions. For the most part this expectation has been met, but of late certain Poles, Bohemians, and Hungarians (many of whom, it must be said, were imported by labor-contractors), as well as some Germans who left their country for their country's good, have proven to be a hard meal to digest. They congregate in sections of our crowded cities or work together in mines ; they are slow to learn the English language, and easily fall the prey of designing men. A speech which an American would laugh at rouses them to frenzy, and because the arm of the government is not ever visible they are quick to presume that nothing stands between them and lawless intimidation. The invention of dynamite also changes somewhat the argument for freedom of speech. The significance of dynamite as a means of enforcing convictions consists in this, that it may be employed with less danger of discovery than a Winchester rifle, or a dirk ; and the power of destruction which it places in the hands of a single man far exceeds the just weight of that man's opinion in shaping public sentiment. These are facts which lead us to be a little more severe in guarding public discussion than might otherwise be necessary.

But the most important question yet remains. Assuming that anarchist opinions, when expressed in such a manner as to incite naturally to crime, can claim no protection from the doc-

trine of liberty; would it be wise for the police authorities to enter upon a policy of repression?

There are two reasons why such a proposal cannot meet with hearty approval. The practicability of a measure cannot be fully determined by the immediate results that may be expected from it, but its probable remote effects must likewise be taken into the account. It cannot be denied that public opinion fails to distinguish clearly between the ends for which working men are striving, which in themselves are perfectly legitimate, and may be attained in a legitimate manner, and the purposes of those men whose theory of agitation implies the destruction of the law which guards personal security. And there is great danger that a policy of public surveillance established over the latter would be gradually extended in the former, and so ultimately result in the curtailment of such agitation as lies wholly within the boundaries of liberty. This may be a remote contingency, but it suggests a thought worth considering. But, in the second place, there is danger that a policy of repression would strengthen the hands of the anarchists themselves. It is because the poor have a just complaint against the existing order of society that men who talk murder and riot are able to gather a tolerant audience; but should the police authorities undertake to suppress the speakers, there is reason to fear that this bare tolerance would warm into genuine sympathy. As Lord Bacon truly remarks: "The punishing of wits enhances their authority, and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them that seek to tread it out." Laborers as a class do not perceive any more clearly than the public in general the necessary antagonism between their interests and the methods by which they may be the best served, and the purposes and methods of anarchists. But being conscious of bearing unusual burdens, and having perhaps grown morbid under this sense of wrong, they stand ready to join hands with all who cry out that the power of the state is turned against them. In my opinion an industrial revolution must be accomplished before we may hope for plenty with peace; but the fate of Christian society depends upon the manner in which it shall be accomplished. No greater misfortune could befall our civilization than

the union of all the discontented classes under anarchist sentiments; and our safety against such a calamity lies in holding clearly before the minds of men the fact that the law itself provides for peaceful revolution, and that a reign of terror is not only unnecessary but would be disastrous to the establishment of a new order of industrial society. The chief objection, therefore, to the adoption of unusual methods in dealing with the comparatively small number of anarchists that exist is, that such methods would tend to obscure the real point at issue in the great controversy now engaging public attention. It is never wise to sit for any considerable length of time on the safety valve.

I would not, however, leave the impression that the law should deal leniently with anarchists, as though their opinions were their misfortune, or the casualties which follow their speeches an accident. Whether sane or bereft of reason, when men mix dynamite with the pyrotechnics of their oratory, society has the right to take measures for self-protection. But this protection, as it appears to me, may be the best secured by a rigorous enforcement of the laws now upon our statute books, rather than by the enactment of new laws that shall endeavor to define a new crime. Nothing would play more directly into the hands of these agitators than the establishment of some method of procedure, or the adoption of a policy of police supervision, which might give color to the claim that the offenses committed by their followers are political offenses. The truth is, that anarchist rioters are ordinary criminals and should be dealt with as such.

The theory of criminal procedure is not difficult to understand. It starts with the assumption that every man who knows the law is free to obey it or not as suits him best, but to this liberty there is attached full responsibility for all acts which affect in any way other members of society. That is to say, every man is permitted to do as he pleases on condition of receiving the approval or censure of the law. This arrangement is regarded by English jurists as the most practicable method of preventing wrongs, for if men can only be brought to act under a keen sense of personal responsibility it is believed they will endeavor to keep within their clear legal rights. It thus appears that personal liberty and personal responsibility are the counter forces

which hold the units of our nebulous society in their proper spheres.

It is, however, by no means easy to apply this theory. The perfection of its working depends upon the certainty and swiftness with which justice is executed. But it is not always possible in case of incendiary publications or of speeches followed by riot for the law to lay its hand on the real principal in the offense. It is the action of mind on mind that must be traced, and the difficulty of applying the rule of responsibility arises from the fact that such action leaves behind itself no visible evidence. Still it lies in the purpose of the law to overcome the difficulty thus suggested, and to that end three steps are recognized in the perpetration of a crime: the intent, the plan, and the execution of the plan. For offenses such as we are now considering, the basis of intent is the opinions which anarchists entertain. But our law does not undertake to question individual opinions; for not only would such questioning be useless as leading to no practical measure for granting protection to society, but it would encroach upon that somewhat vaguely defined territory in which a man is bound to recognize no responsibility except to himself. On the other hand, it is impossible for men of sane mind to escape responsibility for overt acts. But the wrong committed by those who propagate the doctrines of anarchy lies between these two extremes. It pertains to the crystallization of opinion and to the formation of plans. There are, however, two ways in which the law may make its appearance on this debatable ground between intent and act. If several persons "combine to carry into effect a purpose hurtful to some individual, or to particular classes of the community, or to the public at large," they are individually subject to indictment as members of a conspiracy. Or suppose some offense to be committed in the course of a riot; provided only a jury may be convinced upon reasonable evidence that the perpetrator of the crime was at the time acting under the influence, or at the instigation of another man, although the individual who commits the deed is held to answer for his act, the principal in the offense is not permitted to escape. The indictment in such case would hold the conspirators or instigators as

"accessories to the crime prior to the fact," and the punishment allowed would vary with the degree of responsibility.

One feels a natural disinclination to recognize that his investigation leads only to negative results, but in the present instance it seems necessary to rest satisfied with such a conclusion. I cannot think that the events which have lately occurred show that the doctrine of free speech, which properly understood is the doctrine of responsible speech, exposes society to unnecessary dangers, or that established criminal procedure is unable to cope with such dangers as exist. At least there is no modification of the system with which we are familiar that does not look toward the adoption of police surveillance as practiced in continental Europe. To say nothing of its influence on character, it is quite doubtful if Americans would submit to the petty annoyances necessary for rendering police surveillance effective.* A much more pertinent suggestion is made by Jeremy Bentham. In his "Principles of Penal Law" there are mentioned twelve "indirect means of preventing the will to commit offenses," the most important of them being "to diminish the uncertainty of procedure and punishments." This proposition exposes the weakness of criminal practice in the United States. The efficiency of our penal system, and in consequence the security of all law-abiding citizens, depend upon creating in the breast of every man a keen sense of personal responsibility for all his acts; and this can only be done

* It may be doubted if Americans generally understand what police surveillance really means. My own acquaintance with this detestable system was acquired while a student in Berlin, during the vigorous enforcement of the anti-Socialist laws. I did not find it pleasant to be obliged to show a passport before a hotel proprietor would be willing to assign me a room. It was a disagreeable necessity imposed upon me that I should look into each morning's paper under the list of books *verboten*, to see which ones in my possession next should be put under lock and key. And I confess to having indulged a modified degree of anger when, as I was quietly whistling upon the street to drive away my melancholy, a policeman touched me on the shoulder with the remark: "*Pfeifen wird nicht gestattet.*" And my capacity for contempt was exhausted when I heard a prominent professor of the greatest university in the world reply to a student, who asked permission to make a special study of the progressive income tax, "*Mein Gott! das ist aber etwas gefährlich.*" Commend me rather to the practice of Anglo-Saxon liberties which depends upon punishment of crime for both public and private security.

in case each in fraction of the law is followed by sure punishment. If, however, justice frequently miscarries, men come to regard a criminal court as a sort of lottery in which they may reasonably take their chances. With what reason may we expect that a law against bribery should keep public officials in the course of honesty, when the fact is, that until the present year, the criminal proceedings of the State of New York never recorded a conviction for bribery.

But the offense of anarchists, which consists in spreading terror in a peaceful community, is one with which our courts have seldom been called upon to deal. And though the law itself is perfectly clear, it may be doubted if they who commit the offense are fully aware of the degree of their responsibility. Most of them come from countries where police surveillance is rigorously enforced, and it is not surprising that they fail to understand the Anglo-American doctrine of freedom of speech. It is the duty of the prosecuting attorney to teach them this doctrine; and this he can do provided only the court will give him a fair chance to trace such crimes as are perpetrated to the men who are in reality responsible for them. Our system of liberties is not endangered by the freedom granted to press or speech, but by the prevalent practice of criminal courts which so frequently defeats justice, and in consequence weakens the sense of personal responsibility. I have sometimes thought it might be well to allow indictment against certain criminal lawyers as "accessories to crime after the fact."

H. C. ADAMS.

WOMAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

It is sometimes affirmed, even by the most conservative, that women are more conscientious than men. Be that as it may, women have seldom shunned any sacrifice presented under the guise of duty. Duty has led them into unwonted places and extreme measures. It moved Joan of Arc to take up arms for her country. It carried Florence Nightingale, with her army of nurses, to the Crimea. It led Clara Barton through the long battle of Antietam, from which she emerged, smoke-begrimed and weary, to prove that women were needed at the front.

But if women are ready to do their duty, whatever it be, what more is to be said? Sermons and essays and volumes have been written upon the subject. The duties of women have been laid down in phrases that cannot be misunderstood. And since there is nothing new under the sun, why multiply words? Simply because duty is a matter of education; because, as races advance, their code of morals grows purer; because, among nations holding themselves civilized, while certain broad laws are generally acknowledged, the details of duty are wrought out century by century, almost year by year.

"Men follow duty, never overtake;
Duty nor lifts her veil, nor looks behind."

Twenty-five years ago hundreds of women in our Southern States were convinced that they were doing God's will in holding, buying, and selling human beings. In the West, other hundreds are sadly groping for the right through the medium of polygamy. On every hand are wives bound, as they believe, to a life of grief and humiliation, because of the low standard of morals countenanced in men. None of these belong to the class who distort arguments to suit their desires. They are conscientious, but misguided. They are following duty over burning ploughshares. They are the victims of a false education.

The present is often called a period of transition. The changes are nowhere more marked than in the education of girls.

One hundred years ago there was not a high-school for girls in existence ; now there is, in this country, an Association of Collegiate Alumnae, including graduates from fourteen colleges and universities. In 1820, it was considered a great novelty in England, and a questionable accomplishment, that a woman should be able to pass a satisfactory examination in geometry ; but no comment was excited by a recent report of the remark of the professor of mathematics at Columbia College, New York, concerning a Miss Edgerton, that no young man of her age, so far as he was aware, could have done the work she had done, and that her treatise on pure mathematics marked a distinct step in advance in mathematical science.

As society has changed its mind in regard to the education of women, so it is revising its decree as to women's work. The views of a people on this point vary as much in successive periods as do those of nation from nation. Among the Gauls, the women, although highly venerated by the men, shared the work of felling trees and breaking rocks, and not infrequently turned the tide of battle. In the early feudal period marriage became a matter of bargain and sale. Daughters or wards were disposed of without a thought of their preferences. Custom changed. A woman had a voice in the disposal of her hand ; she was often left in command of the castle ; she carried on war and made peace ; she could become regent of the realm. In Anglo-Saxon charters the queen's name was frequently joined with the king's, while she often sat in the *witenagemote*. But with the influx of a new people came new practices.

How is it in other countries at the present time ? A Greek lady, writing of her country-women, says that they are very conservative, yet remarks that it is not uncommon for the wife of a public man to represent her husband before his electors. In Austria a woman cannot enter a university, but she casts a vote through her husband, if married ; if a widow or single, through any man she may appoint. The American traveler in Germany notes with surprise the peasant woman harnessed to a cart or dragging a canal-boat. Wandering into the north of Italy, he finds the peasant women bearing on their heads, basket by basket, the soil which is to increase the fruitfulness of the mountain vine-

yards; or, turning toward the land of the midnight sun, he sees, in Stockholm, women carrying hods of mortar or rowing the ferry-boats.

In short, the belief of the last century as to the duties of women is not the belief of this, and the theories of to-day are as many as the nations. Any important matter of opinion should be a subject of study. If the world grows wiser, turn the light of its added experience and acumen upon the questions which most vitally concern it. It cannot be amiss, therefore, to take up again a part of this threadbare topic of women's duties, and see how it looks in the light of the present.

In the mother-country, which we so often call merry England, hungry and ragged crowds are marching through the streets of London, crying, "We have no work! we have no work!" They starve for want of a chance to earn bread. The fault cannot be traced to an inclement season. There is no famine. The trouble is rooted in the relations of one part of the community to the other; and he will be the greatest benefactor of his day, who, putting his finger upon the source of the evil, shall say to employers and to employees, "Here lies your duty, and yours."

Has woman any duty toward woman in regard to work? Consider, first, women between whom exists the closest relationship, the mother and the daughter. The poor mother is not called upon to discuss the question. Her daughter must work. It is among the prosperous and the rich that mothers need the reminder, "Your daughter should work." Such a mother is proud of her son. He must have the best instruction, the most thorough training; he must do something in the world; he must earn a fortune and an honorable name. Her daughter is her pet. There is no need that she should work; all her wants are supplied; let her enjoy herself while she may. Even if she do not marry, there will always be enough for her.

No one remark more clearly showed the superiority of Margaret Fuller than her exclamation, on the birth of her child: "I am the mother of an immortal being! God be merciful to me, a sinner!" The love is short-sighted which sends the daughter to a school where she learns a little of many things and much of nothing. The tenderness is unwise which shields the daughter

from all household cares, under the plea that it will be time enough when she has a home of her own. Thousands of dollars are lavished upon her; more, perhaps, than upon the son. But, after all, has she acquired a trade—a profession? “My daughter learn a trade?” echoes the mother. “No. Why should she?”

Many a fond parent has died happy in the conviction that a sure provision has been made for his daughter. By a stroke of his pen, on the 1st of January, 1863, Abraham Lincoln freed four millions of slaves, and thereby made hundreds of women penniless. The liberation of the serfs in Russia reduced thousands of women to penury. The political state of Ireland grows steadily worse. Months have stretched into years since English landlords were last able to collect the rent from their Irish estates, and hundreds of women who had looked upon want as something to be pitied afar off, but as a thing which could never come near them, have reached the verge of starvation. Some have sought the workhouses as their only refuge. “That women, like men,” said an English writer in 1878, “should fall under the primeval sentence of the sweat of the brow is nothing new with us; above three millions of English women already earn their own living. But now the mandate, ‘If ye work not, neither shall ye eat,’ has gone forth to a higher class of our country-women; and it finds them miserable and helpless, because totally unprepared.”

Are riches more certain in America, where fortunes are made and lost in a day, than in conservative England? Is there no warning, here, for mothers whose daughters are growing up around them? And yet they see fortunes crumbling on every side, and tenderly reared women thrown upon their own resources; and, with a sigh over the misfortune, as something that cannot be helped, they put the unpleasant topic out of their minds and go serenely on, as those whom the gods have made blind.

What does it mean for such a woman—alas for her if she be young—to be thrown upon her own resources? Too often it means sewing, starvation, or dishonor. In other days she played and sang to delighted acquaintances, but no applause would greet her on the concert-platform, no manager would hire her. She had a smattering of French and German, but parents prefer native teachers. Fashion's dictates left her well-nigh as helpless

as the women of China. Fortunate for her, if in the old days, when the hours flew by unheeded, she learned to use her needle dexterously. If she be but a bungling needlewoman, she can, perhaps, sell thread and tape behind a counter.

The president of the Women's Industrial League was employed, a few years ago, to collect statistics for the Government Labor Bureau. She reported 125,000 bread-winning women in the city of New York, 32,500 out of employment, 30,000 destitute, and 20,000 girls dropping from the working ranks into evil lives every year, mostly from the class of shop-girls and saleswomen. Would not some mothers, could they look back upon the daughters whom they have left so helpless, cry out in anguish, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

The picture is not overdrawn. "As far as regards women of the higher classes who are obliged to earn their bread," confesses an English lady who has studied the state of her country-women carefully, "no improvement has taken place in their condition, but rather the contrary." With immigrants pouring into the United States at the rate of nearly 400,000 a year, a timid girl, unaccustomed to look out for herself, stands little chance of obtaining any unskilled employment. There is a great risk in relying, in case of need, on one of the two or three occupations hitherto thought most proper for women. It is said that in Holland parents "seem to look upon pedagogy as a sort of life-insurance." Here there are a dozen teachers to every place, and many schools, in the hands of politicians, become a part of the award to political tools. If the competition among sewing-women be not "deadly," as in Spain, where needlework is almost the only gainful occupation open to the sex, it approximates very closely to it in the large cities. "The women workers who suffer most from low wages are sewing-women," declares Commissioner Peck of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of New York. A third of his annual report to the Legislature, recently issued, relates to working-women, their wages and condition. Any woman who doubts the hardships of this class will do well to read this report and ponder over it. There are some interesting figures as to the earnings of women in Buffalo. In his conversation with a large manufacturer of clothing, Mr. Peck

learned that for making trowsers women are paid from twelve and a half to twenty-five cents a pair. For shirts they get from six and a quarter to twelve and a half cents apiece. Some manufacturers pay more, but it is to contractors who, in turn, hire women at about the same rates. A tailor in the same city testified that a good girl can earn on shop-work from one dollar and a half to five dollars a week. Nor is this the lowest point in the scale. A trained seamstress was found in New York making boys' gingham waists, with trimming and button-holes, for two and a half cents each. By working nineteen hours a day, she earned twenty-five cents! Do happy women ever dream, as in the midst of their shopping on a bleak November day they hesitate over a cloak with quilted satin lining and fur trimmings, that somewoman, bending over it for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, has earned by that long day's stitching from fifty to sixty cents? According to the records of the Protective Union in New York, the average weekly wages of women in manual employments are from three dollars and a half to four dollars. Out of this must come rent, fuel, lights, food, clothing. There are no vacations, no recreations. Sickness brings debt as well as pain.

There are dull seasons even in sewing. In many of the unskilled employments into which women make their way, the workers are liable to be turned adrift at almost any moment. Last June a freak of fashion, bringing flowers and scarfs into favor, threw out of work, in New York, four thousand women who had been engaged on feathers.

If these facts awaken the sympathies of the charitable, it is well. But charity begins at home. Duty begins in the home. The mother who fails to give her daughter a special training, fails in her duty. The girl may not be forced to earn her bread this year or next. It may be twenty years hence, when two or three little ones are looking to her for food. Does some mother exclaim, "My daughter is not strong enough!" Misfortune does not discriminate. If your daughter be unable to endure a course of technical or professional training, she is too frail for the demands of society. "The tax upon the strength of ladies in society, in this city, is very great," remarked a physician in Washington last January, "and only those of the strongest constitution can stand

the strain. Balls at night, receptions in the day, calls, etc., all combine to debilitate." Mental application, with the proper food, exercise, and hours, does not injure the health; on the contrary, it is often most favorable to it. Recent investigations prove that among college-graduates there is a gain of twenty-two per cent. upon the health of the average woman. If the girl be not healthy, try to make her so. Unless, perchance, she be expiating the sins of her fathers, in all probability there are irregular hours, careless exposure, lack of out-door air, heavy clothing suspended from the waist, or even too much sweetmeats at the root of the trouble. Or it may be that a lurking dissatisfaction with an aimless life is wasting the strength of mind and body. If the mind cannot cure the body, it can fret it sorely. There are more of these girls than may be supposed—girls who see the need of honest work in the world, who feel the impulse of this busy age, but who are held back by public opinion; still others, who would not hesitate to brave that in a modest, womanly way, but who, having no special aptitude, are left by parents and teachers to meet the greatest problem of life unaided, and to undermine health and spirits in brooding for months and years over the question, "What am I good for? What can I do?"

"Get work; get work;

Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get,"

cried the poet from the depths of her woman's heart. Let mothers beware how they rob their daughters of their birthright! Other sins than those against health are visited upon the children and the children's children. If the daughters are left helpless, they must be the sufferers in the hour of trouble. Is there but one daughter, and is she needed in the home? Then, if no other channel open, make her a pattern housekeeper. Make her so proficient in this art, which all women need to a greater or less extent, that it will be to her a profession. Give her experience not merely in details, but in supervision and management. But whether it be mental or physical, whether it be as an artist or an artisan, give her a work, a resource.

Given a vocation, should it not, with few exceptions, be steadily pursued? The burden of proof rests with those who deny the proposition. Waiving that fact for a moment, consider

why, in every prosperous family, it has been thought a disgrace for the son to be idle, and a disgrace for the daughter to work. It is only because she is a girl, because she is the weaker, because she may marry and have other cares, because it is the custom. Were reasons for her working to be sought, they would be more readily found. Let her work because, being a girl, she needs every means of self-protection; because, if she be weaker, she needs the greater skill; because, if she be self-supporting, no financial failure of father or husband can leave her helpless; because, if she marry, she will find all knowledge and experience so gained of value to her; because, if she become a mother, her skill may be the only barrier between her child and want; because she will be better fitted to train her child, and to command his respect; because the great benefactors of the race, those whom all men unite to honor, have been workers; because it is wrong to bury a talent. Moreover, the woman who works from the love of work, and because it is right, helps the woman who works for bread. The duty of the woman who is rich to the woman who is poor is not discharged in the giving of alms. She can, if she will, make work as popular for women as it is for men. The time is almost within the memory of persons yet living when authorship was held to be highly improper for women. Now the social leader who secures the presence of Louisa Alcott or Charles Egbert Craddock at her dinner is happy. Only let the women whose time is not fully occupied in their homes have a regular vocation in addition, and they will at once relieve labor of its odium. It need be nothing which will take them outside of their homes, if that be objectionable. The artist, the designer, the writer, the copyist, the analytical chemist, and many another can work as well at home as elsewhere. No woman need stand aghast at the suggestion of entering upon a remunerative occupation. She will reap more good from it than can be reckoned in dollars and cents. If she be not in want of the proceeds, there are always colleges, libraries, art galleries, hospitals, asylums, which are crippled for lack of funds. And there is a never-ending work which brings no return in silver or gold, but is of far more inestimable value to mankind. The times cry out for scholars who will study for the love of learning, who will

create in their neighborhood an atmosphere in which low literature must die, and who will develop in others a love of the grand and the beautiful in letters ; for scientists, who will follow nature into her inmost laboratories and grasp her secrets for the alleviation of suffering and the progress of men ; for large-brained philanthropists, who will turn the light of science and philosophy upon the unsolved problems of labor, charities, and reform. Whoever hopes to do any good in this world must look up and reach up. No penetration has foreseen the time when there will no longer be a necessity for unremitting manual labor. The advance must be in its methods and in the conditions under which it is done. And between the worker who prepares the daily food and the worker who opens to her larger opportunities will arise a better understanding and a bond of sympathy and trust.

A great reformatory movement attracts little attention in its beginning. It must make its way, in spite of neglect or opposition, to the point where it can demonstrate its worth, while the body politic, suffering from the evil which it will not yet arouse itself to throw off, sinks slowly to the point where it must accept reform or revolution. Manual training, as a branch of education, has been on trial in this country for ten years, but the public is scarcely awakened to its importance, and the National Educational Association hesitates to indorse it. Yet, through its means, labor becomes dignified, and hence is raised in public estimation. Through manual training, as is proved by the experience of a prominent teacher, Dr. Belfield, are developed "not manual dexterity alone, but attention, observation, imagination, judgment, reasoning." This testimony is based upon the observation of the results in the use of tools in connection with text-books, in the Manual Training School, in Chicago. Like results must, to some extent, follow all thorough scientific manual training. The latest writer on the subject, Mr. Charles H. Ham, emphasizes Froebel's assertion of woman's superior fitness for the office of teacher, and affirms that since "the regeneration of the race through education must . . . begin with the child and be directed by the mother, . . . the education of woman becomes far more imperative than that of man." But society does not easily shake off old habits, even if converted in belief, and of the better schools for

manual training yet established few recognize the needs of women. The Iowa Agricultural College has a school of Domestic Economy, comprising a two years' course, which undoubtedly sends forth enlightened, scientific, and artistic housekeepers. In Toledo, the Manual Training School is complementary to the High School. The girls are taught "free-hand and mechanical drawing, designing, modeling, wood-carving, the cutting, fitting, and making of garments, and domestic science, including the preparation of food and household decoration."

No argument is required to prove that similar schools, free like that in Toledo, are needed in every city. In such schools, if a girl have a special taste, she may develop it. Indeed, it should be the duty of instructors to detect, if possible, the aptitudes of students. Our trained nurses are one of our chief blessings in time of sickness. Their superiority over the professional but untrained nurses who preceded them, is evidence of the value of thorough scientific instruction and practice. When will the number of seamstresses who can properly cut, fit, and make garments equal the demand? When will there be more than two or three skillful dress-makers in a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants? When will the longing of housekeepers for efficient help be satisfied? The poor girl who never knew comfort in her own home, and whose inability has caused her discharge from one kitchen after another, has had no chance for training. She does not even realize her deficiencies. She sees no cause for the complaints of her employers. She comes to look upon them as her natural enemies, whose wishes and interests are at all points antagonistic to her own. In this state of affairs the mistress is not the proper instructor, even if she be competent. Women depending on the day's work for the day's bread cannot found training schools. The women who employ them can. That such schools would redound to their own benefit is apparent. Above and beyond this fact, is the duty of woman to woman, of the woman of means to the woman who is poor, of the educated woman to the uneducated. Training schools should be a part of the public school-system, but, in every center, the beginning must be made by private effort, either through contributions of money or through the awakening of a wide-spread public feeling.

Americans have much to learn from European nations concerning this kind of schools. In Sweden, the government makes an annual appropriation of three thousand crowns to the dairy schools, "where women are taught the management of farms and dairies, the care of cattle, etc." In Germany, they have, in connection with the industrial schools, classes for the training of children's nurses.

To the thoughtful woman, the question recurs again and again, What can be done with the purposeless untrained women, willing to work for wages, but unable to spend time and money in a doubtful attempt to fit themselves for a particular occupation? A women's exchange is chiefly a storehouse for undesirable articles, a few of which are bought in pity. It is a device of those who are earnestly seeking to help their fellow-women, and not a natural outgrowth of the law of supply and demand. The training school begins at the foundation; it fits a girl to hold her own, asking no favors.

A woman's duty begins with the woman nearest to her by ties of blood and affection, and stretches out to those accounted less fortunate than herself; but it does not end there. There are women, far above her in the scale of wealth, perhaps, who need a wider outlook and broader sympathies; who need to be drawn out of themselves and their exclusiveness; who need to be interested in the great, busy, struggling world outside of their circle, and to feel that upon them rests, in part, the responsibility of making it better and purer. In some ways they are more restricted than the woman who sews for them. The wife of a teamster, if she have the time, can take up any remunerative employment, and her friends neither question nor repudiate her. The wife of a millionaire, possessed of unlimited leisure, must be idle. For "he also is idle who might be better employed." If she can endure the epithet of "peculiar," she may give her life to the investigation and improvement of tenement houses, or devote herself to a particular line of study; otherwise, her work for her fellow men and women will be confined to charity balls and fashionable bazaars. To do aught which would bring her a return in money is not to be thought of for an instant.

A charitable woman in one of our cities appealed to the wife

of a man worth forty millions for money to relieve the suffering family of one of his own workmen. The wife endeavored to evade the demand, but continued urging wrung from her the confession: "Mrs. X., you undoubtedly have, in one month, more money to give away than I have in a year." The applicant asked for provisions, and, that afternoon, she received from the wife of the man of forty millions, a little tea and a few pounds of other supplies. Picture that wife's humiliation and pain! Could her diamonds and her marble palace satisfy her, or shut out the vision of the sick employee whom her husband had refused to assist and whom she was powerless to help? If she had a woman's heart within her, did she not envy the teacher or the florist whose earnings were her own to use or to give? With no children to require her care, nothing stood between her and the work which might have brought her independence and self-respect, but social prejudice. And from the wife and daughter of the millionaire to the girl who starves behind a counter rather than go into a comfortable kitchen, the same power is at work. Alas! how weak we are. Women may say that all honest work is ennobling, and all voluntary idleness belittling, and that, in comparison with the woman who never lifts a finger to serve another, nor has a thought above her own adornment and her social conquests, the woman who does the work of her kitchen, if she do it well, is worthy of all the honor; but the conviction has not yet become a part of them.

Coleridge somewhere gives the reply of a worthy servant when urged to tell which she preferred, a colored print or a masterly etching by Salvator Rosa: "Why, that, sir, to be sure!" (pointing to the ware from the Fleet Street print-shops); "it's so neat and elegant. T'other is such a scratchy, slovenly thing." Thereupon he extols the opinion of a great artist, that "good taste must be acquired, and like all other good things, is the result of thought and the submissive study of the best models. If it be asked, 'But what shall I deem such?' the answer is: 'Presume those to be the best, the reputation of which has been matured into fame by the consent of ages.'"

There is a normal and rational sphere for woman. It, too, must be ascertained through thought. The women who are remembered with gratitude and honor have not lived unto them-

selves. The model women of Hebrew history were workers. The noblest women of Grecian story plied the shuttle and washed the linen. The queens and noble ladies of the middle ages spun and wove, day after day, albeit they had many serfs who could have been taught to do it for them. The women of a later day who have earned a noble fame are not those who have devoted their lives to society. They are the Elizabeth Frys and the Sister Doras, the Rosa Bonheurs and the Harriet Martineaus. An entire city mourned for Mother Margaret, and Harriet Beecher Stowe is revered by a race and honored by the world.

Then why should women hesitate to train their daughters to usefulness and independence, and to lift the curse from labor by working themselves and so smoothing the way for the poor who are oppressed and the rich who are afraid? Do they value the comment of Mrs. Grundy above the approval of the wise? As in matters of taste they acquiesce in the verdict of the best artists, so they will have ultimately to acquiesce in the opinion of the deepest thinkers, the Spencers and the Mills, and welcome the advent of a new phase of life for women. The signs of the times point toward an extinction of old prejudices and a revision of former customs. The home shall be inviolate. The child shall have its mother's first care. But that will not prevent her from fulfilling her duties as a woman and a citizen. The most domestic woman, the mother of a large family, the invalid whose view of the world is that from the window of her room, can use her influence and say a word on the side of liberal sentiment. The more womanly her heart, the farther will her sympathies reach out to women.

To do one's duty to other women, there must be a perfect understanding of self. There must be strong convictions, a purpose, and a will. Do not allow yourself to be blown hither and thither over the sea of life by every breath of circumstance. Mark out your course and follow it fearlessly. No woman, no number of women, can thwart the law of the Creator. Your word, your hand, may speed the coming of truth and right; your shirking or your opposition cannot prevent their final establishment.

“—God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.”

ELLA C. LAPHAM.

IS LABOR A COMMODITY?

THAT labor may be considered and treated as a commodity is beyond question. That it is so considered by some economists, and so treated by some employers, is undeniable. Whatever can be purchased for money is a commodity, and labor is purchased and sold for money. That it is, and to some extent must be, under the law of supply and demand; that scarcity of labor has a tendency to make it dear, and that abundance cheapens it, is also evident. Is it anything other and more than a commodity? Should the economist and the employer put it into the same category with corn, and coal, and pig-iron, or does it belong in a different category? Are there any other laws except the law of supply and demand that should govern the purchase and the sale of labor?

That the labor market ought to be free, may be admitted. That the employer should be free to purchase labor of those who will sell it to him at the lowest price, and that the workman should be free to sell his labor to those who will buy it of him at the highest price, seems evident. Our laws assume and guarantee this freedom. Nevertheless, it is somewhat abridged by combinations on both sides, employers combining to reduce, and laborers to enhance, the price of labor.

It may also be admitted that self-interest, in its three forms of desire of wealth, love of ease, and craving for costly indulgences, is a fairly constant element in human nature, and a powerful force in determining the selling price of labor. Given a free market, to which no employers and no laborers resort who are not wholly under the sway of these egoistic motives, and it would be a sound deduction that the rate of wages would be governed wholly by the relation between the supply of service and the demand for work. Some economists have assumed a market absolutely free, and a race of human beings so purely

egoistic that no important correction, due to the operation of other motives, needs to be made in the calculation of their conduct; and on this basis they have constructed a science of wealth. The "economic man" of these economists is a man governed wholly by avarice and indolence and love of pleasure; the business of economy, they say, is simply to find out how such men will act, and what will be the consequences of their action. It is not necessary to prove that such a man, if a purchaser of labor, will always buy it in the cheapest market, and, if a seller of labor, will sell it in the dearest. Labor, in the estimation of such a man, will be nothing but a commodity.

I will not here discuss the utility of this conception of the economic man. Let it be granted that some scientific gains may have resulted from considering man solely as a money-making and pleasure-loving being. But great practical difficulties have arisen from confounding the economic man with the actual man. Not a little of the trouble now existing in the industrial world has sprung from this confusion. The "laws" of political economy, as drawn from observation of the economic man, have been supposed to be laws of conduct; men have read the descriptions of the action of men under the influence of egoistic motives, and have regarded themselves as authorized to act in the same way. Indeed, some of the more enthusiastic students of this science have gone so far as to say that when men act solely from self-interested motives the result of their action will be wholly beneficent; from which it follows that selfishness is a duty. But when this conclusion has not been stated, it has often been inferred from those discussions, which, in the words of John Stuart Mill, are "concerned with man solely as a being who desires to possess wealth," and which make "entire abstraction of every other human passion or motive, except those which may be regarded as perpetually antagonizing principles to the desire of wealth, namely, aversion to labor, and desire of the present enjoyment of costly indulgences." The economists of this school endeavor to show us how men will act under the influence of these passions, and men say, "This is the way we ought to act."

When human beings are acting freely, under the impulse of

self-interest, say these economists, labor will always be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest; the law of supply and demand will regulate the price. Other teachers, rising up to instruct the people, take their words out of their mouths and transform them from an economic generalization into a moral obligation. "Labor, like flour or cotton-cloth," say these moralists, "should always be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest. The sole legitimate condition that regulates wages is the demand for service and the supply of workers." Hence we get the dogma that labor is nothing but a commodity; that it is to be put into the same category with flour or cotton cloth; that no different motives or principles are involved in the purchase and sale of it from those which are involved in dealing with other forms of merchandise.

This confusion of what is with what ought to be is a source of great mischief, and it should not be difficult to detect the fallacy and avoid the resulting injury. Political economy recognizes many facts and points out many tendencies which the wisest of its teachers do not approve. "In Circassia," says President Walker, "a beautiful daughter is wealth, and is popularly and justly so accounted. No one in making up the list of his wealth could omit this item from the account, any more than he would leave out his horses or his fields." The economist records the fact that a daughter is merchandise in Circassia, but it does not follow that she ought to be. And there are quite a number of economic facts in this country that do not require of us apology or reproduction. It may be true that there is a strong tendency among the purchasers of labor to regard labor simply as a commodity; that the actual man, in the person of the employer, is becoming more and more assimilated to the economic man of the theorists; but, if so, the tendency ought to be resisted. Doubtless the massing of capital under the large system of industry promotes this tendency. The men who receive the profits have no knowledge whatever of those who receive the wages. Labor, to the people who pocket the dividends, is just as impersonal as coal or cotton. This is what is, but is it what ought to be? Is it not, indeed, a serious question, whether an industrial system thus constituted can

permanently and peacefully endure? Let us, however, consider the simpler case of an individual employer :

A cotton manufacturer goes to New York and purchases a hundred bales of cotton for his mill. Of course, he buys them in the cheapest market; this is the law of trade. It is impossible for him to consider what the effect of his purchase may be upon the seller of the cotton; he buys it in open market as cheaply as he can, and that is the end of the transaction.

At the same time he hires a hundred men, women, and children to work in his mill. Doubtless he buys this labor as he bought his cotton, at the cheapest market price. These laborers, under their contract, come to live in the neighborhood of his mill, perhaps in tenements owned by him. He meets them, more or less, day by day; he knows, or may know, something of their manner of life; his relation with them is, to some extent, personal and continuous. Is it now desirable or possible for the employer, under the relation thus formed, to put this labor, which he thus purchases and uses, into exactly the same category with his cotton? Can he deal with this labor wisely and productively if he does not bring into action any other feelings or motives or principles of conduct than those which come into play when he purchases his cotton on the cotton exchange and ships it to his factory? Let it be granted that he has a right to buy cotton at the market rate, and that he is not bound to ask any questions, for conscience' sake, as to what will become of the men who sell it. May he purchase his labor in the same way, at the market rate, and have no care as to what becomes of the people who sell it? Does he thus establish a proper relation between himself and them—a relation that is likely to be permanent and peaceful and profitable to him and to them? If these questions cannot be answered without hesitation in the affirmative, some suspicion is thrown on the theory that labor is nothing but a commodity.

For my own part, I must express a doubt as to whether such a theory is workable. There may be some scientific advantage in formulating it, but it does not seem to include and explain the facts of life. It might afford a curious and interesting study, if one were to consider human beings simply as clothes-wearing

animals, and to formulate a science of clothes-wearing, showing the effect on individuals and on society of desiring clothes, and of buying and selling clothes, and of wearing clothes. Carlyle has laid the foundation of such a science in "*Sartor Resartus*," and some valuable hints might be gained from its generalizations as to our relations with our fellow-men; but it is not at all clear that such a science would afford an adequate basis on which human beings could usefully associate for any purpose whatever. Man is a clothes-wearing animal, but he is something more. Man is also a money-making animal, but he is something more. If he were nothing but a money-making animal, it might be correct to regard labor simply as merchandise; if he is something more, the philosophy which makes abstraction of everything else but the desire of wealth and the passions which directly antagonize this desire, furnishes no adequate rule of human conduct.

The theory that labor is to be regarded simply as a commodity does not, I say, appear to include some of the cardinal facts arising out of the relation between the employer and the laborer. To go back to our cotton manufacturer, what does he desire when he hires the hundred laborers? Does he merely desire to employ the muscular power of these persons for a certain number of hours a day, as if they were beasts of burden? Probably he expects a great deal more than this. He wants intelligence, skill, and honesty; he wants a practical interest in the work on the part of the workers; he wants their hearty good-will toward himself and toward the enterprise; he wants them to be cheerful and hopeful in their work, since work that is not done in this temper is not apt to be well done. Are these intellectual and moral elements no part of the labor? I think that they are essential parts of it; that the labor which lacks these is worth but little. Are these elements obtainable by those who proceed upon the theory that labor is simply a commodity, to be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest? A slight knowledge of human nature and a little observation of human relations will convince any man that they are not. The employer who wants these elements infused into the labor that he purchases, must consider and treat this labor as if it were some-

thing besides merchandise. Sentiments, motives, principles of action must come into play in dealing with labor that find no place in the purchase of cotton or of corn, or else these intellectual and moral qualities which give to labor the greater part of its value will not be properly developed. If the employer desires intelligence and skill, he must treat his laborers as if they were intelligent beings; if he wants them to be trusty, he must not only trust them, but he must himself be trustworthy. Their good-will toward him can only be begotten by his good-will toward them; their interest in the enterprise will be aroused by showing them that the enterprise is conducted in their interest.

The employer and his laborers are co-operating in production, and men cannot co-operate successfully for any purpose if the sole bond between them is self-interest. The theory that free contract and cash payment furnish a sufficient basis for industrial society has been tried and found wanting. The notion that the relation between masters and men should be regulated solely by supply and demand, that thus the master will get the most labor, the men the most wages, and the community the greatest benefit, is a very pernicious notion. John Ruskin's theories of political economy may often be wide of the mark, but what he says about this pestilent heresy is everlasting truth:

"It would be so, if the servant were an engine of which the motive power was steam, magnetism, gravitation, or any other agent of calculable force. But he being, on the contrary, an engine whose motive power is a Soul, the force of this very peculiar agent, as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations, without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of their results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay, or under pressure, or by help of any kind of fuel which may be applied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel, namely, by the affections."*

Whatever may be said, therefore, about the scientific value of this theory, by which self-interest in its coarsest form is regarded as the sole economic force, it is evident that it is a theory which very inadequately explains the facts of industrial society, and which, when adopted as a philosophy of industrial society,

* "Unto This Last," p. 23.

and put to work, is sure to make unceasing trouble. As a matter of fact, it has been adopted consistently by but few employers; the attempt to follow it to its logical results would quickly plunge society into chaos and anarchy. It is the constant bringing in of other and better principles of action which makes possible the co-operation of employer and laborer. The theory that labor is nothing but a commodity is a theory that will not work. Nothing is more unphilosophical, nothing can be more stupidly impracticable, than to try to bring human beings together and to get them to associate for industrial purposes, or any other purposes, upon a basis that is essentially unsocial. That is exactly what is attempted when industrial organizations are formed upon the theory that labor is simply a commodity, and that the only principle which can regulate the relation of employer and laborer is the law of supply and demand. It must by this time begin to dawn upon the minds of some of its most ardent advocates that there is some flaw in this theory.

But the fact that it is not practicable is not the only reason for condemning it; by the ethical test it must also be rejected. The employer is bound to consider the effect of the employment which he furnishes, and of the reward which he gives for this service, upon the lives of those whom he employs. The health, the morality, the happiness of the people whom he employs, are affected more or less by the work they are doing and the life which they needs must live. So far as it is in his power, he is bound to see to it that they take no detriment from the work he gives them or from the environment which he provides for them. Especially is this true if he is prospering by the use of their labor. He has no right to grow rich and powerful while the people by whose labor he is thriving are poor and hungry and hopeless. He has no right to wax fat by consuming their strength and their life. It is possible that some of the disciples of Ricardo may require me to prove these propositions; but I am loth to argue the thesis that a man ought not to be a cannibal; I will venture to regard it as a moral axiom. All talk of cheapest and dearest markets is impertinent in face of these great facts of human degradation and human suffering. The employer is bound to know how the people whom he employs are affected by the work

that he furnishes and by the wages that he pays. If the conditions under which they are at work are unsanitary, so that their vitality is needlessly impaired by their labor, he must correct that evil. If the wage that he pays is so small that they are starving, he must not heap up profits coined from their life-blood, no matter what the market rate of wages may be. If the whole effect of the labor which he furnishes them and the recompense which he gives them be to rob them of heart and hope and vigor, it is plain that he has no vocation as an employer; let him get this business which he is bungling so fatally out of his hands at once. The man who enters the labor market as a buyer must beware lest he impair or destroy this vital force on whose healthy action the life and prosperity of the country depend.

Those who recognize no higher law than that of patriotism must feel the force of this obligation. The welfare of the nation requires the highest possible degree of health, vigor, and independence in all its citizens. It is not by the amount of wealth produced, so much as by the productive energy of the whole people, that the state of the nation is most wisely judged. A people's life consists, no more than a man's life, in the abundance of the things which it possesses. It is not commodities that we want so much as men. The main question for the people to ask is not how fast the aggregate of their products is increasing, but rather how it fares with the multitude of their producers. It is just here that the political economy of the Ricardian school diverges from that of later economists; the one fixed its attention wholly on the increase of the national wealth, the other considers more anxiously the increase of the national vigor. Says a recent writer:

"The rapid increase of wealth may be taking place at the cost of the future and to the detriment of posterity; and while the increase of the comforts and enjoyments of life is a good thing, it is not a good thing that they should be obtained by imposing an intolerable burden on those who come after us. We cannot, then, be satisfied with economic principles which are almost wholly concerned with the greatest production of useful things in the present, but we require principles that shall help us to husband the strength and resources of the nation to the best of our wisdom."*

* "Politics and Economics." By W. Cunningham, D.D.

This is the right end for the nation to keep in view, and it is no less the proper aim of every good citizen. The individual employer must bring his enterprise to this test. The question is not merely whether he is multiplying the abundance of things ; the more urgent question is whether he is improving the quality of the citizens. If he can so organize labor as to make the people about him constantly more intelligent, more vigorous in body and brain, more hopeful and more contented, he is a benefactor ; if the effect of the labor which he organizes upon the people who perform it is to render them more and more degraded and discouraged and incapable of self-support, he is a malefactor, a public enemy, no matter how useful may be the wares that he produces nor how abundant the profits that he hoards.

The labor of the nation is the life of the nation : is that a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest ?

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET.

SCARCELY any trade that is so much talked about is so little understood as the trade of manuscript-making. To write occasionally or periodically, as an amateur or an enthusiast, is one thing; to write for a living, to depend on it entirely, is wholly another. As a rule, only he can afford to make manuscript who has independent means. Without such means one is likely to become a slave of the pen, to have a master more capricious, despotic, and cruel than one can prefigure until one is fairly and permanently in bondage; and then it is too late.

One great difficulty with which the maker of manuscript is obliged to contend is, that his market is constantly overstocked. He is prone to think that if he furnishes a clever poem, a bright essay, a well-written, interesting story to a periodical, it will be certain of acceptance. But it will not be, unless accompanied by a well-known name, which will carry the contribution independent of its merit. When a man has reputation, he can dispose of anything he may write. Before he has acquired reputation, his very best may go begging. The general reader's judgment of literature of any kind is commonly founded on the fame of the writer. He admires what he believes he ought to admire; he recognizes ability through the eyes of others; he adopts outside opinions as his own. The manuscript-maker seldom suspects that the periodical to which he has sent his contribution already has on hand a number of clever poems, bright essays, interesting stories, for which it cannot find room; consequently, if the editor tells him so, he is inclined to discredit the story. In truth, only a few of the initiated have any conception of the continually increasing number of manuscripts that flood every office in the land. The marvel is not that such a host are rejected, but that so many are printed. Not one out of twenty, prepared with care and confidence, ever sees the light of

day. The inky mania rages universally, and is incapable of abatement.

There is never a time when, as in other employments, the supply of manuscripts is inadequate to the demand, unless for wares of the very highest class, which, necessarily scarce, are proverbially slow of recognition, and often unsalable on that account. It is very hard to get an unheralded effort of genius published or appreciated, as the early experiences of Carlyle, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Hawthorne, Emerson, and numberless gifted authors, before and since their day, convincingly attest. Some of the best and most admired works of every era have been borne into print only after terrible travail. The cleverest writers before attaining reputation have suffered acutely, have been reduced almost to despair by their want of success. Publishers or their representatives do not seem, as a rule, to be good judges of what is original, strong, or interesting. They are accustomed to run in grooves. The thing that does not fit their groove they are apt to reject. They may know what they want, but they do not know what the Public wants, despite their experience. They are prone to believe the Public—always a fearful bugbear—behind and below themselves, when it is commonly ahead of and above them.

They will frequently admit that the contents of a manuscript are true, valuable, fresh; but the Public is not quite prepared for it, will misunderstand it, will condemn it, and they will be injured thereby. The Public may be foolish, but it is not half so foolish as publishers imagine. They should not be blamed for protecting, as they fancy, their own interests—they carry on business like other people, to make money—but their wisdom is by no means equal to their assumptions. Their oracularness is merely an opinion, and publishers' opinions are as varying and contradictory as the most fertile satirist could invent. Prone to be narrow and exceedingly conventional, which is natural enough, they often fear a shadow of their own creation. They are eternally afraid of social heresies and dangerous doctrines. A strange commentary on their habitual overcaution is that what a thoroughly refined man may say, without impropriety, to a thoroughly refined woman, who is his friend, they are unwilling

to print lest it give serious offense to their readers. They are frequently among the last to have any comprehension of the ever-dreaded, hobgoblin Public.

Only those on the inside have any idea of the excessive supply of manuscripts wherever they are paid for; the price mattering little. Such is the general desire, indeed, to see one's self in print that periodicals which receive gratuitous contributions alone are always full to overflowing. There is not a magazine in the country but has enough accepted articles for the next two years, without any additions. Whenever a new monthly makes its appearance, it is deluged with papers on every topic conceivable, some of them almost inconceivable. Editors are in constant terror of manuscripts, which descend on them like avalanches. They are very wary and timid on the subject, and with reason. When anybody speaks of writing, they are visibly discomfited. It is like talking of halts in the house of the hanged. They do not like to say what they feel, "Heavens and earth, I am suffocating from a surplus of contributions; he who sends another is my bitter enemy!" lest they be thought rude. They shrink from being polite for fear of opening fresh sluices. They often hesitate to say, "We should like to see the article you mention, though we cannot promise to use it," which means nothing; is but a courteous phrase of emptiness. If they say so, they are afraid that the article will be offered and rejected, and that its writer will declare he was urged to prepare it. Many editors put it bluntly: "We are overrun. We are taking nothing from outsiders. When we want anything special, we arrange for it with some one of our regular contributors." This may not be exactly true, but it is substantially so. And it is better to be discouraging than to excite a hope which cannot be gratified. To be an editor is inconvenient; to be a writer of any kind, without other source of income, is positively tragic.

Professional writers are not likely, if they can help it, to furnish articles wholly unsolicited; they know the risk it involves. They are aware of the pigeon-holes already bursting with manuscripts, awaiting opportunities that will never come. Every year the pressure increases. At intervals editors are obliged to have a clearing out, when they either return articles paid for,

making a present of them to the authors, or ruthlessly destroy them, to prevent their possible tormenting reappearance. Occasional or amateur writers are bolder than professionals; they are bold through ignorance and inexperience. They seem to believe that composition comes by nature; that it requires neither training nor practice. Such articles as editors receive! Some of them are remarkably good, though "unavailable" for technical reasons. Now and then, one is fresh, bright, full of interest; but the bulk of them are a waste of words. Every American appears to be convinced that he can write for print, and he wrecks his attempts on the unfortunate editor. The tyro is apt to be enraged at the return of his manuscript, of whose excellence he is assured, and to devote the particular periodical to the infernal furies. The editor makes more enemies than friends by exercising the right to decide what he will not publish.

There are editors and editors. Nearly all of them represent publishers, and may be supposed to reflect their qualities, whether good or bad. Some of them are what they should be, others what they should not be. These last may not be so censurable as peculiar; but they are very disagreeable, often exasperating to deal with. A writer cannot depend upon them. They will repudiate an explicit agreement, and contradict their own words. They remember only what is to their interest at the moment, and deny whatever they choose. What remedy has the poor scribe? He is entirely in the editor's power, and the editor is but too well aware of it. If he quarrels with him, he cuts off a certain source of his limited income. If he remains on terms with him, he loses some degree of his self-respect. No wonder that he becomes skeptical, cynical, discontented. He usually has annoyances and wrongs enough to make him so long before he has reached middle age.

Editors of newspapers, particularly managing editors, are often brutally unjust in effect, whether they mean to be or not. The position of manager is likely to be injurious to men of ordinary mold, not firm in principle. It invests them with considerable derived power, and ample opportunity to be offensive. A sort of upper servants, and having generally been in lower grades, not a few overrate their importance, and presume upon

their place, which tends to render them conceited, egotistic, arrogant, tyrannical. They are merely overseers, liable to be superseded at any time, and this may impel some of them to use their authority to the utmost while they may. Being responsible to the proprietor or proprietors, who frequently have little or no understanding of journalism, their own situation is often made so unpleasant that they seem resolved to be unpleasant themselves, by way of solacing their wounded vanity. Many managers, however, are sympathetic, considerate, generous, and are deserving of all credit, for their place is at best evidently trying. With the manager, writers, either on the staff, or as outside contributors, are necessarily brought in constant contact. They are compelled, therefore, not infrequently to endure ill humors, unfairness, insolence, or go elsewhere; and they learn very soon that a change of masters does not insure a change of circumstances.

Considering the many drawbacks and perplexities of writing, whatever its form, its rewards should be liberal. But they are not. They are, in fact, very meagre; more so, on the whole, than those of any intellectual profession. Writing, I venture to assert, involves more hard work, more wear and tear of brain and nerve, with less recompense, than any occupation that can be named. Very rarely does a writer achieve more than a livelihood, and usually he is involved in debt. The higher his effort, the more serious his purpose, the less he receives, and, indeed, the less he expects. Authors seldom undertake great works unless they have a degree of financial independence. Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, would never have dreamed of history had they not been in comfortable circumstances. Nathaniel Hawthorne would have starved if he had depended on the slender income from his original and matchless books. They never returned him in all, it is said, more than \$5,000 or \$6,000. He subsisted by his government offices, and was very poor to his dying day. Emerson, though he used his material as lecture and essay before he put it between covers, did not earn directly by his pen above \$30,000 in a life of nearly eighty laborious years. He would not have been able to devote himself to thought and study at all but for his determination, at the com-

mencement of his career, to rely on his trivial income of \$800 a year. He was as much of a philosopher in fact as by profession. Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell are indebted to their private fortunes for the leisure to produce the poems, essays, and stories that have delighted a past and present generation. Scarcely any American author of renown could have written the works he did if he had not had other support than that he hoped to get from the practice of literature. The cleverest and most industrious writers, who can turn their hand to anything, cannot, save in wholly exceptional cases, make more than \$5,000 annually, and to do this they must toil unendingly. That is the maximum, and is rarely reached, the majority of scribes contenting themselves with \$2,500 to \$3,000, and even less.

Novelists are supposed to turn ink into ducats, and novels undeniably exceed in profit most kinds of manuscript-making. At long intervals a novelist hits the white, and his good-luck resounds from sea to sea; is greatly exaggerated, and cited as representative. One hears nothing of the ordinary successes, which are popularly thought to be five or ten fold what they are. Few novels attain a sale of 5,000 copies, for which, exclusive of copies given away, publishers allow a royalty of 10 per cent. Most novels nowadays retail at \$1.50, which on 5,000 copies would be \$750 for the author. The average sale is not above 2,500 to 3,000 copies, and would yield a royalty of from \$425 to \$450, for which price a scrivener would hardly transcribe the contents. An author, too, should not, in justice to himself, produce more than one novel a year. But if he were capable of producing half-a-dozen, he would receive less than the salary of a good accountant or salesman. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which appeared in the nick of opportunity, and which has had larger sales, probably, in the thirty-two years from its publication, than any other work in a similar time since the invention of printing, has, I am informed, brought Mrs. Stowe less than \$15,000. Henry James and Wm. D. Howells, the most popular, by all odds, of the American novelists of the day, do not average, according to report, \$5,000 for their books. Thus even the golden visions of novel-writing prove unsubstantial when put to the test. Only one thing is more remunerative—play-writing, which

is yet in its infancy in this country, and which requires a special and very uncommon gift, and need not, therefore, be treated in this article.

The great mass of professional manuscript-makers are forced into a connection with the daily press, whatever their dislike of it, from bread-winning necessity. Journalism is not like literature, by any means ; but literature may render excellent service to journalism, especially as every prominent newspaper has, at present, distinct literary departments. One can hardly be too literary for journalism, provided one has an instinct for news, and a direct, adaptable style. The men who pursue literature as a trade, without some newspaper association, may be counted on the fingers, and are likely to be immersed in debt. A newspaper is issued daily, and a writer has not, therefore, to wait a month or longer, as in a magazine, for the printing of his matter. Besides, it employs a number of writers on salaries, while periodicals do not, except the editor and his assistants. And a regular income is essential to every dependent creature, because his outgo is regular and unavoidable. He may afford incursions into literature, if he be sure of the common necessities of existence meanwhile.

Journalism, like writing in general, manifestly has its attractions, particularly at first. After a young man has left college he can go into a newspaper office and earn as much as, probably more than, he could in any other employment. He also flatters himself that as a journalistic writer he helps to mold public opinion, and to sustain, in a way, the much boasted independence of the press. He is apt to discover, later, that he cannot sustain his own independence ; but the early delusion is natural, though mischievous. The longer he remains on a newspaper, the greater is likely to be his regret. Experience of that sort for four or five years may be useful ; but he should then adopt some other calling. He rarely does, however ; he is prone to stay until the time for leaving has irrevocably passed. An insurmountable objection to journalism, as to every order of composition, is that it is not progressive, financially. The novice, if accepted at all, will be as well-paid, considering his liability to added responsibilities—wife, children, and the rest—as the man of ripe experience and maturity ; indeed, he will be better paid. The bulk

of journalists of long experience, even in New York, where their compensation is higher than anywhere else, do not receive \$2,500 annually. How far will that go toward supporting a family? Most of them are exhausted after fifteen years or so of continuous service, and their earning capacity is in danger of retrograding. When fairly worn out, what is their prospect? They are privileged to die at their own expense. Their long service has unfitted them for any other business, and their circumstances are desperate indeed. They have been unable to save anything; they are not pensioned; they have broken health and poverty for reward. Who knows of a salaried journalist that has gained even the most modest independence by pursuit of his profession? The position, too, is always precarious; he may lose it at any time from no fault of his own. His destiny is in the hands of the managing editor, or any controlling stockholder, who may object to the color of his eyes, or the curve of his nose, and discharge him therefor. The press may be free—its liberty frequently runs into license—but he is often little else than a serf. The history of journalism is marked by the graves of journalists, dead from anxiety, annoyance, and overwork by or before middle age. Nevertheless, journalism is the least unremunerative and unsatisfactory of any form of manuscript-making. Outside writing is altogether worse, and cannot be long followed by persons averse to incurring obligations, or cherishing a prejudice in favor of living.

Manuscript as literature often commands better prices than it did ten years ago; manuscript as press matter has declined in that time. The rates now paid by newspapers are often an affront to intelligence and a satire on industry. If actual figures were given they would scarcely be credited. Writers of capacity and trustworthiness in general cannot earn to-day much more than half what they could a decade since. The inky trade, as a trade, is deteriorating; there are more workers and fewer places, comparatively. At best, the field is narrow and beset with difficulties. The perpetual disadvantage of a manuscript is its lack of value until a publisher has accepted it and paid for it. A thousand clever manuscripts would not, if unaccepted, buy a breakfast in the Bowery.

The purpose of this paper is to discourage novices from entering a profession which promises abundantly, but which redeems almost none of its pledges. They may flirt with it unharmed; marry it, and they are undone. Balzac, who toiled dreadfully for thirty years, and died from worry and overwork, leaving eighty wonderful volumes behind him, has summed up his literary experience in a few pregnant words: "To live by the pen? Galley slaves would reject it. They would die first."

FACTS ABOUT CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

WHEN you pay your taxes no one asks whether you are a Republican or a Democrat. It is nobody's business but your own. The tax has been levied and must be paid, whatever your politics may be. Out of this fund comes the money with which the government, whether it be that of the nation, State, county, city, or village, pays the salaries of the public officials. At first thought it seems reasonable to claim that when men have worked hard for the success of a political party, they are entitled to dispose of the offices the control of which is won by that success. But the fallacy of this claim appears from the facts just stated. The men are the servants of the whole people whose money pays them for their work; and if they get their places simply as a reward for political services, experience has shown, as any one who is familiar with public officials will testify, that they invariably come to look upon their positions as belonging, not to the public, but to the particular political organization to whose success they owe their appointment. Having won their places more from "politics" than from any particular qualification, they feel that to retain them they must continue to be active politicians. And so, naturally enough, they regard their political work as of the first importance, to be attended to before they attend to their public duties. Any one who has ever had much to do with the public departments under the old system, can remember how, time and again, business has been delayed because the men whose duty it was to do it were away attending conventions, caucuses, or primaries; arranging the thousand and one details of a political canvass, and giving up to these much of the time and energy that ought to be devoted entirely to the public service.

Much has been said by men and newspapers who are opposed to civil service reform about what they call the impracticability

of the new system. From what they say one would suppose that none can pass these examinations unless he is a trained scholar. In point of fact this allegation is groundless, and the men and newspapers who make it either know that it is false or have not taken the trouble to look into the facts. In the first place, the law itself is very clear upon this point. It declares that these examinations "shall be practical in their character, with paramount regard to those matters which will fairly test the relative capacity and fitness of the persons examined for the service which they seek to enter." The civil service commissioners, both those of the United States and of every city and State where the system has been applied, have been so anxious that these examinations should be entirely practical, in order to make them a fair test for the particular office for which the candidate applies, that they have made this part of the statute one of their rules for the guidance of examiners; and every time an examination is held, the first and most important duty of the examining board, imposed by special instructions, is to hit upon some way of finding out just how well fitted each competitor is to fill the place he is trying to secure. In the city of New York, for example, where the extension of the reform system to the police and fire departments met such bitter opposition, the examinations are of the simplest and most practical sort. The first inquiry is directed to the general character of the applicant. This includes an examination as to his habits and general reputation, which is aided by requiring sworn certificates from people who know the man and his way of life. The second inquiry goes to his experience obtained in the service, either as policeman or fireman, or in any other occupation which would tend to fit him for such service. It is only when we come to the third qualification that we find any reference to book-knowledge; and here, instead of putting candidates to a severe "literary test," as has been claimed, the regulations only require that the applicant shall be able to read and write, and to add, subtract, multiply, and divide. And that is all, absolutely all! Moreover—and this is especially worthy of notice, for it shows how little book-knowledge has to do with the candidate's success in making up the standing of the different applicants, physical

qualifications count for four in a scale of ten; general character for two; experience gets one mark; while the highest that can be given for these so-called "literary qualifications" is three, or less than one-third the total of values.

Of course, in the case of policemen or firemen, the physical qualification is most important. Mr. William Blaikie, formerly a distinguished Harvard oar, and to-day a well known New York lawyer and writer upon athletics, declares that he recently asked the best known captain of police in the city of New York if he thought it possible for one-half of the twenty-five hundred men on the force to go a mile at a pace which could fairly be called a run; after slight deliberation, the captain said he did not think they could. The best and most successful athlete on the police force, when asked the same question, answered: "I would bet my neck against a purse that not one-third of them could do it!"

Now, although it is hardly fair to assume that the physical condition of the average policeman is as poor as this police captain esteemed it to be, yet this much is certainly to be said: whatever good qualities our policemen possess, and whatever successes the force have scored, have been rather in spite of than because of the old system of appointment by favoritism. If this seems a rather sweeping statement, we have only to go back two years to verify it, by the declarations of the late Seth C. Hawley, for many years clerk of the New York Police Commission. On his examination before a special committee of the legislature, in 1884, he produced the application-papers of a large number of men who had been admitted to the police force, after having first been rejected by the surgeons for physical disabilities of an incurable nature, and after a short time admitted on special examination "by request." There were only two theories by which this state of affairs could be explained: either the doctors who made the first examination must have been curiously and unanimously mistaken, or else the applicant must have been cured of apparently incurable diseases by some miraculous agency within the space of a week or ten days! The testimony, for example, brought out the following facts: One man was rejected on the 5th of October, 1883, for no less serious and apparently incur-

able disease than mitral insufficiency. He was re-examined "by request," on November 17th, and passed triumphantly. Another man, rejected on account of flat feet and obesity, October 27th, was re-examined, again "by request," November 1st, and passed without difficulty. This case called forth the following question: "Mr. Hawley, do you think that flat feet can be cured?" and the answer was: "Well, I should say not; but the second committee may have failed to notice the flat feet!" Now, anybody who knows anything about a physical examination, knows that a man who has what the doctors call "flat feet" is not fit to be a policeman, for he cannot stand long and is unable to walk any considerable distance. Another candidate, who was appointed February 26, 1884, was rejected in the preceding month on account of his being under weight, having a bad figure, and being troubled with varicose veins. On his re-examination, of course "upon request," he was found to have gained, according to the report of the committee, ten pounds in weight and a good figure, and to have been relieved of his varicose veins—and all within the space of one month! If the doctors who conducted those examinations are as successful with their patients, their practice must be lucrative indeed! Mr. Hawley was asked if he did not think it was strange that a man should be sent back by the police commissioners for re-examination, without first finding out why he had been rejected the first time. His reply was: "I don't think it is strange at all. It depends entirely upon who recommends him. If it is an ordinary man he will be rejected; but if it is an alderman, and he wants the man re-examined, the commissioners will push it; and how can they do anything else?" A full hour was consumed by Mr. Miller, the counsel for the committee, in reading the records from the books, by which it appeared that heart disease, varicose veins, defective vision, and nearly every ill to which flesh is heir had been speedily and radically cured by those who wished to have a man qualify.

Now let us see how the applicants are treated under the new system. In the first place, every man is subjected to a searching and rigorous medical examination. By a simple and ingenious contrivance, the action of his lungs, heart, back, chest, legs, and

arms is carefully tested, and the relative strength of these parts determined. There is a perfectly practical and scientific system of tests by which the general physical condition of any man can be ascertained with astonishing accuracy. All the life insurance companies, for reasons which are obvious, insist upon such an examination. And certainly the men who are to be intrusted with the protection of the lives and property of our citizens should qualify by at least as severe a test as is demanded of those upon whose physical condition depends only the question of a few dollars more or less by way of annual premiums. After this medical examination, the men are taken to a gymnasium and made to run a quarter of a mile to test their pace at a spurt, and afterward are given a mile to test their staying powers. They are then examined as to their knowledge of the use of firearms; and the flexibility of the wrist is tried to find whether they are likely to be good at wielding the club. Finally, to test whether the applicant has sufficient downright pluck, a simple but very practical plan has been adopted, of putting on the gloves and letting the men face each other in pairs for a short round. For one who has had any experience in matters of this sort, it does not take an exchange of more than two or three blows, and those not necessarily at all severe, to judge whether a man has or has not the requisite physical courage to qualify him to perform his duties.

We have taken the examinations in the police and fire departments for an example, because the opponents of civil service reform have always insisted that here the new system would be sure to fail. Yet the results have been just as successful in other branches of the public service. The mayor of the city of New York, the fire commissioners, the president of the park department, and the superintendent of police have all expressed their approval of the new method of selection, and testified to its successful operation.

Similar testimony comes from the mayors of Boston and Brooklyn, under whom the new *régime* was set in operation; and in Brooklyn the examinations for doormen, patrolmen and bridge-keepers brought out such capital material that even in those departments where the civil service regulations did not govern, the heads of bureaus found it to their decided advantage to apply

the rules, and threw open all the offices under their control to competitive examination.

One great objection which those who opposed the reform always raised, both in legislative debates and throughout the country wherever this subject has been discussed, was, that if we were to put this system into execution in our civil service it would end in filling all the offices with graduates of colleges and higher institutions of learning. Now let us again apply the test of positive fact. The first report of the Brooklyn civil service commissioners shows that they examined during the year 441 applicants. In the examinations for clerkships paying \$1,000 or less, out of 25 successful competitors the first 8 in point of rank had received either a common school or an academic education, and only two of the successful applicants were college-bred men. Of these two, one attained only the ninth rank, while the other brought up the rear of the procession.

In the next grade, out of the 23 who were successful, 18, including the two leaders, had received only a common school or academic training. In the next highest grade, out of 22 winners only 3 were collegians, the other 19 coming from the public schools. Of the 13 who passed successfully the examination for building inspectors, not one had received a college education. Every one of the successful applicants for positions as foremen of street repair gangs had been educated at the common schools. So it was with the plumbing inspectors, and so, too, with the sewer inspectors.

The result of the application of this system to the police and fire departments—a system which it is claimed will appoint only “high rank scholars,” as was asserted in a resolution passed not long ago by the New York Board of Aldermen—was this: Among the 60 who succeeded in passing the examination for positions as patrolmen, doormen and bridge-keepers, we fail to find a single highly educated man, but we do find that every man of the 60 got his training at the common schools!

Finally, a summary of the tables gives us these facts: Out of 213 applicants who successfully passed above the minimum grade, 183, or six-sevenths of the whole number, were educated either in the common schools or in academies, while only 12, or

less than one-seventeenth of the total number of successful candidates, were college-bred men.

These results speak for themselves. They show plainly enough that the theory of civil service reform involves the whole theory of our system of public instruction. There is spent in the city of New York alone four million dollars a year for public schools. The facts cited show that the vast majority of these places are won by men whose only education has been obtained at our common schools. If our public school system is a success sufficient to justify this vast expenditure, it follows as a natural and inevitable consequence that the reform system which rewards with places in the public service the meritorious scholars of our public schools, and gives only to old soldiers and sailors, veterans of the civil war, a preference over them, is a success, too.

But the reform goes deeper than that. It touches every movement of our political life. Our legislatures may appoint their investigating committees, and investigate day in and day out. We outside may try our "reform within the party," may enroll, re-enroll and reform again, annually, quarterly, or monthly, if you like; but so long as we appoint to these minor offices because of favoritism, just so long shall we tempt men to carry caucuses by fraud and crime. For when we allow our non-elective offices, federal, State, or municipal, to be used as a reward for certain sorts of political work, certain sorts of men will always be on hand to do it; and it is not the sort of political work that any honest man would care to do.

The facts which we have cited emphasize the thoroughly democratic character of the new system; it sweeps away all class distinction, and treats upon an equal footing the rich and the poor, the prominent and the unknown. Under the spoilsman's *régime* of the past, employment in the service of the city, the State or the nation was wholly a matter of favor, and of the sort of favor which degrades the recipient. In 1877, 275 out of 1,000 employees at the New York Custom House, 600 out of 800 at the Post Office, 100 out of 180 at the Appraiser's Office held their places at the will of some local politician, and had to vote or bolt at his bidding, with about as much freedom of in-

dividual action as the members of a chain gang. Time and again the office was known to have been obtained by the payment of a sum of money to some one, through whose "influence" the place was secured. The industrious laborer, who stood ready to give the government honest work for honest wages, had no chance against the favorite of the rich contributor to campaign expenses; and even if he succeeded in winning a place, he was forced, under the spoils system, year by year, and sometimes month by month, to pay over a large part of his hard-earned wages for the support of the very system by which he was robbed. "If you don't come down your head comes off!" was the threat of one of the collectors at Washington to a government clerk who had failed to pay his "assessment."

"The assessment is \$40," said another to a poor letter carrier in New York, who laid on the table \$20, all the money he could scrape together. "Take back your \$20; you pay all or nothing!" and the carrier saw the dreaded black mark go down opposite his name. "Good God, sir, give me twenty-four hours and I'll try to get the rest!" "Be lively," was the curt response, and the next man was called up. Time and again, funds ostensibly collected for party purposes went by a process of systematic swindling directly into the pockets of private individuals. A stenographer in one of the New York district courts testified that he was forced to pay out of his salary every month \$100, to some one who claimed it under an agreement to divide, which he had to make before he could get "indorsed" for the office. Abuses of this sort civil service reform aims to prevent; and in its practical working the law has succeeded in stamping them out. Public officials, on the one hand, need no longer submit to compulsory political contributions upon pain of dismissal, but can use as they like the salaries for which the whole people is taxed, on the presumption that they are entitled to the whole of their earnings, if they have served the people honestly and well. The people of the United States, on the other hand, who, without regard to party, contribute to maintain the public offices, have already begun to find that the non-partisan principle of selection is cheaper and better than the plan of letting the offices be used to pay political debts.

Civil service reform demands and deserves an honest, unflinching support. It is thoroughly democratic and thoroughly American in principle, for it gives to every man, rich or poor, Republican or Democrat, a fair chance in open competition to begin an honorable career in the service of his city or his State; and any attempt to put these offices back at the disposal of favoritism is undemocratic, unrepublican, and, above all, un-American.

GEORGE WALTON GREEN.

SHOULD FOREIGN AUTHORS BE PROTECTED?

I.

1. Copyright, is not (as Macaulay ignorantly and to his discredit contended) a "bounty" from the government to the author, raised by a tax on the people. Neither is it a "monopoly;" nor do its nature and origin rest upon "expediency" or "public policy." These theories start from a purely arbitrary assumption, and fly in the face of fact. They are made of whole cloth, and cloth of the flimsiest kind.

2. Patents were in England a distinct monopoly, created by statute in 1623 (21st of James I.). But there is nothing to show that property in literary works was originally granted by government, in England. It was recognized as existing, in 1558. In 1666 the House of Lords unanimously agreed that a copyright was "a thing acknowledged at common law." * But in 1709 Parliament passed a law (8 Anne, c. 19), called "an Act for the Encouragement of Learning," to "secure" books against piracy, by fining pirates. It gave to every book, during twenty-eight years, a special protection, better than damages, without taking away the common law property; and was so construed for over sixty years. Lords Hardwicke and Mansfield, two of the greatest judges who ever lived, so construed it. Not until 1774 was it decided (in *Donaldsons v. Beckett*) that the statute of Anne had destroyed the common law right. And even then, had Mansfield voted, there would have been a tie among the twelve judges consulted. As it was, the decision rested on a majority of only one judge.

It was an accident of misinterpretation, aided by sophistry. But that decision could not affect literary property in the United States. Our first copyright law (1790), "For the Encouragement of Learning," said nothing about taking away the common law right. In 1834, the Supreme Court (*Wheaton v. Peters*) held,

* *Carter's Reports Common Pleas*, 89.

again by a majority of only one, that there was no common law of the United States, and that the Act of 1790 had "created" the author's right in his published work. But this idea that there is no American common law has since been utterly exploded; and an author's common law property in his manuscript book is universally maintained in this country.

3. The fact remains, that literary property existed at common law, on the basis of all property, viz., labor, creation, first possession. No one can prove title to an "idea." An author is entitled to trade and profit in his product, not because of the ideas he uses, but because he has created a definite thing which has cost him labor, time and money, and is his own. He holds property only in the form produced. This property is defended by law; and even a small plagiarism is universally recognized as disgraceful, because it attempts to profit by another man's work without paying or even "crediting" him. Matthew Arnold thinks it is hard to identify a book.* Nonsense! It is much more easily identified than one among a thousand bales or bundles of other goods. Does Mr. Arnold fear that his poems will ever be confounded with Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy?" Is it hard to distinguish Webster's Dictionary from Dr. Johnson's? The sole difficulty about defending property rights in literature is that the author must print and circulate his book in order to get his reward; and any one who buys a copy can print from it surreptitiously, unless restrained. But this facility of theft, in the case of native authors, is restrained by operation of law; just as theft of other kinds of property is restrained.

4. The Constitution of the United States empowered Congress to "promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing to authors and inventors" exclusive rights for limited times; and the Revised Statutes make provision for doing so. It matters not that authors' rights have been limited in time by an accident in the history of law. Having recognized their right at all, the law is bound to defend the property of authors with as much care as it gives to defending other kinds of property. Now it appears that the reprinting of foreign books in this country, without payment to the authors of them, is "to the utter

* "Fortnightly Review," February, 1880.

discouragement" of American authors; as domestic piracy in Queen Anne's time was to that of English authors. If Congress be not a lawless body, it should at once fulfill the intent of the Constitution by giving foreign authors copyright in the United States, and thus defend American authors from virtual annulment of the property which its own statutes secure to them.

5. I. There is nothing in the Constitution against international copyright. II. The Constitution does not discriminate against foreigners, as to rights in "writings and discoveries." III. American literature will be destroyed, and has already suffered great injury, by the reprinting of foreign books without payment to the author; because competition with unpaid foreign books makes it impossible for publishers to issue most American books at a profit to themselves or to the author. IV. The maintenance of American ideas depends upon the encouragement of a healthy national literature. V. Honesty is the best policy; to defraud any class of foreign property-owners is to sap the vital principle of integrity at home. VI. The richest nation in the world cannot decently plead that it is unable to pay fairly for the work of foreign authors. VII. The establishment of a fair market for native and foreign authors alike would so stimulate American authorship that our composers, printers, type-founders, paper-makers and binders would have an immensely increased home market. VIII. No injury would be done to any one; whereas great good would result to all authors, honest publishers, artisans and the public, by putting literary property on a sound basis of defense against theft.

6. Under international copyright, the thousands of foreign books already published could still be reprinted freely. New books would have to be paid for according to the laws of supply and demand. The people would pay for them, as they do for seeing plays in the theater. We do not insist that foreign plays should be acted for us at 10 or 20 cents admission. Foreigners now have property rights in their unprinted plays, and even their lectures, in this country. What hardship would the public suffer by paying them for their books as well?*

*The high prices of books in England can never rule in this country. American copyright works are now sometimes issued here by English firms for

7. We American authors favor large sales at moderate prices, and so do most intelligent publishers. So do the people. We wish no "artificial dearth" of foreign books, but rather a "natural honesty" in dealing, and an even chance in the market for all producers. By providing that foreign books when copyrighted here shall be printed here,* we can prevent any disturbance of the existing industries of compositors, type-founders, printers, binders, etc. That ought to satisfy the various artisans concerned, because it would guarantee them employment, and the increase in American authors' production would bring them an immense amount of new business.

8. We cannot legislate for Great Britain; but Great Britain now empowers the sovereign (7 and 8 Victoria, c. 12, II.) to extend by Order in Council full copyright to books "first published in foreign countries" that give Englishmen copyright. England would therefore reciprocate our action.

9. Whether we make a "fair trade" or not, by giving foreigners copyright among our 55,000,000 inhabitants, is immaterial. Great Britain and her colonies would give us in return the benefit of her 36,000,000 of population. Nor can any sneer or falsehood prove an inconsistency between the demand of American authors for justice to themselves, and their demand for justice to their foreign brothers.

10. If it be essential to the spread of popular education and intelligence that books should be reprinted without compensation, why not pass a law forcing every native author to surrender

less than similar American works offered by our own publishers. Even in England after a few months most popular books are issued in editions at \$1.50 or \$2.00; a little later they are sold at 62 cents; and when the demand warrants, at 25 or 12 cents. But the English system has nothing to do with us. We have always had our own system of immediate sale at moderate prices; and this would prevail, because it is for the interest of the publishers and authors as well as for that of the public. Copyright, domestic and foreign, is maintained more zealously in France than anywhere else, yet France is pre-eminently the country of cheap books.

*I founded the American Copyright League and directed it for two years, but left the Committee because it refused to take a vote of the League members as to printing foreign books. The majority of American authors favor a law that shall compel foreign books to be printed here, if copyrighted. The League Committee does not represent them.

his manuscript so that it may be published for the benefit of the race? Why not also pass a law that publishers (especially those like Mr. Roger Sherman, who reprints the "Encyclopædia Britannica" without paying a cent to its authors or those who employed them), shall print and distribute literature gratis.

11. It was once considered preposterous for men to claim any right of property in their own bodies. Dissenters, Jews, Catholics were formerly hunted with dogs, like wild beasts. Human slavery was long upheld. Well, men do not even make their own bodies, and yet civilization now abhors the notion of denying them the right to control their persons. The author does make his book, himself. Yet we still find a few men who, with the brutal insolence of the slave-driver, deny and condemn a man's right to what he has thus produced. They insist upon our going back to a standard of barbarism in dealing with authors, to that rule of international piracy of all goods which once prevailed.

Piracy of foreign books is now permitted in the United States, and is not a technical offense. But the man who defends an essential theft because it is easy; because it benefits many at the expense of a few, and is not technically guilt; that man brands himself morally as the felon is branded with hot iron.

12. We recognize the property of foreign authors in their unpublished manuscripts, their lectures, their acted plays, as well as in real estate in this country. They enjoy here all the rights of life, liberty, limb and property that any one may enjoy—except the right in their published books. The chief civilized countries have conventions or laws mutually providing for copyright—except the United States. Even the United States grants patents to aliens. Up to 1800 we refused patents to aliens; but since 1836 we have given them patents without restriction. Patent-right is really a monopoly; but copyright is an old form of property having nothing to do with monopoly. Yet we continue to deny it to aliens. Absurd, outrageous inconsistency!

13. This is the worst stain on our national name since that of slavery. The rectitude, fairness, good sense and nobility of the American people are on trial in this question of extending copyright to foreigners. If we refuse to extend it, we shall

foster a dry-rot of dishonesty in the very center of our system, which will corrupt the intellect and honor, and eat out the life of the Republic.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

II.

I. THAT Macaulay ignorantly and to his discredit contended that copyright is a bounty, is not to the point, for the highest tribunals in England and the United States have decided that copyright is a statutory privilege, granted to the author that he may enjoy the exclusive right to multiply the copies of his book for a limited time; and therefore is a monopoly. Whether these decisions were the result of accident, or the conclusions of profound reasoning, does not alter the case; it is the law, and as such must be accepted. Birth is an accident, and so is the color of the skin, by which the issue is blest or unfortunate throughout life. When Mr. Sergeant Talfourd contended for the natural rights of authors, he was paid to contend for them; but Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle, *et al.*, were to be greatly benefited by gaining their point. They failed, notwithstanding their ability; and judgment being rendered against them, their very eminence told against them in the decision.

II. The assertion of Mr. Lathrop in paragraph 4, that the reprinting of foreign books without compensation to their writers "is to the utter discouragement of American authors," is contradicted by facts, if the statement is correct "that in 1885 about 10,000 copyrights were issued in the United States, being exactly in the ratio of the increase in population, and that the taste for the better class of books gradually increases;" and if the conclusions of the Senate Committee's Report, made February 7, 1873, are well founded, viz.: "Your Committee are satisfied that no form of International Copyright can fairly be urged upon Congress upon reasons of general equity or of constitutional law; that the adoption of any plan . . . would be of very doubtful advantage to American authors as a class, . . . but a hindrance to the diffusion of knowledge among the people and to the cause of universal education."

III. In answer to his other statements I reply: 1. There is much in the Constitution against an International Copyright Law, as will be shown hereafter. 2. The Constitution directs Congress to legislate for those under its own jurisdiction solely. 3. A different opinion has been expressed in the Senate Committee's Report; and the large sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the Grant book, and the popularity of "The Century Magazine" disprove it. 4. The American is too prolific in ideas to be subjugated, and has become eminent in all else save literature. 5. He who is honest from policy is already dishonest. The American Copyright League wishes to "boycott" foreign authors, their policy being "to bring the national teacher to the front, and push the foreign teacher to the rear." The author who will write books adapted to the American market will not lack for readers; but the injury to be done to the American public, if deprived of its rights by a law not in consonance with the spirit of the Constitution, would be incalculable, as an insurmountable barrier would be created, by reason of a greatly increased price on new foreign literature, which would destroy the law of natural supply and demand. 6. The complaint is, that the proposed International Copyright Law would permit the more expensive portions of foreign books to be made abroad, such as the stereotype plates, drawing on stone, lithography, wood-engraving, etc., etc., and thus "promote science and the useful arts" by not permitting our artisans to bother their heads with their productions; and that the law is impolitic. 7 and 8. The extract from the Report of the Joint Committee in this paper answers these assertions.

IV. Whatever England may deem expedient to do in the matter of International Copyright should be no guide for the American legislator, for unquestionably England would willingly exchange with the American author his prospective sales in England as against those of her own writers in the United States. But this is not what the American author desires; he wishes to destroy the sale of English books in the American market, in order to force the American reader to purchase those from which his literary palate revolts.

V. Mr. Lathrop errs in stating that I do not pay the authors

employed on the "Encyclopædia Britannica," American Reprint. They are amply and satisfactorily compensated.

VI. Article I, section 8, of the Constitution of the United States provides that "the Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries, and to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

VII. It will be noticed by the foregoing language that the Constitution gives to "the Congress" "the power to promote," etc.; hence, before Congress can pass any law touching this subject it is bound to see that in its judgment the proposed measure will "promote," etc., or else it has not the authority to legislate. When the American author asks for such a law, it becomes his duty to offer to Congress satisfactory affirmative evidence that his law will effect what is desired; for it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, October Term, 1882, that "the Government of the United States is one of delegated, limited, and enumerated powers; therefore every valid act of Congress must find in the Constitution some warrant for its passage."* If "the progress of science and the useful arts" in the United States can be promoted by curtailing the circulation, or raising the price, or creating a monopoly therein, of foreign literary productions, then Congress may have the right to grant an International Copyright in favor of foreign authors; but in no other event. Any law which will fall short of this, much more, if it produce a contrary result, must in accordance with the provision of the Constitution be pronounced void, as that is the limit of the powers granted to Congress in that direction.

VIII. These rights were to be granted only "for limited times," showing by this explicit language what was in the minds of the framers of the Constitution; *i. e.*, that it was detrimental to the best interests of society that the author should have a perpetual right, and that there was a period,

* "A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America, Wounded in the House of its Guardians." By George Bancroft, p. 67.—Harper's Handy Series.

more or less remote, which was left to the judgment of the legislator, when this right should cease; as Congress seeks by its legislation to benefit the public rather than the individual. The American author is the one naturally referred to, as Congress cannot legislate for the foreign author, he being protected and finding his compensation under the laws of his own country. It restricted the benefits of its legislation to persons who are citizens of the United States, and finally fixed the term at forty-two years. To be still more explicit in its expression, it stipulated that "nothing in this act shall be construed to extend to prohibit the importation or vending, reprinting or publication, within the United States of any map, chart, book or books written, printed or published by any person not a citizen of the United States, in foreign parts or places without the jurisdiction of the United States;" by which legislation it especially invited and encouraged its citizens to reproduce the works of foreign authors, knowing that the costly productions of the foreign press were entirely without the reach of its citizens in the then primitive state of the community; and also sought to enable the American public to obtain valuable books, the product of the foreign author, at reasonable prices. Those American publishers who are now unwilling to sell their publications at moderate prices, the result of domestic competition, do not hesitate to call the producers of this cheap literature "Pirates" and by implication impugn the honesty of our early lawmakers, simply because their profits are affected by an unwonted cheapness of the same literature which they formerly published without compensation to the author, and sold dear, knowing that "the aggregate value of books manufactured in this country would be greater under an International Copyright Law than it now is," owing to the advance in price of all reprints by reason of the monopoly created therein.

IX. Law is the perfection of reasoning. It concedes to the author his perpetual right in his manuscript, claiming that he is meritorious in writing it; and protects him in its possession, just as it protects a citizen who has built a house from materials collected from off the public domain. But it denies his natural right to multiply copies of his production, the same as it

denies the natural right of the builder to the exclusive right to multiply houses of a uniform plan, or denied to the discoverer of the potato a monopoly in the production and sale of that esculent, or to Morton the monopoly in the anæsthetic he discovered (either of whom would be regarded as enemies of mankind if they set up such a claim). But in order to compensate the author and induce him to write, whereby the public may be benefited, it grants him statutory privileges to multiply copies of his books, although only presenting old facts in a new light; thus causing another to present, in a practical way, the information collated by the author, and benefit the community by indirection. The justice of this reasoning applies with more than ordinary force to the American author who has been helped to a greater extent by the wise laws of his country in his efforts to obtain an education, by placing it within his power to buy reprints of many expensive foreign text-books at a moderate price; while the policy of monarchical governments is rather toward the discouragement of learning, in the poor, by causing their books to remain dear, and granting International Copyright to the works of foreign authors.

X. The policy of the United States has been to educate the masses. Holding the intelligence of the citizen to be the cornerstone of a republic, it offers all inducements to promote it. That this policy has been wise in the past, is shown by the progress of "science and the useful arts" within its limits. What advantage would have followed, if, after teaching its citizens to read, it had by an International Copyright Law cut off the possibility of gratifying the taste already cultivated?

XI. The discussion of the advisability of an International Copyright Law in the United States, naturally implies the injustice of any law, for what is a man's own should be his without dispute or limitation, and the law should not circumscribe his natural use thereof. But the author having no natural right in the exclusive multiplication of copies of his books, the desire of the founders of our government "to promote science and the useful arts," caused them to create statutory privileges, intended to enlarge the natural use of this literary property for the benefit of the native author, to induce him to write useful and salutary

books which would have the tendency to raise the greatest number of its citizens to the highest attainable plane of human intelligence; and to that end it also incited the reproduction of works by foreign authors. This policy has made authorship a vastly more lucrative profession than it would otherwise have been, and has increased the number of possible purchasers to the extent of seventy-five per cent. of the adult population of the United States. The right of the American public to retain the advantages which have been secured under this wise policy is undoubted, and should be maintained until Congress in its wisdom can devise a better way "to promote science and the useful arts."

ROGER SHERMAN.

The Forum.

AUGUST, 1886.

THE REVOLT OF THE MAJORITY.

A CONDITION of society absolutely new in history has within the memory of living men been evolved from the slowly unfolding institutions of the past. The changes have been not only rapid and great; they are world-wide and revolutionary.

Changes have often occurred before; none were ever so big with consequences to the human race. The *ancien régime*, with its incomparable culture and splendor at the top, and that indescribable creature, half human and half dirt, at the bottom, fell into ruins, with the indescribable creature at the top. The revolutionary movements of 1848 shook the conscience and disturbed the equilibrium of the civilized world. But these upheavals were local and unimportant compared with the social forces which are now setting a world in motion, and which will at the beginning of the twentieth century leave unchanged no institution with which the nineteenth century began.

The causes of these changes are of modern origin. They are in their operation co-extensive with society. And yet, their consequences were not foreseen, cannot now be foreseen, and certainly cannot now be controlled by those who have let them loose. Other revolutions have had relation to specific grievances, have had local centers and organizations, and have trusted to the usual weapons of external attack and defense. This one attacks

from within and beneath the government, the church, the institution of property, and the estate of civilization itself.

The illustrations of the new course of events are to be found everywhere, and the tendencies are all in the same direction. Every institution of human society is on the defensive, changing or resisting tendencies to change. Modern society begins, "by the grace of God," with the absolute ruler on the throne. Then come the people, who say, "We will submit to be ruled only by law;" then, "We will choose our own rulers;" then, "We will rule ourselves;" then, "Let every man do that which is right in his own eyes." In the church were first priests, self-appointed by inward promptings, admitted to be of divine origin by the people, who submitted to a rule, sternly indifferent to their temporal necessities. Then men claim the right to choose their own priests, then to be their own priests, then to dispense with the function altogether. Property also, the earth and its treasures, once admitted to be the inheritance of the fortunate ones who were in possession, especially the rulers of the earth, was first modified, then challenged, then claimed as being the inheritance of the people, who, it is charged, have through all these ages been defrauded of their rights.

In the history of every institution we find change in the direction of less consideration for those who are strong in their intelligence and prosperity, and more self-assertion on the part of those who are strong in their numbers and the aggregation of physical forces. There is less fear of the church, less respect for government, and less regard for the ancient traditions of right in property.

Socialism, communism, nihilism, anarchism are only specific and unusual forms of a new feeling which has spread throughout the world, affecting even barbarous and half-civilized races, and, within the borders of civilization, profoundly moving that great majority, the less fortunate, less cultivated, and always discontented members of society. Among them the suspicion has become general that there is a class, small in numbers and really poor in resources (were it not for the consent of the many to serve them), who from time immemorial have administered the affairs of civilization, directed its course, and taken to themselves

its benefits. There is a suspicion that all forms of religion, government, and social organization are wrongly related to the universal welfare under the new conditions of progress.

We need not search long to find the causes of these momentous changes. One can scarcely find a "modern improvement" that is not a cause. Commerce, the greatest of civilizers, is also the greatest of levelers. To pagan nations it carries benefits, tempered with vices, and those whom the benefits do not improve, the vices destroy. The uncivilized, the half civilized, and the unprogressive nations fear civilization more than they respect it. Commerce for its own purposes has used steam and electric machinery, but the steam-engine and the telegraph have played their employers a trick. They have let out the well-guarded secrets of civilization. Secrets which once made the fortunes of priesthoods, philosophers, guilds, dynasties, and nations have now become the common property of the world. Familiarity has bred contempt.

Heretofore it has been customary even in a democracy to trust a small class to rule. It was commonly thought that the best and wisest men ought to be at the top of society, and that from their goodness and wisdom benefits would descend through all the ranks of life. A change of tone is now clearly manifest. Although not yet openly stated by all, or even by many clearly perceived, the real grievance of the new democracy is manifest in the belief that even the wisest and the best cannot be trusted to govern other men. Give them power, is the charge, and being human, they will govern not in the interest of the multitude but of the good and the wise. From the beginning of recorded time, they say these classes have had their goodness and wisdom, their knowledge and their skill, and they have kept them to themselves, the secrets of a close corporation.

Once it was held that what was good for the top of society was also good for the bottom. That belief is also challenged. It is held, and increasingly vast numbers are now acting accordingly, that ignorant, poor, hard-working men and women have needs unknown to their superiors, and know better than they where the real pinch of poverty, ignorance, and hard work comes for themselves and their children; and they, taking the world to-

gether, being greatly in the majority, propose to take the management of the affairs of this world into their own hands, and, for a time at least, try the experiment of a real democracy.

Against the church the cry, and it is an exceedingly bitter cry, is that by its authority the wise and good have through all these ages been taking their good things in this life, meanwhile exhorting the less fortunate to wait for the rewards and compensations of another and a better world. One of the most significant indications of the social revolution now going on is the clearly announced intention of the majority to take their share of the good things now and let the next world take care of itself. The child who for years had watched with delight the annual civic display of fire-works from the roof of her father's house, when allowed to see them near at hand, astonished and delighted by the unexpected splendors, exclaimed in disgust at her former satisfaction, "To think that I have been bamboozled all these years into believing that I was enjoying these things." Her cry is the cry of the multitude to-day, and, right or wrong, that cry is to become historic.

For twenty years Ruskin has been vainly asking the wise men of Great Britain to tell him the exact nature of his present right to the rents and profits of his father's wine-shop. The multitude is asking what right the few hundred thousand who represent civilization have to the accumulated profits of the long labor of humanity. One peculiar result of modern progress is so conspicuous and absurd that it has been forced upon the attention of the least observing and has helped on the revolution. The pirate has been restrained from his usual pursuits by civilization, but he has not been reformed, and he has gone into business. The genuine pirate of the old time was always an attractive character. He was energetic, bold, unscrupulous, restless; an animated character, who, driven back from his natural pursuit on the high seas, finding privateering an unstable trade and the less romantic profession of the highwayman unprofitable, did the next best thing, hired a lawyer and went into business. His career is known the world over. Every great commercial center has felt his influence. He has joined the church, taken high office, managed great trusts, been a banker, a broker, a railway

manager, a general custodian of the public funds and interests: and the "army of the discontented" has been increased by that multitude which no man can number, who have been asking, not like Ruskin, what right they have to the fruits of their fathers' labors, but rather, why, when the world has grown so rich, they have found their wealth suddenly transferring itself, as by some juggler's trick, from their strong-boxes to the credit account of the respectable pirates whom modern civilization has furnished with amazing opportunities. They who feel most keenly, and most bitterly complain of the inequalities of progress, are not the wage-takers and manual laborers, but the great middle class, who appreciate at their full value the finer possibilities of the "gentle life," but are constantly crowded back by the strong and the unscrupulous. Their complaint is that the pirate has the best chance, and they ask if there is not something wrong in a social estate which gives him the highest honors.

Science is a disturbing force of the first magnitude. With improved means of communication with all parts of the world, and greatly increased knowledge of man as he is, there has come intelligence as to man as he was, which, true or false, has been more revolutionary in its effect than any similar announcement ever made. The doctrine of Evolution, with its conception of man as a creature yet unformed, an unknown possibility in the making, with its "struggle for existence," its "survival of the fittest," its brutish ancestry, and its inscrutable future, has compelled not merely a re-reading of the records of religion and a new interpretation of the archives of government, but it has also revolutionized science and philosophy in all their parts, and, what is more to our purpose, has given both to thinkers and workers a new hope and a deeper despair.

There is a respect for man unknown before. There is a contempt for man which, while not new, was never before furnished with such arguments. The people never as now knew their strength and the possibilities of enjoyment, and never before were they so conscious of the obstacles to enjoyment. Most observers seem to be looking for the effects of the new doctrines in the conspicuous places where they have been received and have openly wrought their appropriate changes on philosophical theo-

ries and religious systems. But these changes, great as they are, are insignificant compared with the effect produced upon those who scarcely know the meaning of these things at all. They are quick to feel whatever touches their lives, and no great movements of thought can fail to affect them. Philosophers quietly discuss "the struggle for existence" as if it were some phenomenon of nature. But to those who are most affected by it, this phrase being interpreted means a "fight," in which the weaker party is to lose all that makes life worth living.

The state of war between different classes of society is not new. But there is now a marked difference in the mood of the many who are on the losing side, a new suspicion and a new fear. Once men accused nature, fate, the gods, as the sources of their miseries. Then they tried by aid of philosophy and religion to become resigned to the inevitable. Some of the most sublime portions of the literature of the ages have suddenly become antiquated because of the suspicion that neither nature, fate, nor God is reponsible for the worst ills which oppress the unfortunate. The struggle for existence, they say, is a fight of man against man, and not a fight of man with nature or any other invincible force. The strong and the knowing, the rich and the wise, they say, are surviving because they have the advantages, and the advantages are not fore-ordained by divine decree, but won on the battle-field of life. Those who are permanently on the wrong side of life must not merely suffer; they must go. There is, therefore, increase both of wrath and fear spreading among those who feel their weakness as they read the new beatitudes of the successful: Blessed are the wise, for the knowing shall have honor among men. Blessed are the rich, for they shall have greater abundance. Blessed are the happy, for they shall be good. Blessed are the strong, for they shall inherit the earth.

To the inevitable men will submit. Submission becomes a sublime virtue when one believes himself to be accepting the hard necessity imposed by a higher power for a wise purpose. But when the obstacles to success are human beings, then the duty abruptly loses its sanction and falls into contempt. If, however, in competition with others, it is believed that all

comers have a fair chance, the difficulty may enhance the pleasure of exertion. But when, as now, vast numbers suspect that competition is useless, and that, work as hard as one may, the advantage is with his opponent, who, with money, machines, and power at his command, can crush out all opposition, then the struggle for existence becomes a tragedy, the darker because it is unlighted by any hope.

Social science has wrought changes, and we begin to see that what we call charity has for a thousand years been little better than a box in which to catch the screenings of civilization, chaff which after all must go to the unquenchable fire which civilization keeps burning in its Gehenna. We begin to see that what might be the wheat we so treat in the growing that it also becomes the refuse of the threshing-floor. These facts we see, admit, and speculate upon. But what must these facts signify to those to whom they mean temporal damnation—they, the multitude, who live so near such ruin that they can speculate upon its possibility? To say that they are disturbed by such interpretations of life, but faintly describes the present mood of the millions of all nations who begin to regard their low estate as a worse evil than they thought, and one to be escaped lest they perish in it.

Civilization is no doubt to the race a blessing; to the individual it may be a calamity. To whole classes and nations it may be a calamity. No progress is possible that does not involve destruction. But difficulties arise when the classes prepared for the sacrifice object to the rites. Undoubtedly there is just now an exaggerated fear and an irrational hope as to the probable results of progress. There has been a remarkable raising of the standard of the general comfort, a general prosperity unknown before. Education has given all classes the ability to understand and appreciate the good things of the civilized life. But there are greater disparities of fortune than were ever possible before among men and women of the same grade of intellectual culture; and there are apparent possibilities of permanent social degradation for even cultivated people which are alarming to the many who are contemplating the probability that, with increase of concentrated power stored up in capital

and machinery, the "industrial age," which Herbert Spencer so calmly anticipates, may be the age of "operatives," when the great majority will be wage-takers.

The new combinations of human beings, impossible hitherto, and now only showing the beginning of the possibilities in that direction, have their explanation in the new consciousness of the dangers of civilization to the classes which are not certain of surviving, and a still newer consciousness of the power of numbers in real democracy. We are entering upon an epoch in the development of free institutions which is inevitable, but full of peril to every interest of mankind. Darwin and Spencer, Carlyle and Ruskin, Emerson and Wendell Phillips, Turgenieff and Tolstöi have not been talking about progress, struggle, human rights, the power of the people, the oppressions of the few and the wrongs of the many, without having an audience larger than they knew. As servants know what is going on behind closed doors and read the secrets of every household, so do even the uneducated know by subtle instinct what their betters are thinking; and in this case, as the teachings concern themselves, they are "going to see about it."

The ruling classes up to this time have trusted to things which are no longer safe. The men of executive power know that certain things good for the world cannot be done without their help. But suppose the people say, "Very well; we will do without those things until we learn to do them ourselves." They who would greatly miss the best things of civilization are after all but a few hundred thousands, taking the whole world together. They who constitute the governing classes of all nations are about equally numerous. To the great majority who have no part in these things, it would seem like an improvement of the general condition if they were abolished. It is not the fact that one is obliged to walk along the sea-shore that oppresses him. It is the carriage of his neighbor throwing its dust upon him, which suddenly reduces one to the plebeian rank and blights the landscape. The carriage he can do without. But the pleasures of pedestrianism will be increased for him if carriages run no more. To the men of executive power, therefore, the majority are beginning to say: "True, there are

some things we cannot do without you. But our chance of doing them with you in such a way as to benefit ourselves seems now so small that we will try awhile to get along without both you and them."

Rulers, ecclesiastics, captains of industry, and political economists will mistake the facts if they omit to notice the operation of certain impulses of sentiment now working with strange power in the minds of the majority. The labor question is not wholly a question as to whether a man can and ought to live on \$200 a year, which is more than the average income of the American individual. The religious question is not wholly a discussion of supernaturalism and the authority of the church. The political question is not wholly a contest between the law and the lawless. Whether it be a disease or a sign of vigorous life, there is a world fever of democracy new in history. The revolt of the majority means that information in regard to the vast benefits of civilization has reached to the bottom of society, and that the amazing progress of the last fifty years has at last made itself felt as a disturbing force in the common life of the many. The majority believe that a great fortune has fallen into the hands of mankind, and they are hurrying to call for their dividends. They are the more impatient because it is evident that great benefits have come to some classes, but have not in like proportion come to them. They want their share now. They cannot wait. Exhortations to patience have no effect. Patience means to them the next generation or the next world. Both are too far away, and in neither of them will they enjoy the specific blessings they are after. Something stands in their way. They have agreed that it is not nature, fate, nor God. What is it? Is it the state? Then the state must change or go. Is it the church? Then the church must change or go. Is it the social order? Then, because the social order cannot go, it must be revolutionized. "Something, we do not yet know what," says the majority, "stands between us and a good which is attainable to some; if not to us, why not?"

This attainable something now claimed by the majority is nothing less than the whole accumulated blessing, the total estate of humanity. It is only incidentally a question of money,

wages, and social advantage. Primarily it is a question as to that which lies back of all individual differences and present opportunities, the cause of the condition and opportunity; that which makes, for example, MacCullum More to be the Duke of Argyle, and his cousin, a Campbell of the same blood and qualities, a sheep farmer's drudge in Australia. Even deeper than that goes the question and the discontent. There are whole classes and nations who believe that they have been robbed of prenatal and prehistoric privilege, so that they and their ancestors were born to suffer wrong.

Once men felt their wrongs in dull silence, now they feel them with an alertness of spirit, a certain catching enthusiasm for change which almost makes the man with a grievance the happier for it; and this bodes ill for those who stand in their way. This is not a question as to whether the republic is the ideal form of government, nor as to the actual or possible forms of democracy. This democracy has no institutions, except some tentative associations more or less secret. It has no government, no church, no social ranks; and the question it asks is not whether this is better than that, but "Do we want any of them?"

Take away every removable grievance, redress every redressable wrong, admit that all the arguments of the majority are valid; and still the revolt of the majority will go on. It cannot stop if it would. It certainly cannot be stopped by any means external to itself. For it is an experiment in social evolution (largely involuntary) of which no one can foresee the end until it comes, and the desire to make the trial and see what comes of it has attained to the proportions, and has all the characteristics, of a popular mania, surpassing all others known to history. It is like, but vaster than that which moved the Asiatic swarms who invaded Europe, marking their course across two continents with the tender bodies of those for whose benefit they moved; or than that which inspired the crusades, when the children marched toward Palestine by thousands, and even youthful virgins formed themselves into battalions to show their zeal for the cross.

Civilization had begun to flatter itself, and to say that no

descent of barbarians was again possible. It forgot that those whom in scorn, more or less gentle, it had called the lower classes, might some day simply stand up, and that when they did stand up whatever was above them must bend or break. For good or for evil to existing forms of civilization, no man can tell which, the great experiment of the new democracy is to be tried in ways undreamed of by the founders of the American Republic. Probably our free institutions will more quickly accommodate themselves to the strain than any despotism can. But they will reckon without their hosts who suppose that this is only a passing breeze of dissatisfaction with the wages paid by capital to labor. For this is the first great ground-swell of universal human society coming at last to consciousness of itself, a movement made possible by the civilization which it disturbs, a force in motion which is to gain greater momentum; to bring in its train evils new and sore, to crush and overwhelm in its resistless course many a fair product of the olden time, but, nevertheless, to leave, when once more society sadly counts the cost of progress, a new hope (may we not hope?), a better chance for man, and the beginning of good things which will not soon pass away.

GEORGE BATCHELOR.

CONFESSIONS OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

THAT the Roman pontiff can and ought to become reconciled and come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization, is a proposition most solemnly condemned by Pius IX. in his famous Encyclical of December 8, 1864; it is the eightieth and last of the "errors" noted in the *Syllabus*. Here, then, we have an anathema fulminated against all the distinctive characters, all the civil economies, all the political institutions of modern society. I know that in the Allocution of March 18, 1861, in which the Pope first replied with his *non possumus* to the demand that he come to terms with progress, liberalism, and the rest, he rehearsed the history of the harsh treatment of the Church at the hands of the Sardinian government, and says in effect that "progress," "liberalism," etc., mean simply the confiscation of church property, imprisonment of bishops, and suppression of monasteries. But it is not competent even for the infallible head of the Church to alter the natural and received meaning of terms in common use; and when he declares that the Pope, *i. e.* the Church, neither can nor ought to become reconciled and come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization, he must be understood to mean just what the words import. Now, we here in America, Catholics no less than Protestants, or men of no religious profession at all, are firm believers in progress, liberalism, and modern civilization; and when we find these anathematized by the head of the Catholic Church, we are bound to ask ourselves whether we are prepared to say Amen. It will not be denied that this country is the refuge of the oppressed and impoverished populations of Europe, precisely because here the forces of progress, liberalism, and modern civilization have freest play. Catholics are beneficiaries of this state of things no less than their non-Catholic fellow-citizens; and it would not

be an edifying spectacle to see them cursing these beneficent forces, while at the same moment they are gathering in for themselves with both arms the bountiful harvest produced by their free operation. I confess, and be this the first point in these "Confessions," that I never have been able to be reconciled and to come to terms with this anathema of modern civilization. If a man is the enemy of these great forces, he is out of place in the United States; his true home is some tranquil isle in the Doldrums. If there were any probability that Catholics here would ever approve the Pope's anathema of modern civilization, it would perhaps be incumbent on Congress to enact, though it were to put a slight strain upon the Constitution, laws which would tend to check the growth of Catholicity in this country. *Salus populi suprema lex.* The "religious liberty" of the Mormons has been abridged by Act of Congress, and that would be a precedent. But there will be no occasion for such enactments; the Americanism of Catholics may safely be trusted to preserve them from any tendency to reactionism. Still, it does no harm to declare openly that "we never, never, never will be slaves," and that we intend to do our political thinking for ourselves.

Here the question occurs, What so very desirable state of society is superseded by this anathematized progress, and liberalism, and civilization of modern days? The apostolic letters, encyclicals, and allocutions of the Pope have now for many years been simply a continuous jeremiad, a lamentation over the good old times past and gone, and the most unspeakable and deplorable evils of this degenerate age, with its damnable plague of books, newspapers, and pamphlets, its accursed freedom of conscience, its godless schools, etc. Look whither he may, the head of the Church sees nought to cheer or encourage in the course of human affairs throughout the world. Possibly if the rising tide of liberalism had not been threatening, and at last had not overwhelmed his own temporal sovereignty, he might not have fallen into this gloomy pessimism; but when the national army entered Rome and the king was installed in the Quirinal palace, the very heavens had fallen, and chaos was come again. And what was the happy state of things social and political which the advance of the modern spirit of progress swept

away? Were the common people in those times happier, better fed, better housed, better educated, more moral, more obedient to law, less violent, than they are under the new dispensation of liberalism? So far from that being the case, the standard of living, socially and morally, physically and intellectually, is steadily rising with the advance of civilization; what would have been comfort in the days of our fathers is squalor now. Catholics in America are not very instant in prayer for the return of those good old times; like all their fellow-citizens, they believe the golden age is yet to come through progress, liberalism, and civilization, and for its coming they work and pray. They scan the social and political heavens from the meridian of Chicago rather than from that of Rome.

Natives of Europe migrating to this country and entering into the current of American life are quickly modified by the new environment, so that in a few years their habits of thought, and in no small degree their physcial characters, undergo a change. The second generation of an immigrant stock is pretty effectually Americanized. And the religious ideas and habitudes which these immigrants import with them suffer a transformation hardly less striking, if not in the actual immigrants, then in their progeny. The Polish or Russian Jew of to-day is the father of the Reformed or Progressive Israelite of a generation hence—a transformation hardly less radical than would be the transit from fetichism to modern Unitarian Christianity. I dare not say that in the evolution of an American Catholic of the second or third generation of descent from a Connemara peasant there is so profound a metamorphosis; I do not care to measure it; the religious ideas of the two terms of this evolution may be labeled with the generic name "Catholic;" but not unlikely the "evoluted" American Catholic would not scruple to qualify the greater part of his Connemara ancestor's religious system and practice as superstition; while the ancestor, were he living and able to comprehend the strictures of his polished descendant, would doubtless retort that his critic was no better than a heathen. "Our Lady of Lourdes" and "Our Lady of Knock" is partial to the unevoluted peasantry of Europe and Ireland. Our sturdy Catholic farmers on these western prairies are ignored

by the celestial visitant; but they do not complain of that; neither do I. By the way, the Catholics of this country are becoming perhaps the least superstitious element in our population. They are rapidly divesting themselves of the last tatters of their ancestral superstitions, and they do not take kindly to spiritism, faith-cures, and the like charlatanisms. The Protestant communions, especially Methodism, appear to be the great feeders of these species of delusions, as of Mormonism also. And thus the very large immigration of Catholics hither becomes an important factor in promoting true progress, liberalism, and civilization.

What is the judgment of enlightened Catholic priests in America upon this outlook? Is it for them matter for regret that our Catholicity, as expressed in the lives and thoughts of the people, should be thus metamorphosed? On the contrary, I believe they are well content with the situation and with the trend of popular sentiment among the members of the Church. If any protest is heard, it invariably comes from priests whose habits of thought were fixed by education in other countries. But these "old fogies" get little encouragement here, whether from their people or their clerical brethren. "American ideas" will always rule in America. But what if these people become quite alienated from the faith of their fathers? Well, I can conceive of circumstances under which even that might be looked upon by a sincere and loyal Catholic as not altogether a calamity.

I see the peasantry of Italy, of divided Poland, of Bohemia, and of other Catholic countries swarming on these shores, and I hesitate to record the impression they make upon the well-ordered, intelligent, and prosperous American community in the midst of which they propose to cast their lot; but recent occurrences here in the West go to prove that at least till they have undergone the inevitable metamorphosis, they are an undesirable element to take into our body social and political. They are ignorant, degraded morally and socially, brutish, superstitious; and it were surely a very bigoted Catholic indeed who should lament if, while earning a livelihood here, and coming to some sense of the decencies of life and the requirements of civilized existence, they part with a good deal of what is by courtesy styled their religion. Religion has not "struck in" deep enough

to be of much service in the case of creatures who have yet to learn the elements of decent and orderly living. I do not transgress the just limits of truth or charity in asserting that the peasantry, the common people, in Catholic countries—Italy, Spain, Austria, and I might add Ireland, though that is not officially called a Catholic country—have not been justly dealt with either by their temporal or their spiritual masters. As regards Ireland, it is known of all men that there the power of the priesthood is paramount with the people. The people are sincerely attached to their priests, and their respect and obedience are voluntarily, cheerfully rendered. The priesthood, too, on many accounts well deserve the confidence and love of their flocks; for instance, they sympathize with the people fully in their political aspirations, while the miscalled “Church of Ireland” has no care of these things. When all Ireland is battling for the rights of manhood, the miscalled Episcopal “Church of Ireland” publishes through its bishops a machine-made form of prayer for peace and tranquillity. But the priests have been criminally remiss in the performance of their duty of enforcing among the people the practice of many homely virtues which they lack, as temperance, frugality, industry, etc. Father Mathew showed the way to conquer one of the vices of the Irish people; he left no successor.

But it is not in Ireland alone that the Catholic priest is loved and trusted by his people; the same is true, though not in the same degree, of every Catholic country, of every Catholic community. If the people, then, are degraded, the Church is in a great degree answerable; and by the Church I mean the clergy, the bishops and priests, the pastors of the people. The pastors have seen the people sunk in ignorance and misery and have passed them by. The popes in their public pronouncements have much to say in deprecation of the unrestricted liberty of printing, teaching, preaching, robbery of church property, and ill-usage of bishops and priests, but never a word about the degradation of the people, never an anathema against the inhumanity of the great landed proprietors of Italy, Silesia, and other Catholic countries, who have lived in splendor while their poor serfs are trodden down. The mighty influence of the

Church ought to have been at all times exerted for the uplifting of the people. Small wonder if the Church is losing the confidence of the common people. Nothing is ever done by the Church to promote popular education, save when "infidel" governments or a Protestant propaganda essay to gather the children of the poor into their schools. The Church promotes schools only as a defensive measure against the encroachments of her enemies. If the Church truly favored the general education of the people, popular schools would not be, as they are, a modern innovation. The "Brothers of the Christian Schools," and other teaching fraternities and sisterhoods, are doing good work for popular education; but they come too late in the day to save the Church from the reproach of having neglected, while she had the power and the means, to instruct the young in the elements of knowledge.

When the immigrants from Catholic countries come hither, they are seen to be almost as little influenced by Christian teaching as the Chinese; for the Church they show no regard whatever; nevertheless, they and their fathers before them have enjoyed, in the fullest measure, all the spiritual benefits the Church has to offer. What shall we say of the Poles and Bohemians, races whose turbulent spirit is a formidable menace to the public peace wherever they congregate, as in many of our Western cities? Let the recent history of Chicago and Milwaukee give the answer. In any Polish church congregation a free fight, or a riot with bludgeons and fire-arms, may be expected at any moment. I fancy that the Polish congregations in the United States that have not had at least one riot must feel as though they had not yet received the requisite "baptism of fire." The rallying-place of the riotous Poles and Bohemians in Milwaukee a few weeks ago was the neighborhood of the St. Stanislas Church. If the spiritual teachers of these people are to be judged by the fruits of their teaching, they have little reason to boast. It is not unfair to put the Church on the defensive, and to demand of her an account of her stewardship during the many generations through which she has represented to these people the religion of Jesus Christ. The Church, then, seems powerless to mold these populations to the fashion of

civilized life, but they must and shall be transformed. If in the process of transformation what religion they now have is eliminated, and any or no substitute religion takes its place, there are no tears to be shed. And if some miserable, lazy lazaroni of Naples could be won to the decencies of life, losing his aversion to honest work and soap and water, but in the process were somehow to be weaned from his devotion to St. Januarius, and to ally himself with the followers of Father Gavazzi, becoming, as the phrase runs, a "Bible Christian," the world would certainly be a gainer. Would the Catholic Church be a loser? Would the man himself be a loser? *Plangat* Judæus Apella, non ego.

Union of Church and state, subordination of the state to the Church, and combination of the two powers in one person, the Pope: these systems have been tried long enough, and with such results upon the fortunes of the common people as we see to-day in the condition of the lower orders in the several countries of Europe. No one who has tasted of the sweets of liberty and popular government will wish to go back to that now happily obsolete state of affairs. American Catholics are not less intensely loyal to their country, nor less heartily in love with popular government than any other section of the American people; they are sincerely and unconditionally loyal to the Constitution of the United States. How this attitude may be reconciled with entire and implicit loyalty to their supreme spiritual ruler, who insists upon obedience on the part of secular governments to his decrees, is a question American Catholics do not worry about; let casuists tackle it, if they will. But if His Holiness were ever to have occasion to complain of the government of the United States, as he did of that of Mexico in his Allocution of December 15, 1865, that the government "feared not in the least to declare that it never would submit its acts to the supreme authority of the Apostolic See," in such a case American Catholics would be the first to ask in wonder why the government of the United States should fear. And what was the act of the Mexican Government which gave occasion to this unfortunate expression? An act suppressing ecclesiastical courts, depriving them of the right of judging the offenses of

clerics, criminal as well as ecclesiastical. Surely, surely, the clergy of Mexico needed the interference of the state to save religion itself from dishonor. Why, to scourge them with scorpions would have been no excess of severity, and should have been regarded as salutary, if so they could be saved from pulque, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and scandalous living, and induced to live cleanly and useful lives. The Pope ought rather to have applauded the Mexican Government for stripping the Church of its wealth, if so there appeared any hope of bringing the clergy of that unfortunate country to a sense of their duty.

Other indications of the sort of governments we should have if the Pope's wishes were consulted occur everywhere in the public utterances of Pius IX.; they are seen in his rather unfortunate Encyclical of December 8, 1864, with *Syllabus* annexed. These pronouncements strain to the breaking point the loyalty of American Catholics to the head of their Church.

I state a few propositions taken from the authentic declarations of the Holy See, which by no means meet the hearty approval of American Catholics. In his Encyclical of December 8, 1864, Pius IX. pronounces that doctrine to be "opposed to holy writ, and altogether false, which asserts that state of civil society to be the best, wherein the government does not punish the violators of the Catholic religion, except so far as the public peace requires." Of course, then, in the Pope's view, the state should punish violations of the Catholic religion; for instance, should lock up in jail any heretic who should dare to preach against the Church. A zealot might from this not illogically infer that to burn heretics is to do service to God.

In the same famous Encyclical Pius re-affirms the dictum of one of his predecessors, Leo the Great, that "the supreme civil power is conferred not for the governance of the world only, but principally for the defense of the Church;" and he deprecates the "false and perverse opinion which would do away with that salutary power which the Catholic Church, according to her divine Author's ordinance and command, must needs exercise freely till the end of time, not only in regard to individuals, but also in regard to nations, peoples, and their sovereign princes." But it does not seem probable that the Church will ever again

have an opportunity to bring this extraordinary power into play. States and nations, and their supreme rulers, will henceforth make an effort to manage their affairs without pontifical help.

Liberty of conscience and freedom of worship are, as a matter of course, pronounced to be abominations; they are a "raving madness" according to Gregory XVI. in his Encyclical *Mirari*, and "a most pestilent error." The grief of the supreme pontiff on account of the spread of this abomination over Catholic countries finds frequent expression. Thus, in his Allocution of July 26, 1855, Pius IX. laments the infringement by the Spanish Government of the convention whereby the Catholic religion was recognized as "the sole religion of Spain, all other religions being excluded." In another Allocution he declares null and void certain laws of the republic of New Granada, permitting to immigrant foreigners the public practice of their own religions. In the Encyclical of August 15, 1832, Gregory XVI. draws a harrowing picture of the evils which result from this pestilent error. And yet freedom of conscience and of public worship seems to work rather beneficially here in the United States. It is a pity that no pope has ever had the advantage of seeing with his own eyes popular government in actual operation. It would be a distinct benefit to the Catholic world if the Pope could be induced to come hither on a tour of observation; but he must come *incognito, en mufti*, so to speak, in coat and trousers. Were he to come arrayed in his official costume, our American snobs—Protestant and infidel snobs—would so encompass him round about with adulation that he would have no chance to see the real people and their lives. Among the lessons he might learn would be one the world learned long ago, viz., that the Church ought to be separated from the state, and the state from the Church, though such separation is condemned in the *Syllabus*. He would learn, furthermore, the benefits of competition, so to speak, among churches, on seeing how effectually the several communions, our own holy Church not excepted, are stimulated by a natural spirit of honorable rivalry to excel in every good work. If liberty of conscience and of worship is found to be the means of making the pastors of souls more zealous, and their lives more edifying,

that ought to be, even in the eyes of the supreme pontiff, its all-sufficient justification. How much better, how much more Christian-like for the Church to win and to hold her adherents by the tie of free, and loving, and loyal attachment, as in this country, than by force and penalties. Nevertheless, among the propositions condemned in the Encyclical of December 8, 1864, is one which asserts that "the Church does not possess the power of employing force." In a word, a brief experience of popular government would convince the Pope that the more strictly the Church confines herself to her purely spiritual affairs the better it will be for the Church herself, for the faithful, and for the world in general. And one of the things the Church should be most chary of meddling with is science; her experience in that field (instance the persecution of Galilei) has not been very gratifying. Every one will agree with the Pope in declaring to be erroneous the proposition (*Syllabus* XII.) that "the decrees of the Apostolic See and Roman Congregations hinder the free progress of science." Indeed, how could they? We know that the earth moves, despite these decrees; and comets pay no respect to papal bulls.

Holy Church ought, if any possible way of doing the thing can be discovered, to reverse or amend the papal condemnation of progress and modern civilization. If the Church, through maintaining this hostile attitude, should lose the love and confidence of the common people, then though all the duchesses of England, with the dukes, the marquises, the whole nobility and the æsthetico-ritualistic section of the clergy in their train, were to become converts, it would profit her nothing; it would be a fool's bargain. *Mem.*: the future belongs to the common people. The Pope, when he subscribes himself "*Leo, episcopus, servus servorum Dei*," would do well to realize the full import of these terms; he is "servant of God's servants," of the common people—a good old "Yankee notion," for are not our public functionaries, even the highest, in truth the people's servants? And the common people can enforce their will even on the Pope himself, as we may see in a recent instance when a courageous Irish bishop, true representative of the common people, plainly threatened, in a pastoral letter, that should Leo XIII. disregard the

people's choice of an archbishop for Dublin, and appoint the nominee of the English Cabinet, the Irish might secede and set up a church of their own. The people's choice was approved by Rome in this instance.

There is no reason why any American should feel concern about the multiplication of high church dignitaries in this country. A cardinal is as harmless as a simple bishop, though of course he looks more formidable when he dons his full toggery. As for monsignori, camerarii segreti, prothonotaries apostolic, and such small fry of the prelacy, why we may say of these "titularities" what Labouchere the other day said of baronetcies in the English House of Commons: "I'd as soon refuse to a poor starving donkey a thistle, as I would refuse a monsignorate to any one who longed for it." But it is of very great importance that the right sort of men should be chosen bishops; and as the present discipline of the Church does not allow the priests and people to have a voice in the selection of their chief pastors, the Pope should at least guard very carefully against mistakes; and in this matter mistakes, even very serious ones, have been not infrequent.

NEWSPAPER ESPIONAGE.

A FRIEND of the late Samuel Bowles once addressed him a letter in which he used the following sentence as a basis for what he had to say : " It seems to me that a newspaper should be governed by the same principles which a gentleman follows in his personal conduct." Mr. Bowles, whose motto as an editor was " The ' Springfield Republican ' is one thing and Sam. Bowles is another," asked permission to print the letter, saying that he should like to discuss the question which it raised, taking, of course, the negative side. Permission was given, but the letter was not printed, neither was the question which it raised ever discussed by Mr. Bowles, probably because he found the subject more difficult to treat than he had anticipated. So far as I am informed, nobody has since undertaken the task which was too difficult for him. Yet one can scarcely imagine a subject the discussion of which would command a keener interest.

At no time has this subject of newspaper conduct been more pressing than it is now. The extraordinary course of not merely a few but of nearly all the prominent journals of the country, before and after the President's marriage, has served one good purpose. It has called public attention to the intolerable lengths to which the modern system of press espionage has been carried. The watch kept upon President Cleveland was no sudden development of newspaper enterprise. It was rather the supreme demonstration of the resources of a system which has been growing steadily for several years, and which found in this event an opportunity to lift itself into national prominence. There had been many instances of intrusion upon private rights no less flagrant than this, but they did not command so wide an audience. Anybody who has read newspapers regularly during the past few years can recall dozens of such cases.

It was only about a year ago that an eminent and public-spirited gentleman was stricken with a fatal illness on the eve of his proposed wedding. He was a man of large wealth, who had given of it freely for public and private charities and purposes. Yet, when it was announced that he was dying, what happened? The newspapers began to give all their energies to discovering how much money he was going to bestow upon his intended bride. One of them devoted over a column on one day to the results of a searching investigation upon this point. Everybody in any way related to the dying man was hunted down and questioned. All members of his family, his lawyer, his business associates, were asked for their knowledge about it, and if they denied having knowledge, were requested to give a guess. Then, to crown all, persons in no way interested in the man or his honorable life were cited as authorities on the probable size of the bequest. All this was published, together with descriptions of the lady's personal appearance and a sketch of her history, during the very hours in which the man was dying.

At about the same time, a young school-girl, a daughter of a prominent and respected merchant, was discovered to have made a secret and most unwise marriage. A reporter spied the marriage notice and at once started upon the trail. He hunted down the bride and groom, described and interviewed them; and then going to the father's house, confronted the nearly distracted man with the information which he had obtained, saying that a full account of the affair would appear in a certain newspaper on the following day. The father begged to have it suppressed, but the reporter informed him, with brutal insolence, that such things could not be suppressed. Then the father begged to have the account made as little of a "sensation" as possible, saying: "I have always tried to appear honorably before the public, and now this comes upon me with the suddenness of a thunderbolt. You can't imagine what a blow this marriage has been to me!" No, the reporter could not imagine it, neither could the newspaper which had sent him on his detestable errand, for he wrote and that newspaper published the next morning, in a conspicuous column of its first page, in large type, an impertinent and vulgar account of the affair, with the names in full of all the

parties to it, and with clumsy and coarse attempts to give a humorous aspect to the father's grief.

There is scarcely a city in the land in which similar offenses have not been committed. There are many communities in which they are of such regular occurrence that the journals committing them have become a positive terror to respectable citizens; for, to a newspaper possessed with the idea that anybody's business is everybody's business, nothing is sacred.

The treatment of the President and his bride was the culmination of this kind of journalism. Let us take a comprehensive view of it from its beginning to its end. It was about three months ago, I think, that the rumor first started that the President was contemplating marriage. All efforts to get a confirmation or denial from him or his intimates were complete failures. Then work was begun upon his family relations and upon those of his suspected *fiancée*. The country was scoured for them, and every effort was made to induce them to talk. After several weeks of this kind of work, sufficient evidence was secured to show conclusively who the lady was. It was discovered that she was at that time in Paris. The cable was at once employed to put spies upon her track and discover everything that was possible about her and her plans and daily occupations. Great efforts were made to procure an authentic photograph of her, but when these failed, a plentiful crop of bogus ones was produced and published as authentic. Every bit of gossip, however trivial or impertinent, which could be found or invented about the lady and her family, or about her relations with the President, was eagerly published. Finally, the news was procured that she was about to sail for America. Then, what some of the admirers of this kind of journalism call the "detective instinct of the press," was roused to unprecedented activity. From the moment she set foot in New York, the eye of the American press was upon her. One newspaper distanced all others at the outset by interviewing the steward or some other employee of the steamer in which she had made the passage, and obtaining a minute account of everything she had done or said in public upon every day of her voyage. Not a smile or even a nod of the head was missed. This narrative occupied the entire first

page of a great journal. Watch was subsequently kept upon her hotel from early morning till late at night, or until the lights in her room were put out; for reporters stationed upon the sidewalk watched for the latter occurrence each night, and carefully noted and published the hour and the minute. When the President came to town for an act of public service, he was watched to see how he would greet his future wife, and his hours of visiting and leaving her were noted and published with equal exactness. When the lady started for Washington for her wedding, she was followed closely by the press detectives, and both herself and the President's sister were subjected to personal descriptions, some of which surpassed in vulgar impertinence anything which had yet been produced. Finally, when the wedding occurred, all previous detective exertions were outdone.

The President had caused official announcement of the wedding to be made, in which he had stated that the ceremony would be private because of the "recent death of a relative of Miss Folsom." It was also announced that no representatives of the press would be admitted, but that an account, containing "everything that any one ought to want to know about a wedding," would be furnished for publication. Did the "detective instinct" of the newspaper correspondents give way to the gentlemanly instinct then and allow the wedding to take place as its chief actors desired? Not at all. They insisted upon treating the request for privacy as an incentive for increased activity. They could not be present at the ceremony, but they could surround the house and watch everything that passed. They had heard rumors that the President contemplated a bridal trip to some point unknown to the public, in order to carry out still further his insidious plan of privacy. Lest I may be suspected of misrepresentation, I will quote what one of the correspondents has himself written as a true history of what was done to thwart this plan:

"Rumors of the President's intention to leave Washington with his bride were sifted so thoroughly on the wedding-day that before the ceremony there were probably a dozen reporters who believed he was to go to Deer Park. At the same time no one at Washington was so confident of it as to go on ahead.

but the policy of every office was to have this part of the day's proceedings looked after with great care. From early in the evening, accordingly, the White House grounds were picketed, and pickets were employed also on the streets, avenues, and roads for half a mile or more beyond the grounds. The President couldn't have escaped undetected, and there was a small troop of saddle-horses and carriages at the call of the pickets, to follow wherever he might lead. In the afternoon men were seen working on an awning and steps at one of the rear windows of the White House. This indicated the means of exit for the bridal pair, and of course it was unknown to the crowd who gathered in front after the ceremony. With all this watchfulness, however, only two reporters saw the President's carriage leave the grounds. Their carriage was near at hand, and followed the President's at a distance of about half a block, over a devious route, to the place where the special train lay. They had previously learned from what point it would start, although that was really a railroad secret."

Other correspondents soon got upon the trail, however, and fifty minutes after the bridal pair had started for Deer Park, six reporters set out in pursuit of them in an express train over the same road. They had a hard night of it, but were at their posts in the shrubbery under the windows of the President's cottage before daylight of the next morning. Again, that I may escape the charge of misrepresentation, I quote the words of another of these correspondents :

"When President Cleveland rose at ten o'clock this morning and looked from the front windows of his cheerful little domicile upon the handsome vista of glade and green that stretched out before him, among the objects which met his astounded gaze was a small pavilion standing in the midst of a handsome cluster of tall trees, and in and around this pavilion lounged the flower of Washington journalism, somewhat battered by lack of sleep and a midnight wrestle with country telegraph operators, but still experiencing a lively interest in the Chief Executive and his whereabouts."

The "flower of Washington journalism!" and what was its mission there? As the accounts of its members showed, it was to stand in the trees and shrubbery, at a distance of three hundred yards, and watch the President and his bride. They could get no nearer because the owner of the cottage, having no sympathy with the "detective instinct of the press," had surrounded the cottage with pickets. All day long the "flower of Washington journalism" stood in the bushes and watched the house. They recorded the hour when the President first appeared at the window; examined the dishes when meals were sent from

the hotel to the cottage, in order to report to the country what the bridal pair had to eat; they distended their ears to catch every scrap of conversation which floated from the piazza when the beleaguered pair ventured out of doors; took notes of the garments worn by both, and recorded every nod and look and smile of both throughout the day; they stood in the bushes until the lights in the cottage were put out, when they carefully noted the hour; then they wrote out the results of their day's watching in jubilant accounts, many columns in length, and sent them to the leading newspapers of the land, and those newspapers published them in their most conspicuous columns. For six days this persecution was continued, though it was somewhat relaxed toward the end of that period; and then the President and his bride cut short their stay and returned to Washington, the "flower of Washington journalism" following closely in their wake.

There is a simple and perfect test to apply to these three cases which I have cited as illustrating the prying style of journalism. Suppose that these acts had been committed by a private person instead of by newspapers, what would have been the verdict? Why every man and woman of ordinary good breeding in the land would say that a man who would do things of this kind was not a respectable person. The most natural epithet to apply to him would be that of blackguard. No other kind of people, in private life, pry about their neighbors' houses, peer into their windows, listen at their keyholes, and try in other ways to penetrate the sanctities of their homes. If we call by so harsh a name the person who does such things for his own malicious delight or for that of a few gossiping friends, what shall we say of the espionage when it is made fairly terrible with all the resources and power of a modern newspaper, and when all its discoveries are published to the world? To recur to the remark cited at the outset of this article, why "should not a newspaper be governed by the same principles which a gentleman follows in his personal conduct?" I wish very much that some of the advocates of this style of journalism would discuss this question. When the story of his daughter's secret marriage was published, the merchant to whom I have alluded

above sent a pathetic card to the newspapers containing this passage :

“No newspaper has a right to publish broadcast a matter which belongs to my hearth-stone. I have lived my whole life as a just man, and have tried to do my duty to society and to my country. When a blow is struck at my breast, when I am prostrated with grief, it is an outrage upon me as a citizen to have dragged into print a story which I had kept to myself. I do not believe that the American people want their newspapers to do things of this kind.”

Will some newspaper which is daily practising this style of journalism reply to that, and at the same time answer the question about gentlemanly conduct which I have put before it? The only responses which I have seen made to criticism like mine has been, first: “The people like news of this kind and it pays to publish it, it being the newspapers’ business to give the people what they want.” Second: “The authors of such criticism are dudes.” Third: “If you think your profession is not good enough for you why don’t you get out of it?” If the first of these be accepted in its full meaning, that journalism is a profession in which it is allowable to do anything that pays, then there is no room for discussion. The profession becomes the lowest of human callings—lower than brothel-keeping or liquor-selling, for these make no pretense to respectability, while the journalist pretends to be a public guide and teacher; and the spectacle which he presents, peddling out moral precepts with one hand and scandal, vulgar gossip, and family secrets with the other, is most revolting. The argument that it pays, because people want it, covers equally well the printing and selling of obscene books and pictures. That sort of trade pays so well that it is necessary to prohibit it by strict penal laws. If a newspaper can do anything that pays, then journalism becomes among all professedly respectable callings the only one whose members, tacitly at least, admit that in their professional conduct they are not “governed by the same principles which a gentleman follows in his personal conduct.” It is natural and fitting that men who take this view of their profession should answer all criticism with personal abuse.

What evidence have we that this kind of journalism does pay? I have been able to find none. Is any respectable paper

which practices it prepared to show that its prosperity is greater with it than it would be without it? That there is a large class of people who are pleased with news of this kind nobody denies, but are not the respectable people of this country a majority and have they no rights? Shall all our newspapers become peddlers of scandal and impertinence because a portion of the public like those things? Why not let the vulgar and ill-bred people have their own newspapers and give decent people theirs also? Are the American people, alone among the civilized nations of the earth, to be treated by their newspapers as if they were all blackguards? No other journalism in the world has ever made the experiment which is being made here now, and I am too patriotic an American to believe that it can succeed. The newspapers themselves will soon discover the mistake they are making. They will perceive it first in the weakening of their own editorial influence. It is impossible to make the functions of scandal-monger and moral guide work successfully together. A newspaper which goes into a household with its first page given up to vulgar gossip, scandal, and crime, laboriously gathered from all parts of the world, must expect to find its observations upon the proper conduct of public and private affairs attracting less and less attention. It is as if a sage of a village were to go into a household to give counsel upon some question of conduct, and before giving it should say: "Oh, by the way, as I was coming here I crawled through neighbor Smith's fence, and peeking through his window, discovered so and so." What would his counsel be worth after that? How, to take an extreme view of the case, can a man be influenced by the editorial utterances of a newspaper whose news columns are so objectionable that he is unwilling to leave the paper where his wife and children may see it? Why, in other words, should a newspaper bring into a household matters which it would be impossible for any decent person even to mention there? The paper which does it must inevitably be denied admission, sooner or later. Then, too, consider for a moment what the influence is to be upon the future of the profession; what kind of young men will be drawn to it if this meddling, prying style becomes the rule?

But I firmly believe that it will not become the rule. I do not believe that even a majority of the editors of to-day are in favor of it. Many of the most influential of our journals have already protested against it, and the very ones that are the most zealous advocates of the system now will not be long in finding out their mistake. It is a libel upon the American people to assume that they will long tolerate a kind of journalism which makes the ideal newspaper, not a public benefit, but a public nuisance. They will insist upon it that the newspaper has some other purpose in the world than to amuse and entertain the thoughtless and the vicious; they will insist that the duty of selecting goes hand in hand with the duty of collecting the news; and sooner or later they will make it appear to even the most undudish of editors that it is not true that indecency "pays" better than decency, but that in journalism, as in every other reputable calling, the honorable, self-respecting course is the only one that "pays" in the long run.

JOSEPH B. BISHOP.

RESULTS OF THE LABOR STRUGGLE.

WHEN the article published in the April number of *THE FORUM* was written, labor and capital were at peace, each performing its proper function; capital providing for the wants of labor, and labor regularly discharging its daily task. But before that paper reached the public, the most serious labor revolt that ever occurred in this country was upon us. Capital, frightened almost into panic, began to draw back into its strongholds, and many leaders of public opinion seemed to lose self-command. Among the number were not a few of our foremost political economists. These writers of the closet, a small but important class in this country, removed from personal contact with every-day affairs, and uninformed of the solid basis of virtue in the wage-receiving class upon which American society rests, necessarily regarded such phenomena from a purely speculative stand-point. Some of them apparently thought that the fundamental institutions upon which peaceful development depends had been, if not completely overthrown, at least gravely endangered, and that civilization itself had received a rude shock from the disturbance. More than one did not hesitate to intimate that the weakness of democratic institutions lay at the foundation of the revolt. Suggestions were made that the suffrage should be confined to the educated; that the masses might be held in stricter bonds. When we hear the cry of these alarmists we are tempted to reverse the rebuke of the sacred Teacher: they are always troubled more by the mote in their own country's eye than by the beam in the eye of other lands. They forget that not sixty days before monarchical Belgium was convulsed with labor revolts, compared with which ours were insignificant and practically harmless. That country, with its five and a half millions of inhabitants, had more rioters than the United States, with its fifty-six millions; and instead of restoring peace,

as this country did, by means of the established forces of order, the Belgian government had to abandon, for a time, all law, and publicly authorize every citizen to wage private war against the insurgents.

Our magazines, reviews, and newspapers have been filled with plans involving radical changes, considered necessary by these sciolists for the restoration and maintenance of proper relations between capital and labor. The pulpit has been equally prolific. Thirty days have not elapsed since the excitement was at its height, and yet to-day capital and labor are again co-operating everywhere, as at the date of my first paper, and we are now in position to judge of the extent of the disturbance and to reduce the specter to its real dimensions. It will soon be seen that what occurred was a very inadequate cause for the alarm created. The eruption was not, in itself, a very serious matter, either in its extent or in its consequences. Its lesson lay in the indications it gave of the forces underlying it. There are in the United States to-day a total of more than twenty millions of workers who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; in trade and transportation alone there are more than seven millions. At the very height of the revolt, not more than 250,000 of these had temporarily ceased to labor. This was the estimate given by "Bradstreets" on the 14th of May. Three days later it was 80,000, and four days after that only 47,000. The remaining millions continued to pursue their usual avocations in peace. It is fair to assume that the number reported on the 14th of May included all those who were dissatisfied and had requested advance of wages or redress of grievances, but were not really strikers at all. A demonstration that shrinks to one-fourth its size from the 14th to the 17th of May, and then again to one-half its remaining proportions in the next three days, can scarcely be called a contest. The number of those involved in a serious struggle with capital did not, therefore, at any one time exceed 50,000—not one per cent. of the total wage-receiving class, in the branches where alone labor troubles occurred. How then, one is tempted to ask, did so small an interruption seem so great? Why was it taken for granted that a general revolt of labor had taken place, when not one worker in a hun-

dred had really entered upon a contest? The reason for the delusion is obvious. The omnipresent press, with the electric telegraph at its command, spreads the report of a local disturbance in East Saint Louis over the entire three million square miles of the land. It is felt almost as distinctly in New Orleans, Boston, and San Francisco, as in the city of St. Louis itself, upon the opposite side of the river. The thoughts of men throughout the country concentrate upon this one point of outbreak. Excitable natures fancy the trouble to be general, and even imagine that the very ground trembles under their own feet. In this way the petty, local difficulty upon the Wabash system of railways, which involved only 3700 Knights of Labor, and a strike of a few hundred men on the Third Avenue Railway, New York, together with a few trifling and temporary disputes at other points, were magnified into a general warfare between capital and labor. There were but a few local skirmishes; peace already reigns; and our professors and political economists and the whole school of pessimists who tremble for the safety of human society in general, and of the Republic in particular, and the ministers that have boldly essayed to revolutionize existing conditions, are free to find another subject for their anxious fears and forebodings. The relations between capital and labor which have slowly evolved themselves in the gradual development of the race will not be readily changed. The solid walls with which humanity fortifies itself in each advanced position gained in its toilsome march forward will not fall to the ground at the blast of trumpets. Present conditions have grown up slowly, and can be changed for the better only slowly and by small, successive steps. A short history of the disturbances will, however, furnish many useful and needed lessons.

The trouble grew, as many serious troubles do grow, from a trifle. A leader of the Knights of Labor was dismissed. Whether the fact that he was a labor leader influenced his superior to dismiss him will probably never be known; but this much is to be said, that it was very likely to do so. Salaried officials in the service of large corporations are naturally disposed to keep under them only such men as give them no trouble.

On the other hand, the safety of its leaders is the key of

labor's position. To surrender that is to surrender everything. Even if the leader in question had not been as regularly at work as other men, even if he had to take days now and then to attend to official duties for his brethren, the superior of that man should have dealt very leniently with him. The men cannot know whether their leader is stricken down for proper cause or not; but, at the same time, they cannot help suspecting. And here I call the attention of impartial minds to the elements of manhood and the high sense of honor and loyalty displayed upon the part of working men who sacrifice so much and throw themselves in the front of the conflict to secure the safety of their standard-bearers. Everything reasonable can be done with men of this spirit. The loyalty which they show to their leaders can be transferred to their employers by treating them as such men deserve. Society has nothing to fear from men so staunch and loyal to one another. Nor is the loyalty shown in this instance exceptional; it distinguishes working men as a class. Mr. Irons has said that "one hour's gentlemanly courtesy on the part of the manager would have averted all this disaster." Whether this be true or not, the statement should not be overlooked, for it is true that one hour of courtesy on the part of employers would prevent many strikes. Whether the men ask in proper manner for interviews, or observe all the rules of etiquette, is immaterial. We expect from the presumably better-informed party representing capital much more in this respect than from labor; and it is not asking too much of men intrusted with the management of great properties that they should devote some part of their attention to searching out the causes of disaffection among their employees, and where any exist, that they should meet the men more than half-way in the endeavor to allay them. There is nothing but good for both parties to be derived from labor teaching the representative of capital the dignity of man, as man. The working man, becoming more and more intelligent, will hereafter demand the treatment due to an equal. The strikers at first were excusable, even if mistaken, in imagining that their leader had been stricken down; but, under the excitement of conflict, violence was resorted to; and further, an attempt was made to drag into the quarrel railway lines that had nothing

to do with it. The men took up these wrong positions and were deservedly driven from them. And labor here received a salutary lesson, namely, that nothing is to be gained by violence and lawlessness, nor by endeavoring to unjustly punish the innocent for the sins of the guilty. Public sentiment, always disposed to side with labor, was with the men at first, but soon finding itself unable to sanction their doings, it veered to the other side. When the strikers lost that indispensable ally they lost all.

The other branch of the revolt of labor occurred in New York city, where the employees of the Third Avenue Railway struck for fewer hours and better pay. If ever a strike was justifiable this one was. It is simply disgraceful for a corporation to compel its men to work fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Such was the verdict of the public, and the men won a deserved victory. Here again, as at St. Louis, for lack of proper leadership, they went too far; and in their demand for the employment of certain men and the dismissal of others, they lost their only sure support—public sentiment. This was compelled to decide against their final demands, and consequently they failed, and deservedly failed. How completely public sentiment, when aroused, compels obedience, as we have seen it did, both at St. Louis and in New York city, is further shown by the result of the order issued June 6th, requiring the men of all the city railroads in Brooklyn and New York to stop work until the striking employees of the Third Avenue line were reinstated. The edict was disregarded by the men themselves, who found that compliance would not be approved by the community, and that, therefore, the attempt would fail. It was an attempt that the worst foe of labor might have instigated.

These were the two chief strikes from which came the epidemic of demands and strikes throughout the country.

None of these ebullitions proved of much moment. A rash had broken out upon the body politic, but it was only skin deep, and disappeared as rapidly as it had come. At a somewhat later date the disturbance took a different form. A demand was made that the hours of labor should be reduced from ten to eight hours a day. To state this demand is to pronounce its fate. Existing conditions are not changed by twenty-per-cent. leaps and bounds,

and especially in times like these, when business is not even moderately profitable. Such a request simply meant that many employers of labor would not be able to keep their men at work at all. History proves, nevertheless, that the hours of labor are being gradually reduced. The percentage of men working ten to eleven hours in this country in 1830 was 29.7. These ten-hour workers increased in 1880 to 59.6 per cent. of the whole; while the classes who in 1830 worked excessive hours—from twelve to thirteen—constituted 32.5 per cent. In 1880, they were only 14.6 per cent.; while the number of men compelled to work between thirteen and fourteen hours, which was in 1830 13.5 per cent., had fallen in 1880 to 2.3 per cent. Those working twelve hours are generally employed in double shifts, night and day. I do not believe that we have reached the limit of this reduction, but I do believe that any permanent reduction will be secured only by the half-hour at a time. If labor be guided by wise counsel, it will ask for reductions of half-hours, and then wait until a reduction to this extent is firmly established, and surrounding circumstances have adjusted themselves to that.

In considering the reasonableness of the demand for fewer hours of labor, we must not lose sight of the fact that the American works more hours, on an average, than his fellow in Great Britain. Twenty-three trades in Massachusetts are reported as working sixty hours and seventeen minutes a week, on an average, while the same crafts in Great Britain work only fifty-three hours and fifty minutes, showing that the American works an hour a day longer than his English brother. In British textile factories, the number of working hours in a week ranges from fifty-four to fifty-six. In mines, foundries, and machine-shops, fifty-four hours make a week's work, which is equivalent to nine hours a day, six days a week; but the men, in all cases, work enough overtime each day to insure them a half-holiday on Saturday. In some districts, notably in Glasgow, the men prefer to work two weeks, and make every other Saturday a whole holiday. This gives them an opportunity to leave on early morning trains, on excursions, and to spend Saturday and Sunday with friends. The Allegheny Valley Railroad Company, under the management of my friend, Mr. McCargo,

introduced the half-Saturday holiday in the shops some time ago, with the happiest results. Mr. McCargo found, by years of experience, that working men lose about half-a-day a week. Since the half-holiday was established no more time has been lost than before. The men work five and one-half days a week regularly. While they are not paid, of course, for the half-holiday, they could not be induced to give it up. This example should be followed, not only by all the railroads of the country, but by every employer of labor, and should be supported by every man who seeks to improve the condition of the wage-receiving classes.

I venture to suggest to the representatives of labor, however, that before they demand any reduction upon ten hours per day, they should concentrate their efforts upon making ten hours the universal practice, and secure this. At present, every ton of pig-iron made in the world, except at two establishments, is made by men working in double shifts of twelve hours each, having neither Sunday nor holiday the year round. Every two weeks the day men change to the night shift by working twenty-four hours consecutively. Gas-works, paper-mills, flour-mills, and many other industries, are run by twelve-hour shifts, and breweries exact fifteen hours a day, on an average, from their men. I hold that it is not possible for men working ten hours a day to enlist public sentiment on their side in a demand for the shortening of their task, as long as many of their fellows are compelled to work twelve or more hours a day.

The eight-hour movement is not, however, without substantial foundation. Works that run day and night should be operated with three sets of men, each working eight hours. The steel-rail mills in this country are generally so run. The additional cost of the three sets of men has been divided between the workmen and the employers, the latter apparently having to meet an advance of wages to the extent of $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent., but against this is to be placed the increased product which can be obtained. This is not inconsiderable, especially during the hot months, for it has been found that men working twelve hours a day continuously cannot produce as much per hour as men working eight hours a day; so that, if there be any profit at all

in the business, the employer derives some advantage from the greater productive capacity of his works and capital, while the general expenses of the establishment remain practically as they were before. Since electric lighting has been perfected, many establishments which previously could not be run at night can be run with success. I therefore look for a large increase in the number of establishments working men only eight hours, but employing the machinery that now runs only ten hours the entire twenty-four. Each shift, of course, takes turn of each of the three parts into which the twenty-four hours is divided, and thus the lives of the men are rendered less monotonous and many hours for recreation and self-improvement are obtained.

The literature called forth by the recent excitement is preponderatingly favorable to co-operation, or profit-sharing, as the only true remedy for all disputes between labor and capital. My April article has been criticised because it relegated that to the future; but the advocates of this plan should weigh well the fact that the majority of enterprises are not profitable; that most men who embark in business fail; indeed, it is stated that only five in every hundred succeed, and that, with the exception of a few wealthy and partially retired manufacturers, and a very few wealthy corporations, men engaged in business affairs are in the midst of an anxious and unceasing struggle to keep their heads above water. How to pay maturing obligations, how to obtain cash for the payment of their men, how to procure orders or how to sell product, and, in not a few instances, how to induce their creditors to be forbearing, are the problems which tax the minds of business men during the dark hours of night, when their employees are asleep. I attach less and less value to the teaching of those *doctrinaires* who sit in their cozy studies and spin theories concerning the relations between capital and labor, and set before us divers high ideals. The banquet to which they invite the working-man when they propose industrial co-operation is not yet quite prepared, and would prove to most of those who accepted the invitation a Barmecide feast. Taken as a whole, the condition of labor to-day would not be benefited, but positively injured, by co-operation.

Let me point out, however, to the advocates of profit-sharing

that ample opportunity already exists for working-men to become part owners in almost any department of industrialism, without changing present relations. The great railway corporations, in all cases, as well as the great manufacturing companies generally, are stock concerns, with shares of fifty or a hundred dollars each, which are bought and sold daily in the market. Not an employee of any of these but can buy any number of shares, and thus participate in the dividends and in the management. That capital is a unit is a popular error. On the contrary, it is made up of hundreds and thousands of small component parts, owned, for the most part, by people of limited means. The Pennsylvania Railway proper, for instance, which embraces only the 350 miles of line between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, is to-day owned by 19,340 share-holders, in lots of from one fifty-dollar share upward. The New York Central Railway, of 450 miles, between New York and Buffalo, belongs not to one, or two, or several capitalists, but to 10,418 share-holders, of whom about one-third are women and executors of estates. The entire railway system of America will show a similar wide distribution of ownership among the people. There are but three railway corporations in which the great capitalists hold a considerable interest; and the interest in two of these is held by various members of a family, and in no case does it amount to the control of the whole. In one of these very cases, the New York Central, as we have seen, there are more than ten thousand owners.

Steel-rail mills, with only one exception, show a like state of affairs. One of them belongs to 215 share-holders; of whom 7 are employees, 32 are estates, and 57 are women. Another of these concerns is owned by 302 stockholders; of whom 101 are women, 29 are estates, representing an unknown number of individuals, and 20 are employees of the company. A large proportion of the remaining owners are small holders of comparatively limited means, who have, from time to time, invested their savings where they had confidence both as to certainty of income and safety of principal. The Merrimac Manufacturing Co. (cotton), of Lowell, is owned by 2,500 share-holders, of whom forty-two per cent. are holders of one share, twenty-one per cent.

of two, and ten per cent. of three shares. Twenty-seven per cent. are holders of over three shares; and not less than thirty-eight per cent. of the whole stock is held by trustees, guardians and executors of charitable, religious, educational, and financial institutions.

I have obtained similar statements from other concerns which need not be published. They prove without exception that from one-fourth to one-third of the number of share-holders in corporations are women and executors of estates. The number of share-holders I have given are those of record, each holding a separate certificate. But it is obvious, in the case of executors, that this one certificate may represent a dozen owners. Many certificates issued in the name of a firm represent several persons, while shares held by a corporation may represent hundreds; but if we assume that every certificate of stock issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. represents only two owners, which is absurdly under the truth, it follows that, should every employee of that great company quarrel with it, the contest would be not against a few, but against a much larger body than they themselves constitute. It is within the mark to say that every striking employee would oppose his personal interest against that of three or four other members of the community. The total number of men employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. is 18,911—not as many as there are share-holders of record. And what is true of the Pennsylvania Railway Co. is true of the railway system as a whole, and, in a greater or less degree, of mining and manufacturing corporations generally. When one, therefore, denounces great corporations for unfair treatment of their men, he is not denouncing the act of some monster capitalist, but that of hundreds and thousands of small holders, scarcely one of whom would be a party to unfair or illiberal treatment of the working-man; the majority of them, indeed, would be found on his side; and, as we have seen, many of the owners themselves would be working-men. Labor has only to bring its just grievances to the attention of owners to secure fair and liberal treatment. The “great capitalist” is almost a myth, and exists in any considerable number or degree only in the heated imagination of the uninformed. Aggregate capital in

railway corporations consists of many more individuals than it employs.

Following the labor disturbances, there came the mad work of a handful of foreign anarchists in Chicago and Milwaukee, who thought they saw in the excitement a fitting opportunity to execute their revolutionary plans. Although labor is not justly chargeable with their doings, nevertheless the cause of labor was temporarily discredited in public opinion by these outbreaks. The promptitude with which one labor organization after another not only disclaimed all sympathy with riot and disorder, but volunteered to enroll itself into armed force for the maintenance of order, should not be overlooked by the student of labor problems, desirous of looking justly at the question from the laborer's point of view. It is another convincing proof, if further proof were necessary, that whenever the peace of this country is seriously threatened the masses of men, not only in the professions and in the educated classes, but down to and through the very lowest ranks of industrious workers, are determined to maintain it. A survey of the field, now that peace is restored, gives the results as follows :

First. The "dead line" has been definitely fixed between the forces of disorder and anarchy and those of order. Bomb-throwing means swift death to the thrower. Rioters assembling in numbers and marching to pillage will be remorselessly shot down ; not by the order of a government above the people, not by overwhelming standing armies, not by troops brought from a distance, but by the masses of peaceable and orderly citizens of all classes in their own community, from the capitalist down to and including the steady working-man, whose combined influence constitutes that irresistible force, under democratic institutions, known as public sentiment. That sentiment has not only supported the officials who shot down disturbers of the peace, but has extolled them in proportion to the promptitude of their action.

Second. Another proof of the indestructibility of human society, and of its determination and power to protect itself from every danger as it arises and to keep marching forward to higher states of development, has been given in Judge Mallory's

words: "Every person who counsels, hires, procures, or incites others to the commission of any unlawful or criminal act, is equally guilty with those who actually perpetrate the act, though such person may not have been present at the time of the commission of the offense." The difference between liberty and license of speech is now clearly defined—a great gain.

Third. It has likewise been clearly shown that public sentiment sympathizes with the efforts of labor to obtain from capital a fuller recognition of its position and claims than has hitherto been accorded. And in this expression, "a fuller recognition," I include, not only pecuniary compensation, but what I conceive to be even more important to-day, a greater consideration of the working-man as a man and a brother. I trust the time has gone by when corporations can hope to work men fifteen or sixteen hours a day. And the time approaches, I hope, when it will be impossible, in this country, to work men twelve hours a day continuously.

Fourth. While public sentiment has rightly and unmistakably condemned violence, even in the form for which there is the most excuse, I would have the public give due consideration to the terrible temptation to which the working-man on a strike is sometimes subjected. To expect that one dependent upon his daily wage for the necessities of life will stand by peaceably and see a new man employed in his stead is to expect much. This poor man may have a wife and children dependent upon his labor. Whether medicine for a sick child, or even nourishing food for a delicate wife, is procurable, depends upon his steady employment. In all but a very few departments of labor it is unnecessary, and, I think, improper, to subject men to such an ordeal. In the case of railways and a few other employments it is, of course, essential for the public wants that no interruption occur, and in such case substitutes must be employed; but the employer of labor will find it much more to his interest, wherever possible, to allow his works to remain idle and await the result of a dispute, than to employ the class of men that can be induced to take the place of other men who have stopped work. Neither the best men as men, nor the best men as workers, are thus to be obtained. There is an unwritten law among the best workmen: "Thou

shalt not take thy neighbor's job." No wise employer will lightly lose his old employees. Length of service counts for much in many ways. Calling upon strange men should be the last resort.

Fifth. The results of the recent disturbances have given indubitable proof that trades-unions must, in their very nature, become more conservative than the mass of the men they represent. If they fail to evolve the conservative element, they go to pieces through their own extravagance. I know of three instances in which threatened strikes were recently averted by the decision of the Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, supported by the best workmen, against the wishes of the less intelligent members of that organization. Representative institutions eventually bring to the front the ablest and most prudent men, and will be found as beneficial in the industrial as they have proved themselves to be in the political world. Leaders of the stamp of Mr. Powderly, Mr. Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Messrs. Wihle and Martin, of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Association, will gain and retain power; while such as the radical and impulsive Mr. Irons, if at first clothed with power, will soon lose it.

Thus, as the result of the recent revolt, we see advantages gained by both capital and labor. Capital is more secure because of what has been demonstrated, and labor will hereafter be more respectfully treated and its claims more carefully considered, in deference to an awakened public opinion in favor of the laborer. Labor won while it was reasonable in its demands and kept the peace; it lost when it asked what public sentiment pronounced unreasonable, and especially when it broke the peace.

The disturbance is over and peace again reigns; but let no one be unduly alarmed at frequent disputes between capital and labor. Kept within legal limits, they are encouraging symptoms, for they betoken the desire of the working-man to better his condition; and upon this desire hang all hopes of advancement of the masses. It is the stagnant pool of Contentment, not the running stream of Ambition, that breeds disease in the body social and political. The working-men of this country can no more be induced to sanction riot and disorder than can any other class of

the community. Isolated cases of violence under strong provocation may break out upon the surface, but the body underneath is sound to the core, and resolute for the maintenance of order.

For the first time within my knowledge, the leading organs of public opinion in England have shown a more correct appreciation of the forces at work in the Republic than some of our own despondent writers. The London "Daily News" said truly, that "the territorial democracy of America can be trusted to deal with such outbreaks;" and the "Daily Telegraph" spoke as follows:

"There is no need for any fear to be entertained lest the law-breakers of Chicago should get the better of the police, and, if it be necessary to invoke their aid, of the citizens of that astonishing young city. Frankly speaking, such rioters would have a better chance of intimidating Birmingham than of overawing Chicago, St. Louis, or New York. In dealing with the insurgents of this class the record of the great republic is singularly clear."

Not only the democracy, but the industrious working-men, of which the democracy is so largely composed, have amply fulfilled the flattering predictions of our English friends, and may safely be trusted in the future to stand firmly for the maintenance of peace.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

HOW I WAS EDUCATED.

I SEE that my predecessors have succeeded in discovering pretty or ingenious devices under which they have shielded themselves from the implied egotism of posing on this rostrum in the attitude of eminent examples, or at least representative types, of educated men. I, too, have felt very keenly the need of such protection, but am in the end obliged to confess that all my efforts have failed to invent any covering of sufficient thickness and density to serve my purpose. There is no course left, accordingly, but to accept, submissively, the consequences of my rashness.

My early life was passed on a farm—I should say about sixteen years of it. It was a farm in the north-east part of Connecticut, practically shut in by woods, and distant a mile from the nearest neighbors. But the farm was large and my grandfather employed many laborers, so that we formed a small colony by ourselves.

At the age of four years I commenced attending the district school in the traditional "red school-house," a mile and a half distant on one of the roads through the woods. My aunt was the instructress for that summer. I suppose that I learned to read a little, but have no recollection of anything except my interest in the older boys and girls whom I saw there. Coming as I did from the secluded life on the farm, with no playmates or young people that I was permitted to associate with, it was a great event to find playmates. I can remember that by the following summer I had already learned to read. I read and re-read the pieces in the text-book of my own accord at home until I quite mastered them. On the third summer I was set to studying a large geography. Our new teacher was considered excellent among the farmer people, because she was "strict" and could "beat knowledge into the heads of her pupils." One

lesson in that large geography (Roswell Smith's, of Hartford) I well remember, because the entire class failed to learn the answer to the question, "What is a city?" No wonder; we were thirty miles from the nearest city, and never had seen one. We could not describe a city from our own knowledge, nor could we comprehend the answer printed in the book. That answer, as near as I can recall it, was this: "A city is a large town containing many inhabitants, incorporated with peculiar privileges, and governed by a mayor, aldermen, and other officers." We were told to remain after the close of school in the afternoon and learn that mysterious definition! I was much grieved at the punishment, and was allowed to go home as soon as I had repeated the words after the teacher, sobbing as I did so. As a rule, I was well behaved at school and very rarely received punishment. This "strict" teacher, however, struck me once on the hand with a ferule.* An older boy sitting near by had seen me absorbed in my book, and wishing diversion had suddenly thrust a pin into my side. I only winced, but he laughed or "snickered." The teacher looked up and said: "Who did that?" "Simeon pricked me," I replied. The teacher made no further inquiries, but punished us both, not severely, with the ferule. I deserved my part of it for tale-bearing, perhaps; but that teacher did not knowingly punish for mere tale-bearing; she encouraged it, rather.

After I had learned how to read I began to put my knowledge to use. Finding an old Latin grammar about the house, probably a stray volume from the library of my great-grandfather Wilkinson, a physician, I committed to memory a long list of

*A flat piece of wood called also a "ruler," and not the giant fennel plant used by the Romans in flogging school-boys and slaves, and by some lexicographers supposed to be called *ferula* because from *ferire*, to strike. It is singular that this same giant fennel, called *ράβδος* by the Greeks, was used by Prometheus in preserving the stolen fire by means of its tinder-like pith. Alexander carried with him Aristotle's critical edition of Homer in the hollow of the same plant, thus preserving the same sort of fire, perhaps, that Prometheus stole. As the Greek school-master also made use of this plant on his dull and obstinate pupils, the question arises as to the poetic symbolism: was Prometheus, perhaps, a flogging school-master, kindling divine fire in his pupils with the ferule? We know that Aristotle was Alexander's school-master. But I leave this interesting question to the skillful archæologists.

Latin phrases and sentences, with their translations. On a visit in my sixth year at my paternal grandfather's in Rhode Island, I attracted the attention and commendation of my aunts and uncles by repeating what I had learned.

When I had reached my eighth year I attended also the winter session of school. As is well known, the Connecticut schools drew most of the money for their support from the proceeds of the State school fund. A twelve-week session in the summer taught by a woman (the "school-ma'am," as she was called), and a three-month session in the winter taught by a "school-master," constituted the entire school year, some twenty-five full weeks all told. There was no continuity of instruction, very rarely the same person teaching two consecutive sessions of school, and little or no supervision as regards studies on the part of the school committee or the parish board of examiners. There was no fixed course of study except so far as tradition had settled it. The "three R's" held their place. We still used goose-quills, which required frequent mending by the teacher. He wrote the copies also at the top of the page. Steel pens began to be used soon after that time. At the beginning of the school term all pupils were made to commence with the first lesson in their books, no matter how many years they had already devoted to the study of them. This, of course, had its merit, as an annual review tended to produce thoroughness. In case, however, the teacher attempted classification, the maturer pupils were kept back for the sake of those just beginning, and, not being required to study again what was already familiar, fell into lax and listless habits. But classification was not much attempted. In a school of twenty or thirty pupils there were perhaps as many as forty-five "recitations" * each day. In most classes (Eng. "Form") there were only two or three pupils, and in many only one. The teacher had five and sometimes ten minutes to devote to each lesson, and of course could not draw out the reflective powers of the pupil by discussion and analysis. Everything drifted to mere *memoriter* lessons where such were possible. Even in the

* American word for class exercise, *i. e.*, repetition or rehearsal of lesson by the pupil to the teacher for criticism and examination.

most mechanically conducted school, much exercise of thought on the part of the pupil is demanded, especially in mathematics. A bright pupil always does his own reflection, moreover, in spite of school methods. He finds interesting matter for thought in all his studies, for the traditional studies of the elementary school open the doors to the solid intellectual acquisition of the entire human race.

On the whole, the chief text-book in the school was Noah Webster's "Elementary Spelling Book;" the same book that is still published and sold at the rate of twelve hundred thousand copies per annum, being the most generally used of all school text-books. This work was learned in my school days from cover to cover. Its author possessed a remarkable power of logical definition, being as careful as Aristotle to include always the "proximate genus and the characteristic difference" in defining any word. But his power of popular exposition was otherwise very small, and hence his sentences were not clear and intelligible to immature minds, although admirable to the skilled thinker. I have already quoted the definition of "city" from my geography, obviously enough modeled on the Aristotelian form of definition. Here are two specimens from the introduction to the spelling-book: "Language or speech is the utterance of articulate sounds or voices, rendered significant by usage, for the expression and communication of thoughts." "Accent is a forcible stress or impulse of voice on a letter or syllable, distinguishing it from others in the same word." I never heard a teacher once attempt to explain these sentences, or even question a pupil on their meaning. But all pupils, young and old, were required superstitiously to memorize and repeat them, year after year, exactly as they were printed. The short pithy sentences placed after the spelling lessons contain a store of wisdom, and as this book was used for a first reading-book and primer, its influence was on the whole great and salutary.

When I was twelve years old, we happened to have a school-master of more qualifications than usual. He knew a smattering of Latin and Spanish. One day I took with me to school the old Latin grammar that I had amused myself with six years before. Noticing it as he passed my desk, the master said:

"That's right;" and picking up the book proceeded, much to my surprise, to assign me a lesson to learn—the paradigm *Penna*. From that day I studied Latin. My teacher hunted up an old copy of "Andrews' Latin Reader," and with a most superficial knowledge of inflections I began to translate "Æsop's Fables." Some two years before this, at nine, I had taken English grammar, in Roswell Smith's text-book, and in one winter had pretty well mastered it. It was always a delightful study to me. "Parsing," as it was called, is a logical exercise, practicing the mind on definitions and classification. As my ancestry on my mother's side included clergymen in its two chief branches, and as my great grandfather on my father's side was a metaphysician as well as physician and surgeon, I suppose it possible that I had some inherited aptitude for abstract studies, which accounts for my great delight in grammar while a youth, and for a still keener relish for philosophic studies in later life. I seemed to find an intellectual food in these things which perfectly satisfied a gnawing hunger.

Among the studies of the district school, I must place before all, in value, the reading-book. We used "The National Preceptor" (not "The American Preceptor," which was an older book). This was one of the several excellent collections made by the Rev. John Pierpont. In the old-fashioned country school, the children generally learned to read by means of the spelling-book, and then took up the same reading-book with the highest class, though they sometimes used an intermediate reader. Although this practice brought together the best readers and the poorest, and forced all to read much that was beyond the depth of the most intelligent pupils, yet there was the very great advantage that the whole school read and assisted in reading every year the finest gems of thought and expression in the language. I cannot but regard the practice of the country school as, on the whole, vastly more beneficial than that of the modern graded city school, which allows the majority of its pupils to leave school without ever reading, or even hearing read, the fine prose and poetry of the highest readers. The genius of a great author will far more than compensate for his difficulties. The pupil will doubtless fail to understand even one-half of what he reads,

but the fraction that he does understand will be worth far more than the weak colloquial English pieces that fill the lower readers. It is very hard to make otherwise enlightened educators see the fact that there is no gain in substituting for a valuable work, which is so difficult that it cannot be understood, a work which contains little or nothing worth understanding.

From my eighth to my tenth year I spent several terms in the city schools of Providence, Rhode Island. There I found what Mr. Hale calls the "martinet" system. Much more pains was expended in causing pupils to mark time with precision than in marching forward toward any definite object. I came to detest city schools very bitterly, because I loved individual freedom and hated mere forms as such. I desired to come at the substance of the study, and grudged the time which seemed to me wasted over the mechanism of it. For a long time, we were required to commit to memory the questions of our catechetical geography, and repeat them word for word in their exact order, as the "analysis" of the lesson. Little or no time was spent on the answers to the questions, and there was no discussion whatever of the real subject. Moreover, there was frequent corporal punishment, and sometimes it reached a degree of cruelty that I shudder to remember. The high school of that city imposed on the grammar schools a severe standard of preparation in those studies that were required for admission. This kept back the pupils of the classes in the lower schools in order to make them more "thorough," as it is called. The direct result of this was the "marking time" system, in which mechanical memory was almost the only faculty required or much cultivated. I mention this here because I have seen very often, in my experience with school systems, East and West, the same difficulty. A too high standard of admission to the high schools is sure to turn the grammar schools into cramming factories on a large scale. In order to make sure of passing her pupils into the next grade, the teacher is compelled to rely on the mechanical elements of instruction, because she can manage to control these, and these alone.

While I have never revised my judgment in regard to the intellectual results of the martinet system of instruction, I

have very materially modified my opinion of its strict discipline. The great object of all education is to fit the individual to combine with his fellow-men. His intellectual training should enable him to master the arts of intercommunication and give him the conventional view of the world. Each individual must be taught how his fellow-citizens look at things and events, or else he cannot understand their actions nor direct his own to any good purpose. It is still more important that the individual acquire the necessary practical habits. He must learn how to work in company, and for this purpose there are required certain semi-mechanical moral virtues, such as regularity, punctuality, and self-restraint, in whatever will encroach on the province of one's neighbor—just such virtues as strict school discipline teaches to perfection. Concerted action at the word of command, strict obedience, perfect military discipline, are qualities that are of special use in our modern urban civilization, in which the railroad, the telegraph, and machinery in general play so great a rôle. But the mechanical phase of morals, if cultivated exclusively, and so as to dwarf the intellectual side of education, which demands above all things spontaneity and free insight, will fall sadly short of meeting the modern requirements. I have no doubt that the martinet system fails sadly on the intellectual side of its training. But the reaction against it goes too far.

Connected with my school education in the public schools after the age of thirteen was a series of terms at boarding schools, one each year. I attended various New England academies, say one term each at five different academies. The most noteworthy intellectual acquisition that I made during the first of these terms was a knowledge of natural philosophy. I did not take it up as a regular study, but borrowing a text-book of one of my school-mates, I read it under my desk in school hours after hastily learning my other lessons. This book specially interested me in hydraulics, and I made force-pumps and fire-engines on a small scale. At my second academy perhaps the most important influence was Milton's "*Paradise Lost*," which we used as a book for studies in syntax. I was entranced with its sublime poetic form, and eagerly studied its view of the world, Calvinist as I was by family and church education. In the third academy, being then

at the age of fifteen, I began Greek grammar. A year before this I had become greatly interested in Edward Daniel Clarke's "Travels through Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land," one of his six volumes being in our small home library. I was excited by his descriptions of Greece and Asia Minor, and a curious desire possessed me to read, or at least to pronounce, the Greek quotations contained in the book. I took Webster's octavo Dictionary, that gave a few derivations of words from the Greek, and by careful comparison made out the value of each letter in the Greek alphabet, and, as I afterward learned, correctly, according to the English method of pronunciation.

I was beginning to be interested in astronomy, and purchasing of a spectacle-maker two lenses, of focuses respectively, one and thirty inches, I fixed them in a tin tube and commenced observations on various objects, terrestrial and celestial. I made or put together afterward several achromatic telescopes of small size, buying the lenses and mounting them in cheap tubes of my own contrivance.

On my fifth term away, at seventeen, I entered the Phillips Academy, at Andover, Massachusetts, then under the principalship of Dr. S. H. Taylor. I had never before met a disciplinary force that swept me completely off my feet and overcame my capricious will. My intellectual work had been all hap-hazard, a matter of mere inclination. I now began to hear a great deal about mental discipline and to see manly industry. I took myself to studying in earnest, and tried to see how many hours of persistent industry I could accomplish each day. In my short stay at Andover I gained more than at any other school, and have always highly revered its discipline and instruction.

I taught school in the country for two winter sessions, after my third and fifth academical terms respectively. I used my winter evenings in study. During the first winter, at the age of sixteen years, I mastered geometry and trigonometry. The second winter I devoted entirely to Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," having read somewhere that Franklin prided himself on reading that work at my age. At first it was incomparably dull reading, but bringing into requisition the "disci-

pline of mind" that I had acquired at Andover, I soon became really interested in Locke's refutation of innate ideas. When, three years afterward, I came to read Cousin's criticism of Locke, I took fire in every part of my soul, from the intense interest aroused in me at seeing the positions established by Locke with so much tedious iteration overthrown by brilliant and overwhelming arguments based on keen psychological distinctions.

My study of Latin and Greek had occupied four terms, one each year at some academy, but I had used much time in reviewing those studies when at home working on the farm.

In the fall of 1854 I entered Yale College. My term at Andover had taught me how to work patiently and ploddingly. At Yale, I learned how to perform a large task in a brief time. There was a written examination at the close of each term for which preparation must be made by private reviews. To be able to go over one's entire work for the term in two or three days of study, brought into discipline a new power, usually called the power to "cram." Of all my school disciplines I have found this one the most useful. The ability to throw one's self upon a difficulty with several times his ordinary working power is required again and again in practical life on meeting any considerable obstacles.

My study of mathematics at college was rendered of no account by the fact that I had gone over and comprehended the entire geometry and trigonometry by myself two years previous to entering, and thus the freshness and keen zest of first learning was dulled, and I fell into lax habits of study in mathematics which I did not afterward correct. At Andover, I had begun to read Humboldt's "Cosmos," and grew to be deeply interested in natural science. I began to disparage the study of Latin and Greek as dead languages. Language itself was "only an artificial product of the human mind." I wished to know nature. This thought came to possess me more and more until it finally overmastered me. About the middle of the junior year I withdrew from my connection with the college, full of dissatisfaction with its course of study, and impatient for the three "moderns"—modern science, modern literature, and modern history.

Soon after this I discovered that my slender knowledge of

Latin and Greek was my chief instrument in the acquirement of new ideas. I found that the words in the English language which are used in the expression and communication of general ideas are derived almost entirely from the classic languages. Knowing the literal meaning of the roots, I was able to get the full force of the English vocabulary used for science and real thought. Some years afterward, too, I came upon a more important insight. I saw that our entire modern civilization is derivative, resting on the Greek for its æsthetic and scientific forms, and on the Roman for the forms of its political and legal life. The frame-work of civilization being thus borrowed, modern culture has likewise to learn to know itself by studying, so to speak, its embryology in Latin and Greek. In our schools we put on for awhile the spiritual clothing of the Greeks and Romans and look out upon the world through their eyes. By so doing we acquire an ability, not otherwise attainable, of analyzing and comprehending our own civilization.

Here I close my record, although it seems to me that my real education began later in life. All that I have here described belongs, as it were, to a sort of antemundane soul-wandering.

W. T. HARRIS.

OUR AFRICAN CONTINGENT.

ALMOST the closing act of Queen Elizabeth's eventful life was the granting of a commission to a slave-trading ship, the first the world ever saw. Upon that charter was reared an English slave-trading company, a body of civilized men who proved themselves capable of far worse barbarism than any of the Spanish, Dutch, or Portuguese slave-traders of that day. The legacy the Virgin Queen bequeathed to us has been enfranchised by us, but it has not been freed. It has been resolved into citizens, but it has not been granted the first requisites of citizenship. By statutory enactment it has been given legal equality—it does not seek nor desire social equality—but it has not been allowed to possess itself of the instruments required to make that legal equality real.

The needs of the negro form by far the most important economic question before the American people. The race numbers about eight million souls. What shall be done for this one-seventh of our entire population, in order that it may become American in nature as well as nativity? Reduced to a plain business proposition, the colored man's case stands thus: Under a so-called contract, to which it was not a willing party, the negro race worked for the white race for above three hundred and fifty years, practically without remuneration. The highest tribunal decided the contract illegal. It follows, then, that until the debt for wages is paid by the white to the black race to the last farthing, accumulated interest and all, it illy becomes a justice-loving people to prate about the colored man's poverty, his ignorance, or his crimes. Nay more, the white race must either admit its civilization to be a pretentious sham, a non-debt-paying fraud, or it must proceed to liquidate, either in works or money, the debt due its creditors.

Sir John Hawkins's slave-ship preceded the "Mayflower" to

America by a year and five months. The first slave set foot in this country in 1619. A negro was a negro in those days, no matter what his disposition or where he came from. Weight of flesh and measurement of muscle were what sold. It was easier to get Africans from the alluvial districts, the worst class, than from the mountain districts, the best class; so the British slave-sellers cheated the British-American slave-buyers, and criminals were passed off for honest menials.

It was from such a source that our African contingent sprung. It was the descendants of such whom we legally kept in ignorance for centuries, only to usher them at the last, without the slightest preparation, into a citizenship whose very corner-stone is the spelling-book. The experiment failed. Well, what rational being could have expected it to do otherwise? And, having failed, we now see the strange spectacle of a civilized people sitting down in the midst of the wreck and evincing not the slightest disposition to do anything. A dangerously large proportion of the voters of sixteen of the thirty-eight States growing up in ignorance, with only the sins of the dominant race before their eyes, and no effort making, save by a few score heroic souls, to teach them the road they ought to follow, what pitfalls they ought to shun. We express wonder at the tolerance of certain persecutions of 1686; the future will express wonder at the general tolerance of certain fatal neglects of 1886.

It is not to be wondered at that the colored race reaped no substantial advantage from the sudden acquisition of political power in the Southern States immediately after the close of the war. The colored leaders who tried their hand at running State governments there were bound to make a mess of it for several reasons. They had had no experience in statecraft; they knew nothing of the temptations of power; and, more than all, they tried to govern commonwealths the political status of which was not well defined, and they made the attempt at a time when the responsible head at Washington was apt to be as shifting in its demands as was their own ability to meet them. Under these trying conditions it is doubtful if any men, or set of men, white or black, could have long succeeded.

Since the war there has come up a new generation of colored

men—young, vigorous, ambitious. The older portion of the negro element has shown little or no capacity for improvement. Beyond a certain degree of mental intoxication—from drinking dry the cup of liberty—the brain of the latter has remained inactive. There came a reaction and a lethargy akin to the old reverence for white authority, and no matter what form of argument was employed, it was impossible to get the older colored men and women to regard themselves as anything but “good-for-nothing niggers.” They were accused of laziness, of innate shiftlessness. It was all the same. They would do nothing for themselves. They thought it of no use to try. But with the second generation there has come a wonderful change. The past ten years have seen great improvement in the condition of the colored race. The young men do not hate the color of their own skin. They do not see why a black man is not of as much account as a white one, so long as he cultivates his brain, loves his neighbor as much as he can, and pays his honest debts. The younger generation of whites, too, who never saw a slave, have far less antipathy for the black race than had the St. Clairs and the Legrees of the old plantation time. There is a disposition toward mutual toleration, mutual assistance, and mutual respect.

It is the colored men who were youth when the war was in progress who have demonstrated to the world this important fact, namely, that the brain of the Afro-American is made of the same dust as the brain of the Anglo-Saxon; that when it is charged with an equal amount of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, it is capable of an equal number of convolutions; and that the mental faculty, granted the opportunity, can go on grasping and retaining, until it is able to obliterate the educational limit-line between the two races. Is this claiming too much? I think not. The proofs are ample. True, they are not numerous, but they are both strong enough and numerous enough to prove the assertion. The white race must have charity. Its reason and its judgment should borrow a lesson from the length of its own race-preparation.

If it can be shown, by fair and ample tests, that the Afro-American is capable of making a success of himself in two directions, then it becomes the duty of the white race to seek to

make amends for the great wrong done him, by rendering the colored man every service in his power. Justice demands this much; the honor of the dominant element cannot afford less. The two directions are business foresight and mental culture. Given these, and a reasonable opportunity for their employment, and the moral, the social, the religious elements will take care of themselves. The mere possession of wealth, the simple knowledge that two and two make four, will not alone raise the first, improve the second, or develop the third; but that all three invariably follow wealth and education is proven by the history of every people under the sun. The proof is as positive as it is that poverty and ignorance lead to degradation and crime.

Considering that the start had to be made on the very lowest rung of the financial ladder, the negro has been remarkably successful. In one city, where the Emancipation Proclamation of twenty-three years ago found less than a dozen free blacks, there are to-day one hundred and three colored men who are worth above \$25,000 each, fifty-two who are worth \$10,000 each, and nearly a thousand who pay taxes on above \$5,000 each. The author of the standard history of the African race in America is worth \$40,000. Hon. Frederick Douglass has \$300,000, and a mansion and farm, the former owner of which in his life-time declared that no negro should ever, for any price or upon any consideration, come into possession of any article that ever belonged to him. Boston has a colored merchant tailor who clothes the Beacon Hill aristocracy and does a business of \$1,600,000 a year. He was once a slave, and followed Sherman and his troops on their march to the sea. When he reached Charleston his total worldly possessions were a suit of very ragged clothes and twenty-eight cents. An ex-tax-collector of the District of Columbia, a colored man, himself pays taxes on \$250,000. New York had a colored druggist who died not long ago leaving \$1,000,000 and a son-in-law worth \$150,000. Hon. John M. Langston, late United States Minister to Hayti, has \$75,000. One of the largest coal dealers in Philadelphia is a colored man—a man too, who, in mental culture, practical talent, and good works would do credit to any race and to any com-

munity. Cincinnati has a colored furniture dealer whose check is good any day for \$100,000. Twenty-three years ago he was a Kentucky slave. The late Robert Gordon owned thirty four-story residences at the time of his death. One day he entered a Cincinnati bank and asked for Government bonds. The cashier did not know him, and when he handed out his check for \$150,000 the cashier appealed in astonishment to the president of the bank. "Get him the bonds," said the latter. "He can draw his check for three times that sum." San Francisco has fifteen colored men who are assessed for above \$75,000 each. Detroit has several rich colored druggists. Buffalo has nine, Philadelphia sixty-eight, New Orleans thirteen, Chicago twenty-two, Louisville twelve, Charleston eight, Atlanta four, and Pittsburgh eleven colored men who pay taxes on more than \$10,000 each, and never think of attending the sittings of the board of tax appeals. Up to the failure of the Freedman's Savings Bank, the colored people of the South had deposited therein \$53,000,000. This sum is in addition to the amounts deposited by them in other banking institutions. In South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, the colored people are buying for themselves small farms, and, what is better, they are paying for them. These monetary figures, of course, represent only a very small part of the colored people. Unfortunately, the great mass of the race has not yet come to learn the value of a dollar, or the advantage of saving it up for a rainy day.

In educational institutions, the colored race has made a no less creditable record. Thousands of colored children of the South are wholly shut out from school advantages, but those that are enabled to attend evince both ambition and ability. When the schools were first opened there they were crowded by persons of all ages—fathers and mothers in Israel, ministers who had preached for half a century anxious to learn how to spell the names of the twelve apostles, a child learning its letters, the mother her a-b abs, and the grandmother praying to live long enough to be able to spell out the Lord's prayer. The schools that have been provided for the instruction of advanced colored pupils are invariably well attended, particularly in the freshman and sophomore years. After that the classes show a

marked thinning out, owing to the poverty of the students, whose savings usually become exhausted by the end of the second year. There are at present 164 institutions of learning for the colored race above the grade of the common schools. Of these 21 are recognized colleges having power to confer degrees, 26 schools of theology, 4 of law, and 3 of medicine. Availing themselves of the advantages of these institutions, there are at present 3,988 in the colleges, 962 studying theology, 118 law, and 231 medicine. The proportion among the whites of the South of those of school age and those who actually attend school, ranges from 89 per cent. in South Carolina, which makes the best showing, to Louisiana, 35 per cent., the poorest showing. The average is $60\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The proportion of school attendance to school population among the colored race in the same States ranges from 77 per cent. in Delaware, the highest, to 20 per cent. in Louisiana, the lowest. The average is 52 per cent. Last year there were 248 colored men in attendance upon the classes in the principal white colleges at the North. In the way of treatment by fellow-students, it is shown from a personal consultation with many of them that it was all that they could have expected, and in several cases more. Harvard has graduated three colored men, one of whom took a part at Commencement and did well. At the University of Pennsylvania, at Yale, at Oberlin, at the University of Michigan, and at Columbia, colored students have shown exceptional ability, some having pursued their four years' course under difficulties of poverty and social privation that would have appalled hearts less stout.

While the colored men are thus doing so much solid educational work for themselves, their white neighbors are none the less obligated to render them all the assistance in their power. It does not answer the question, nor relieve the responsibility, to point to the schools and institutions of learning the white race has erected for itself. In doing so we look only at results. The first school in Pennsylvania was founded during the first year of the existence of Pennsylvania as a province. But it was founded by Englishmen, not by the poor Swedes. Virginia had been in existence a hundred years before it produced a historian of its own. When a college was to be founded in the New

World, men and money were imported from England to found it. We were set upon our educational feet by help from without. The negro race is now in great need of educated mechanics, civil engineers, surveyors, printers, artificers, inventors, architects, builders, and bankers. The ranks of the colored waiters, barbers, porters, and bootblacks are full; those of the race who are capable of better things should be afforded an opportunity to prepare themselves for better things. We must do for the colored race what others have done for us.

It is creditable to the colored race that it is doing so much for itself; it is discreditable to the white race that it is doing next to nothing for the people it so grossly wronged. It is not a question of the welfare of the colored race alone; it is one of the material prosperity of the whole country. The negro antedates the Puritan. We cannot hope for the success of republican institutions with a great body of ignorant voters growing up in our midst, annually becoming more numerous, more powerful, and more degraded. It must be education for all the people, the colored race included, or it will be death to government by the people. It is idle to talk, as a few prominent politicians did a few years ago, of disfranchising the negro. It cannot be done. There is no room in America for a disfranchised male adult. From reasons of sentiment, the North would not listen to disfranchisement. For reasons of sectional advantage, the South would not listen to disfranchisement. The Republican Party would not listen to disfranchisement, because of its political traditions; the Democratic Party would not listen to disfranchisement, because of its political hopes. And, lastly, the negro voter would not submit to disfranchisement, because in his quarter of a century of freedom he has acquired enough of what Mr. T. Thomas Fortune calls the "dynamite element" to resent it. The negro is no longer a grown-up child. He is here to stay; he is here to vote; he is here to help make the laws; he is here to throw his influence, either for good or for evil report.

The negro race is not responsible to either of the two great political parties for the measure of freedom it now enjoys, but to the growing sense of justice and right among all people. The

bonds of human slavery could not have withstood the scorching rays of the twentieth century civilization, and Americans would soon have recognized the absurdity of property in man and the Jefferson equality declaration, had such extreme measures as the attempt at national disruption never been resorted to. The trouble now is, that we are not keeping pace with the age. The negro has made more relative progress since 1863 than we have. Our treatment of him at the present moment savors of barbarism. The North grew indignant over the wrongs of the colored man in slavery, and justly so; but twenty years ago it made a seat of its satisfaction, and sat down to rest from its labors before those labors had been concluded.

The colored man in America is not yet free. In Mississippi, he is not free from the shotgun in the hands of his white enemies. In South Carolina, he is not free from the "eight-box law" that upholds the hands of the un-American election officers. In the country districts of South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana, he is not yet free from dishonest school laws administered by dishonest school officials. In all of the Southern States, and wherever in the Northern States he has made his home, he is not yet free from an appalling ignorance—a festering sac, in which gathers mental pus that breaks out in crimes of every degree. The States of Mississippi and Virginia contain some white men who have not yet learned that the killing of a negro is a crime. In Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida, the public schools, outside of the cities of Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans, are the merest farce, so far as the colored children are concerned. Civil rights are unknown on the steam-boats of the Lower Mississippi. In every Southern State, the negro voter is tolerated if he votes the ticket the white man puts in his hands; he is detested, "boycotted," and in some cases shot down if he attempts to vote otherwise.

I do not feel called upon to offer an apology for uttering this; but I will say that it is not given out as the braggadocio of a partisan. It is uttered upon indubitable evidence. The public is ready to receive proof that the negro is really free, and so am I; neither of us are, however, prepared to accept the statements

of political apologists. It has come to this pass: Let it be hinted that the negro of the South does not enjoy an attar-of-roses political atmosphere, with none to molest or to make him afraid, and at once some political Jack-in-the-Pulpit cries "bloody shirt," and, ten to one, he begins to snivel about an era of good feeling—a sort of blue and old-gold bond of peace. Now the North once went to war for peace; that ought to be sufficient proof that we desire it.

Let it be asked if it might not have been possible that underneath this fluted and puffed, this swan-downed and bespangled pall of good feeling that has spread itself so benignly over our common country, there might not have been imprisoned just a little race-hatred, a little race-malice, a bare suggestion of all uncharitableness? We have pretty conclusive evidence that that very untoward event happened. That being true, is it not the part of wisdom to raise this glorious mantle long enough to let them escape, if they will escape, or, if they will not, to drive them out? If we lie supinely on our backs, as we are now doing, the world need not be surprised if the smoldering evils take fire, and consume not only our pretty pall of good feeling, but ourselves and our free institutions with it. Ignorance and Intolerance are capable of kindling a very hot fire.

Time was when American statesmen thought it necessary to make a thorough study of economic questions; our present Franklins, Hamiltons, and Jeffersons devote their best talents to such statesmanship as is bound up in ward caucuses, button-hole secrets, and office brokerage. No people in the world pay a higher price for their legislation, and none get less for their money. Our distracting presidential campaigns have come to extend from inauguration day to inauguration day. Congress is run by a little *clique* of nobodies in particular. Except for measures, the principal ingredient of which is oil for the party machine, the avenues of national legislation are completely blocked. When the people provide the United States Senate Chamber with soil adapted to the propagation of economic ideas, when they exchange our national House of representative office-brokers for a national House of representative statesmen, this great question of the negroes' needs and the realization of their

national importance will receive the attention they deserve; and not before.

Permitting the negro to grow up in ignorance, a menace to our national progress, an excrescence upon the civilization of the New World, is of course not to be thought of. The same noble sentiment that began the task of negro emancipation must take it up again, and must this time keep at work until the negro is free in fact as well as by Constitutional Amendment. It must see to it that the colored child is educated. If the men who sit in Washington and in the State capitols will not lend a hand, then so much the worse for the men in question. One great need of the hour is legislators who will legislate. Little can be hoped for from the colored adults. The salvation of the colored race lies in its children. If the States of the South are found, upon impartial investigation, to be too poor to provide ample school facilities for all persons, white and black, within their limits who are of school age, then the National Government, which has the most at stake, should provide them, and pay for them out of the common treasury. This greatest of national dangers must be met and overcome; and the sooner it is met, and the more effectually it is overcome, the better it will be for us, for them, and for all American generations.

EUGENE MARECHAL CAMP.

POISONS IN FOOD AND DRINK.

FEW persons outside the medical profession have any idea of the dangers which threaten us in our daily food and drink. It is my purpose in the following pages to endeavor to impart such information concerning the most imminent of these as I may be able to in the space at my command, and to show how many of them may be avoided by a little knowledge of their sources and characteristics.

The water we drink, the most important element of our dietary, is very often a vehicle for the germs of disease and death. How rarely do we stop to consider before drinking a glassful whether it is pure or not? If it be clear and cold, we are satisfied. We do not fear that which our senses fail to warn us against; we cannot see those deadly *bacilli*, more to be dreaded than venomous serpents, that lie in wait in the sparkling liquid.

Disgusting as it may be to contemplate, it is nevertheless a pretty well proved fact, that in contracting many infectious diseases, one receives into his mouth and stomach germs from the systems of persons suffering from those diseases. That such germs are most frequently introduced through the medium of polluted water, none who have intelligently studied the subject will hesitate to assert.

When the thrifty farmer builds his house, he digs two holes in the ground as conveniently near as possible. The shallower one he makes his cess-pool, while from the deeper he draws his drinking water. Thus he and his family (summer boarders included) make a connecting link in a sort of endless circulating process—family, cess-pool, well, family, etc. I do not believe there is in this country one well in a hundred the water from which is fit to drink. The author of "The Old Oaken Bucket" would never have written those beautiful lines had he known what a death-dealing implement "the moss-covered bucket" generally is.

How often does the family physician hear from a care-worn mother, who has been seeking health for herself and children in the country, a tale like this: "Oh, doctor, we have passed such a summer. The children have had several severe attacks of diarrhea; the country physician said they were threatened with dysentery. I dread to think what might have happened if we had stayed in town." Now if that family had stayed in town and drank pure water, the probabilities are that the children would not have been sick. But bad as are the wells in rural regions, they are not so foul as those sunk in great cities or towns. A few years ago several large mineral water firms were manufacturing their beverages from water supplied by wells on their premises in the heart of New York city. This being discovered led to an investigation, which showed that hundreds of like wells were in existence throughout the city, the water from which was being used for drinking. Analyses demonstrated that it was little better than filtered sewage. Of course, the Board of Health took prompt and effective measures to restrict its use to manufacturing and closet-flushing purposes, though several arrests had to be made before interested parties could be compelled to abandon their wells.

Given the conditions under which a well exists, it is no more necessary to analyze its water to ascertain its character than it is to analyze the air of a room connected directly with a city sewer to find out if it contains sewer gas. The depth of the well, whether it be walled or piped, the character of the substrata, the proximity of contaminating influences and their amount, are the only factors to be considered. A glance at the arrangement of the substrata into which the New York city wells are sunk will show that the water furnished by them can come only from the street drainage and sewer leakage. Now if water has been contaminated by sewage in any amount the filtration received in passing through dirt, shale, and rock crevices to the depth of the deepest well would not be sufficient to render it safe for drinking purposes, nor will any simple filter ever devised by man accomplish this result.

In London and Paris, where artesian wells have been sunk and good water obtained, the arrangement of the substrata is such

that the water-bearing sand draws its supply from a water-shed situated at a distance from the inhabited districts; between these and the water is a layer of impervious material, chalk marl, which protects the latter from pollution.

Cities are usually supplied with upland surface waters. The Croton of New York affords a good example of these, which, as a rule, are the purest and safest. Such waters churned in turbulent mountain brooks are freed from any slight contamination they may have received, by oxidation of their organic matter. Although the Croton receives the drainage from several small towns, analyses do not show that it is an unsafe supply. The population of the Croton water-shed is increasing, however, and steps should be taken without delay to prevent what must soon become dangerous pollution.

To a student of psychology, the study of the effect on the human mind of epidemics of infectious disease is most interesting. An excellent example of one of these terrible "visitations" occurred in Plymouth, Pa., last year. It was my good fortune to be sent thither, during the epidemic, with two other officers of the New York City Health Department, to investigate the cause of the outbreak, in order that our own city might, if possible, learn a useful lesson from the misfortune of her neighbor. We found everywhere the utmost apathy. Although clever physicians had traced the cause to the pollution of the water supply, the people only recognized in it the hand of God.

The facts connected with the epidemic were as follows: About the middle of April, 1885, typhoid fever suddenly broke out in the town. Nearly every family furnished its victim to the scourge. Of 10,000 inhabitants about 1,200 suffered from the disease. The mortality was about ten per cent. A short time before the outbreak a man, residing on the banks of a little mountain stream that supplied the town with water, had typhoid fever. The dejections from this individual were thrown on the snow, then about twenty-four inches deep, within a few feet of the stream, at a point where the bank was unusually steep. The weather was very cold at this time, and everything remained frozen until three weeks before the outburst of the fever, when a thaw washed the infectious matter into the drinking water of the

unfortunate ten thousand. Now, in my opinion, the nurse who threw that infectious material on the banks of the stream was guilty of criminal carelessness, and had he or she been punished a most salutary lesson would have been taught.

The good people of Plymouth, however, did not view the matter in that light; they perhaps saw further than a physician is wont to look, and recognized a higher power impelling the hand that acted only as the agent. Of course, if we view the visitation from this stand-point, the moral of it becomes a religious and not a sanitary one. This, in my opinion, is the reason why people are slow to profit by these bitter experiences. The patient who innocently brought misfortune to so many of his townsmen recovered, and is regarded by them as quite a curiosity; indeed, I understand he is pointed out to visitors with considerable pride, being classed with the wonderful coal mines and other interesting sights.

From water we naturally pass to the consideration of the ice supply. The idea that water purifies itself by freezing is very prevalent and very deeply rooted. It has led to the use of ice from ponds the water from which no one would think of drinking. Nothing can be more erroneous than this idea. It is true that a few of the solid containants may settle and be eliminated in freezing, but that water once polluted is thus rendered safe is a theory long since exploded. Degrees of cold sufficient to kill disease germs are never experienced in temperate zones. The germs which caused the Plymouth outbreak were shown to have been exposed for three days to a temperature of—20° Fahr. Insects and worms are not infrequently found imbedded in ice. The ice supply of a great city should be subject to as close a scrutiny as the water.

Second only in importance to pure water is pure milk. In the consideration of this question we come upon a ground where both ignorance and dishonesty frequently assert their sway. The man who waters or skims the milk he sells seldom realizes the gravity of his crime. He says to himself, "What harm can a little more water or a little less cream do my milk?" He forgets that milk is often the exclusive food of invalids and children, and that just in proportion as its strength is reduced so

are these robbed of their proper nourishment. But the milk adulterator is not at all fastidious as to the purity of the water he puts into his milk. I have frequently had in my possession toads and small snakes found in milk by the inspectors in New York, showing indisputably that the adulterator had stopped at some road-side pool and filled his cans!

Occasionally preservative salts are added to milk to keep it from souring in warm weather. These are borax, boracic acid, and salicylic acid. They are to be condemned because they irritate the kidneys and tend to cause Bright's disease. Milk from animals afflicted with tuberculosis (consumption) has been proved to have the property of reproducing that disease, unfortunately common among cattle. Great care should therefore be taken to prevent the use of milk from cows suffering from any suspicious cough. Milch cows should be fed on wholesome food and given plenty of pure water to drink. Decomposing hotel or distillery swill, or even "brewers' grains," if fed exclusively, will cause an excessive flow of weak, unhealthy milk. The casein of this milk, when acted on by the gastric juice of the stomach, coagulates into indigestible putty-like lumps, quite unlike the flocculent, easily-digested curds of milk from grass-fed cows.

Outbreaks of typhoid fever and other infectious and contagious diseases have been traced to milk accidentally contaminated. A very curious epidemic resembling typhoid fever broke out on Washington Heights, in New York, a few years ago. It was found on investigation that the disease was confined to the customers of a certain milkman. An examination of the cows owned by this man was made, and one was found with a very loathsome abscess of the udder. At the time the examination was made this cow was being milked into the common pail. Although the investigation was very thoroughly conducted, no cause could be found until the cow with the abscess had been quarantined, when the sickness speedily stopped.

Sound and wholesome meat is essential to our well-being, the opinion of vegetarians to the contrary notwithstanding.

Not a week passes but seizures are made in our public markets of carcasses of animals that have died from disease. The flesh of such animals is known as "case" meat, and has a very

characteristic appearance. A well-known authority has aptly compared the fat of case animals to wet parchment, and describes the odor from it as corpse-like. It is only just to our butchers to say that case animals are usually shipped from out of town, to be sold on commission, and that the inspector is frequently quietly informed by commission dealers of its existence and whereabouts.

Meat from animals afflicted with tuberculosis will transmit the disease if undercooked. It is a fact that greatly concerns us, that the flesh of animals that have suffered torture or privation frequently contains noxious matter which causes a rash, like eczema, to appear on the hands of persons who handle it. Of course, such meat would prove highly injurious if eaten.

Contagious diseases often cause great ravages among cattle, sheep, and swine. Pleuro-pneumonia, braxy, and hog-cholera are the most common of these diseases. When an epidemic breaks out in a herd, unless the owner is unusually conscientious, he slaughters his animals as soon as they are taken sick and ships them to the city markets to be sold on commission. When it becomes known that an epidemic is raging in a certain section, unprincipled dealers send their agents to buy up stock at a sacrifice and convert it, good and bad, into beef, mutton, or pork, as the case may be. Diseases which cause suppuration affect meat more injuriously than those which do not. I have frequently been asked what is "bob veal," and why it is injurious. Bob veal is the meat of a calf under four weeks old; the great bulk of that seized in New York, however, is from a few hours to three days old.

Immature meat is unhealthy for two reasons: first, it contains no nourishing elements, and consequently only relieves the symptom of hunger without actually recuperating the system; second, it is extremely indigestible, rolling up into masses in the stomach, and not disintegrating, like the fibrous flesh from older animals. A child's stomach is quite unable to cope with a piece of bob veal; in its violent efforts to remove the offending substance nature not infrequently removes the little sufferer.

Children and delicate persons are those most seriously affected by unwholesome food and drink. To catch the former the adul-

terator often baits his hook in the most alluring manner. This is best illustrated by the adulteration of sugar confectionery. The enormous consumption of these articles, not only by little ones but by "children of a larger growth," makes this a subject of great importance. Adulteration of candy is practiced, first, in order to depreciate its quality and so lessen its cost, by the addition of some substance which will diminish its real strength without altering its appearance; and second, to improve its appearance, and thereby make it more salable at the least possible outlay. The adulterants used to accomplish the first object are terra alba, kaolin, starch, finely ground marble dust, and pulverized asbestos. I have never seen candy containing the latter substance, but about a year ago I received from a reputable candy firm a small sample of it, which had been sent them by some parties in Massachusetts through an agent for whom I set several traps unsuccessfully. I have seized candy in New York colored with the following poisonous or deleterious pigments: Chrome yellow (lead chromates), Brunswick green (mixture of chrome yellow and Prussian blue), red lead, Paris green, arsenical aniline, burnt umber, Venetian red (earths), vermilion (bisulphuret of mercury), and Prussian blue (ferro-cyanide of iron).

For flavors, artificial essences are used. These are made by distilling certain chemical salts with various alcohols and sulphuric acid. A very fragrant one is said to be produced by treatment of rotten cheese with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. Some artificial flavors thus made not only closely resemble the natural but are identical with them; others, however, are not so, though as a rule they are harmless unless excessive quantities are used by ignorant or careless workmen. Not infrequently we find in candy stores a vile preparation of sugar and fusel-oil called by the euphonous name of "rock and rye drops," for which children very quickly acquire a strong liking. A candy-man selling these in a little stand opposite one of our public schools told me, when the manufacturer of his stock was arrested, that he had sold more rock and rye "goods" than any other variety. Besides engendering a taste for alcoholic beverages, fusel-oil candies cause headache, stupor, and dizziness.

In the manufacture of fruit jellies the adulterator reaches the

acme of his art. A most plausible currant jelly, sold until a year ago by nearly every grocer and fruiterer, was made as follows: Dried apples, glucose, water, arsenical fuchsine (a red aniline pigment), tartaric acid, and glue. This mixture was boiled, strained, and sufficient salicylic acid added to keep it from spoiling in hot weather. The manufacturers were compelled by the Health Department to substitute a harmless color for the fuchsine and gelatine for the glue, and to stop the use of salicylic acid. Most of the fruit jellies sold to-day are a fraud on the consumer, though they cannot be said to affect his health. The following are the ingredients used to make them: Glucose, water, dried apples, color flavor, and gelatine.

A great deal has been written about the dangers from canned goods which would lead an unthinking person to shun those important foods. Fresh and healthy meats, vegetables or fruits, properly canned, will keep under ordinary conditions an indefinite time, and may be consumed without the slightest apprehension of ill results. Decomposed or rotten substances if canned (and they frequently are) are more dangerous to the consumer in that condition than in their uncanned state, for the reason that certain poisonous principles called "ptomaines"* are very frequently present in such substances; and the same is true of wholesome articles improperly canned. Spoiled foods of this description can be so readily detected that very little excuse can be urged for those who are deceived by them. The gases evolved by organic substances decomposing in hermetically sealed cans, by their pressure cause the ends of the cans to bulge; such cans are technically known as "swells," and have quite a different appearance from good cans.

We sometimes detect tinnerns making cans from tern-plate. This contains lead, and is extremely dangerous when used for this purpose, as it is easily acted on and dissolved by certain acids naturally present in all canned foods. During the past few months, the attention of the public and of physicians has been

* "This name was applied by Professor Selmi to certain basic bodies or principles developed during putrefactive decomposition of animal substances. The exact conditions under which these substances develop have not as yet been fully determined."—*Micro-Chemistry of Poisons*. Wormsley, p. 431.

again called to a much discussed subject, the coloring of green vegetables by means of copper. Analyses show that as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains of copper sulphate is frequently contained in a pound tin of pears or beans. Professor Gallipe, of France, declares that copper is not a poison, and I understand that this is also the opinion of M. Pasteur. Numerous cases of poisoning from copper in food have been reported, and are as well authenticated as any medical facts can be.

Coffee and tea are not exempt from adulteration. The well-known mixture of ground coffee with chicory and cereals has led the housewife to think that if she grinds her coffee herself it must be pure. She never was more mistaken. Damaged coffee beans are treated with chromate of lead, Prussian blue, soap-stone, burnt umber, and quite a variety of other chemicals so as to restore their original appearance. Frequently Mexican and other comparatively cheap coffees are treated so as to make them resemble the more expensive Java. I have not the space in this paper to explain at length the process by which this is done; suffice it to say that pigments containing arsenic have been used so that some coffee analyzed by the New York Health Department chemist was found to contain about $\frac{1}{80}$ of a grain of copper arsenite in the quantity of coffee necessary to make a cup of the beverage. Such stuff is known to the trade as "painted coffee"—not a bad name for it.

The adulterations of tea are in imitation of those ingeniously devised by the Chinese, and are practiced by both Mongol and white in common. The adulterants are "lie tea," foreign leaves, and substances used for coloring and "facing." Lie tea consists of spent leaves colored to imitate any desired grade or kind of tea, each leaf very frequently containing a few grains of sand deposited and rolled up in it by the nimble-fingered Celestial. The color used to "paint" black teas is plumbago or black-lead. Teas colored with it have a very glossy, smooth appearance. Green teas are nearly all colored; the usual pigments employed for this purpose being Prussian blue, tumeric, and soap-stone. The foreign leaves made to do duty for tea are most frequently those of the willow. A book might easily be written on the subject of tea adulteration.

I must pass over many important adulterations, some of which show great ingenuity on the part of their contrivers. I will name a few: Mustard is reduced by adding terra alba and wheat flour, and then coloring with tumeric, or a poisonous coal-tar color called Marsh's yellow, or in chemical nomenclature, dinitroalphanaphthol-sulphonate of lime. That favorite dish of Italians and Germans, vermicelli, has been colored with chromate of lead instead of with eggs or saffron. Bread is whitened with alum, and musty flour has been sweetened and preserved with sulphate of copper. Unprincipled German bakers, when eggs are high-priced, use for their cake a substitute known as "egg powder," which is merely our old friend chrome yellow (lead chromate) under a new name. Oleomargarine has been adulterated by adding to it gelatine to enable it to absorb more water. I have no doubt that improper fats are frequently used in its manufacture.

Malt liquors are drawn through long copper and lead conduits and are thereby dangerously contaminated. These beverages are often improperly made and are adulterated with various noxious substances. In short, every beverage we drink and nearly every article of food we eat is liable to be made a source of danger to us by the ignorant and dishonest.

We have seen that this danger is two-fold: first, that caused by accidental contamination; second, that caused by willful adulteration. The remedy for the first is obvious; the people should be more thoroughly educated in that neglected branch of science, Hygiene; its rudiments should be taught in every public school in the country. The suppression of the second will be accomplished by two means: first, by laws defining adulterations and fixing punishment for adulterators; second, by the organization of an efficient force to compel obedience to the laws through the detection and punishment of offenders.

In the State of New York, the first exists in the admirable Adulteration Act. The second does not exist unless the little "division" of the New York Sanitary Bureau, comprising half-a-dozen men, may be dignified by the name of a force.

Our laws afford us plenty of shot but no powder. An adulterator may ply his nefarious business with very little fear of punishment, although he commits a greater offense than the cut-

throat who gathers purses with a club and revolver on the public highway. In older countries special bureaus have been created to prevent tampering with the food supply, and until our lawmakers follow the example set by those abroad we must expect to be cheated and occasionally made ill by eating impure food.

In New York city, the Health Department is doing all that is possible with the limited force allowed it. Knowing how much important work must be left untouched it feels somewhat in the position of the musician at the Western dance, who, fearing his patrons' displeasure, pinned on his back a paper bearing the humble request: "Please don't shoot the fiddler; he is doing his best."

CYRUS EDSON.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE WEATHER.

“Out of the south cometh the whirlwind ; and cold out of the north.”—
JOB xxxvii. 8.

A CLEVER writer has depicted the terror and dismay which Adam must have experienced at the disappearance of the sun and the advent of night for the first time. So the passing summer, autumn fading into winter, the outburst of the new spring-tide and its growth into the full year must have likewise filled primitive man with wonder, excited doubts as to the regular recurrence of the phenomena, and evoked his latent energies and ingenuity to foresee and prepare for these changing conditions. Naturally these sequences later gave rise among the ancients to the science of Astronomy, and at the same time to that of Meteorology.

To a certain point both sciences waxed wonderfully, the acute Chaldean mind often supplementing, by reason or instinct, with astonishing accuracy that which imperfect instruments forbade them from fully verifying or disproving. Without barometers, thermometers, hygrometers, or anemometers, more than two thousand six hundred years ago they formulated weather wisdom into sayings which are scientifically sound to this day. The very ancient and remarkable Book of Job contains much of weather lore in the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh chapters. Besides the heading to this paper, may be particularly noted the proverb: “Fair weather cometh out of the north.”

Eight hundred years later the Apostle Matthew said (xvi. 2, 3), “When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather ; for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day ; for the sky is red and lowering.” In connection with the last saying it is of interest to note that predictions of the weather from the face of the sky have been utilized for several years by the Signal Service, and that in more than one month

the percentage of such prediction has been greater than that of the official indications sent forth to the general public.

The present status of meteorological forecasts is plainly and perhaps accurately stated in a service publication which says :

“The ablest meteorologists of to-day, aided by the most perfect meteorological instruments and the results of years of accurate observation, are still unable to give reliable forecasts of the weather for a longer period than two or three days, and frequently not longer than twenty-four hours.”

But if meteorologists must make such admissions, they can also claim that during the past fifty years much has been done to lay the solid foundations of an exact science, by amassing data, formulating conditions, in disproving many unsound theories, and advancing others to the status of laws.

The theory of dew, the exact relation of winds to varying atmospheric pressures, the deflecting influence exerted by the earth's rotation, and the gyratory system of storm-winds are doubtless the most important contributions to theoretical meteorology during the past century.

To Dr. Wells we largely owe that concise and perfect explanation of the formation of dew which involves the subject of radiant heat and the capacity of air for moisture. Professor Ferrel has proved, mathematically, that the earth's diurnal rotation causes every moving object on its surface to deflect slightly to the right hand in the northern and to the left hand in the southern hemisphere. This governs the relation of wind to pressure which is absolute, and is known as Buys-Ballot's law, from the famous European meteorologist, who first emphasized its importance. The law is thus briefly stated: “In the northern hemisphere, stand with your back to the wind, and the barometer will be lower on your left hand than on your right.”*

The gyratory motion of storm-winds has been established through the researches of a number of meteorologists. From their investigations we know that while the storm center moves forward, its central mass of air has also a whirling or gyratory motion, in which the direction of the wind, in cyclonic storms, is incurving—upward and inward toward the center. Beyond

* South of the equator, the barometer will be lower to one's right hand.

these laws certain other facts have been formulated, in which work Professor Loomis, of Yale College, by his discussions of Signal Service data, has played no unimportant part.

To make clear subsequent statements some explanation of terms is necessary, especially of low or cyclonic areas, high or anticyclonic areas, isobars, etc.

The presence of the atmosphere on the earth is measured by a barometer, either mercurial or aneroid. The readings of the barometer give the air pressure expressed in inches of pure mercury. For instance, the reading 29.92 indicates that the weight of the air (with its aqueous vapor, etc.) over that part of the earth is equal to the weight of a layer of mercury of the thickness of twenty-nine and ninety-two hundredths inches. To make them strictly comparable, and to facilitate their discussion, barometric readings are reduced for temperature and elevation to a standard of 32° F., and to the sea level.

"Isobars" are lines drawn through all points where the pressures are equal at that moment. "Isotherms" (for each five degrees) in like manner connect places of equal temperature. The region over which the barometer stands below the mean is called an "area of low pressure," or a "depression." Meteorologists, for brevity's sake, refer to this as "low," which is the word marked on Signal Service maps at the place where the pressure is least. In like manner an area of high barometric pressure is noted as "high." The well-defined lows are not only more frequent than the highs, but also occasion the greater number as well as the most violent of the storms. Many of the lows develop within the limit of the United States, but the greater part come from the Saskatchewan country, north of Montana or Dakota.

While an area of low pressure is developing, it is of irregular shape with widely separated isobars. Later, the isobars not only approach each other, but the central area becomes well defined, assuming the form of an elongated but irregular ellipse, whose longer axis, stretching most frequently from S. W. to N. E., is from one and a half times to twice the length of the shorter. Circulatory winds are initiated, which, in the northern hemisphere blow not directly from the outer edges to the center, but spirally inward, in a direction opposite to the movement of the

hands of a watch laid on its back. Winds on the east side are between E. and S., on the north side from N. and E., etc.

Once found and started the low travels nearly sideways across the United States in an easterly direction, generally a little to the north of east, at the average rate of some seven hundred miles daily. In February, however, the daily velocity—over eight hundred miles—is nearly three hundred miles greater than in August. Storms which travel very slowly are accompanied by very little rain, which, contrary to the ordinary course, is often as great in the rear as in advance of the center. Where a depression moves forward in its front the barometer falls, the sky is gradually covered with clouds, and the wind from variable changes to steady, and blows from an easterly or a southerly quarter. In winter the temperature is abnormally high, and in summer the air becomes close and moist. Later, rain or snow falls, the wind becomes more or less violent and the temperature remains steady. After the center passes, the wind becomes squally, changing to north or westerly; the rain falls in smart showers, the air cools, and the sky soon clears.

“Anticyclone” is the term used to designate the barometrical conditions exactly opposite to the low-pressure storms. The pressure is greatest at the center, where the air is calm and cold and the sky clear. At the edge of the area the winds blow spirally outward in a direction contrary to the winds of the cyclonic storms.

The high areas play a most important part in shaping the weather. For the greater portion of the year they are gladly welcomed, with their accompanying features of fresh winds, falling temperature, and clear or clearing sky. It is only from January to April that they come with such rapidity and intensity as to force themselves on public notice either as violent storms or as cold waves. As storms they are most dreaded when accompanied by freezing temperature, strong winds, and snow; then they are known as blizzards, and rarely appear before the new year or after the last of March, but cold waves continue until May.

A cold wave is a high area which causes an abnormal fall of temperature of fifteen degrees or more. The course of these cold waves has been generally known since 1871, but Lieutenant

Woodruff, of the United States Army, has lately tabulated data and formulated exact statements as to their course and progress.

But one out of ten cold waves comes from the westward of the Rocky Mountain regions, the nine others being first experienced in northern Montana or Dakota. A further examination of the forty-seven cold waves in 1882 and 1883, in connection with the International Polar Observations at Point Barrow and Fort Rae, will probably determine as a fact, what is now almost established, that these high areas most frequently originate to the northward of the Saskatchewan or Peace River country, within the Arctic Circle, near the American Pole of cold. It is an interesting fact that the most decided cold waves follow marked lows.

Over forty per cent. of the waves moving south-eastward affect the whole country, while almost as many more move eastward to New England and the lower St. Lawrence valley, not extending south of the Ohio River. The remaining twenty per cent., moving southward into Texas, drift eastward with the general atmospheric circulation, expending their force as a cold wave before they reach the Atlantic coast. The waves are from thirty-six to forty-eight hours in reaching the Gulf or Atlantic coast, their movement being less rapid than the lows.

Low areas are frequently followed by highs, and at times the sudden and violent advent of the latter, with their high cold northerly winds, offers great contrast of temperature with the strong and warm southerly winds immediately in advance of the center of the low. Such conditions favor tornadoes, which only too frequently cause great loss of life and property. Lieutenant Finley has carefully compiled much detailed information regarding these storms, from which it appears that their marked characteristics are violent whirlwinds, accompanied by a funnel-shaped cloud, which moves from south-west to north-east with great violence and rapidity over a narrow strip of country. Tornadoes are most frequent in Missouri and Kansas, and generally occur between two and six P.M. As to the exact cause and origin of these, as indeed of any storms, theories are abundant, but none has yet passed successfully beyond the domain of adverse criticism.

Apart from the passage of storms, which may be called accidental variations of the weather, modern science has accumulated an immense amount of data, which formulated, determines the question of climate. Too little attention has been paid to climatology and its bearings on the agriculture, the manufacturing industries, and the health of our nation. While the limits of a magazine article are inadequate to sketch even the outlines of what is known of our own climate, yet some points may be touched on which are of interest to the general public.

The face of the sky is an important element in considering the weather. Not only is a large proportion of sunlight necessary for the growth and ripening of our great crops, but its presence or absence affects greatly the health of many. We now know that in summer the eastern half of California is covered by an almost cloudless sky; a fact which, long deplored, has lately been turned to great advantage in the development of a new and great industry, the growth and cure of raisins. At the same season of the year, save New England and Illinois, the whole country east of the Mississippi river is covered by fifty to sixty per cent. of clouds. In autumn, except the northern parts of the United States, our country is favored with a moderately clouded sky, which adds much to the delight and comfort of that season of the year. In winter, however, to regularly see the sky one must seek Florida, or the country west of the 95th meridian, excepting the north Pacific region.

The presence or absence of cloudy weather does not always betoken a moist or dry climate. The absolute humidity of the atmosphere is shown by the weight in grains of aqueous vapor in each cubic foot of air, which ranges from less than one up to ten in the United States. The smallest humidity in winter—less than one grain to the foot—prevails north of the 40th parallel, from Michigan and Iowa westward to Montana, affording a striking contrast to Florida, where from four and a half to seven grains of water are contained in each cubic foot. In summer, however, the absolute humidity, from five grains along the 100th meridian and the 40th parallel, gradually increases eastward and southward to the Gulf coast, where nine grains to each foot are found. Westward of the 100th meridian, the absolute

humidity decreases to less than three grains in the great interior basin between the coast and the Rocky Mountain ranges.

The United States are generally favored with rain-fall in reasonable quantities. Western Texas, Nevada, Arizona, and Southern California are most scantily watered, the annual rain-fall hardly being an inch monthly, and at certain times there is no rain for months. Along the immediate coast of Oregon, Washington Territory, North Carolina, Alabama, and Louisiana, over sixty inches of rain fall yearly. A very large part of the Pacific rain-fall occurs during the winter months, while along the Gulf of Mexico it is quite regularly distributed throughout the year. It should be noted, however, that rain-fall is one of the most irregular of the meteorological phenomena, and it is not unusual to find the rain-fall of any given month varying one or two hundred per cent. from the established mean.

Much rain does not necessarily imply many rainy days, and the rain-fall of the Gulf States comes in heavy showers, which by no means occur daily or even on alternate days. Although in no part of the United States, except Alaska, does rain fall during more than half the days of the year, yet along the shores of the great lakes one must, as a rule, expect rain or snow three days in the week.

It is eighteen centuries since it was written "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." To-day it can be foretold with considerable accuracy, not only whence and whither strong winds will blow, but also the general character and direction of winds for the various months.

The winds which are called prevailing play a most important part in determining the climatic character of a country. Coming as cold blasts or hot currents, heavily laden with moisture or cool and refreshing, they alter or modify conditions of latitude and exposure to an astonishing degree. In our own country, the high winter winds from the north militate against the western prairies, while the cool and salubrious westerly airs make portions of the Pacific Coast equal as sanatoriums to the favorite resorts of the Mediterranean.

Along the Atlantic Coast the winds blow with fifty per cent.

greater violence in March than in August, these months marking the extremes at most places. From Maine to Virginia the prevailing wind is north-west from November to April, and then south-west until September. In the South Atlantic States, the autumnal north-easterly winds give place from March to July to those from the opposite quarter, the south-west. During the summer and autumn the winds are generally from southerly quarters (S. E. to S. W.) from the Missouri valley eastward to New York.

Every one is more or less familiar with the fact that the mean temperature of a place depends, to a certain extent, upon its latitude. But the proximity of the ocean or the presence of large interior lakes serves to modify the warming summer sun and the winter's cold, especially when the varying relations of unequal barometric pressures cause the prevailing winds to come from the direction of the sea or lakes; consequently, the temperature of the Pacific Coast region is abnormally high, as is that of Michigan and the New England coast, although to a much less degree. On the other hand, while elevated regions, such as the Allegheny Mountains and other eastern ranges covered with vegetation and forests, are much cooler in summer than the low lands, yet we find the barren Rocky Mountain slopes so receptive of solar heat that their summer temperatures are quite oppressive.

The range, that is, the extreme temperatures experienced daily, is by no means an unimportant factor. As theory indicates, so the facts show, that the mean daily range of the temperature is least along the sea-coasts and in the lake region, and increases toward the interior valleys and plateaus. The Rocky Mountain country and Arizona are the sections where the greatest variations occur. The same causes which moderate the daily extremes of the sea-coast and exaggerate those of the mountain regions similarly affect the mean temperatures of the various months.

But beyond the recurring phenomena of winds and heat, of cold and humidity, modern science and industry go farther, and even plot the monthly frequency of storms. We have merely to glance at a chart to learn that May is the least stormy

of months on the North Atlantic, and to find that windy March yields in frequency if not in violence to the tempests of January.

That which science has done in meteorology is certainly but an earnest of the future. Scarcely thirty years have passed since the idea of forecasting the weather was looked on as impracticable and absurd. It will not be an astonishing advance if the opening year of the twentieth century finds meteorology a sufficiently exact science to enable experts to predict months in advance the general character of seasons for favored countries of the northern hemisphere.

To know all about the weather and to perfect meteorology, it will be needful, above all things, to determine the general law of periodicity of atmospheric pressures. In solving this problem, the simultaneous observations at the International Polar stations will play no unimportant part. On this subject more may be said when the arctic observations are collated and given to the world. It only remains here to instance one step in this direction, which has already been made in that far Cathay, from the confines of which came our earliest weather lore. Blanford, the foremost meteorologist of India, has discovered that heavy winter and spring precipitation in the north-western Himalayas is followed in sixteen cases out of eighteen by deficient summer rains in the plains of north-west India, and *vice versa*. Rain or drought—plenty or famine for millions, is the story thus foretold to man by nature's prophetic voice.

A. W. GREELY.

JUGGLERY IN ART.

THE question of art in America has become a serious one. Art patrons are beginning to suspect, what has been sufficiently obvious to the European world for some years past, that they are the foolish dupes and easily deceived victims of some art dealers. There is no art standard in this country, because there are no galleries of old masters. Those who buy pictures do not choose the paintings which suit them, because they are afraid of the ridicule of the well-informed. They purchase the works which are in vogue, but they can learn what these are only through the dealers. The latter naturally profit by a situation which they comprehend well enough, and which, if they did not create, they have at least gone to some lengths to maintain. The consequences of this absolutely absurd state of things have been remarkable. All the rich men of the country have insisted upon buying examples of certain masters, notably Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Daubigny, Dupré, Corot, Henri Decamp and others of that school, and as the number of rich men in this land is abnormally great, owing to the free and unfettered powers of issuing bonds and mortgages possessed by railroad presidents and trustees and the guardian angels of corporations generally, there has been a run upon those names which could not have been met had it not been for the resources and the cynicism of the Parisian house of Goupil. The determination of American millionaires to improvise galleries of pictures, and to line their walls with the works in vogue, at once led directly to such wholesale forgery that French experts have computed that there are seventy thousand pictures said to be by Narcisse Diaz in existence, forty-six thousand canvases by the less prolific Theodore Rousseau, and nearly as many by Corot and Jean François Millet.

Rousseau and Diaz wore themselves out, and did not make

old bones. If we allot to each twenty-five years of painting we shall be within the mark. A brief calculation will, therefore, show that if Diaz were indeed the undoubted author of all the more or less authenticated canvases that bear his signature, he must have painted between seven and eight pictures every-day, even counting Sundays and the intercalary days of leap-year. Theodore Rousseau painted only five each day, and obviously was comparatively a less diligent artist. It is true that he worked laboriously over the manipulation of his pictures, but the compositions have not been thought out so thoroughly. Of the two, the palm of diligence must be awarded to Diaz. It is hard to say what the millionaires who are the happy owners of these treasures think of the cold facts. The dealers told them that even as an investment the purchase of this line of paintings was good, and showed by the irrefutable logic of public auction sales that these paintings were constantly rising, rising, like shares in a successful silver-mine. When they were first put upon the American market, Quincy Shaw, of Boston, and others paid from four hundred to six hundred dollars for each painting by Rousseau, and only last year they were fetching from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars. Some of them sold for thirty, some for fifty times their original price. What man was there with blood in his veins, and actuated by a sincere love of true art, whose pulses would not bound at such stirring narratives? An exquisite ornament to one's house, an admirable investment at the same time! It was too much; flesh and blood could not resist such temptations, more especially when all the leading newspapers chronicled the sale, and spoke of each triple dolt as a munificent patron of art and one of the leaders of society in Skowhegan, or Oshkosh, as the case happened to be.

But then came the cruel news that the stock had been watered beyond measure. At first this gave no special uneasiness to the American Mæcenæ, who esteems little trifles like that a part of the ordinary and inevitable incidents of commercial life. But the French critics and experts, having come to the conclusion that something new must be attempted, as else some other art center would capture American patronage, howled so

persistently about these forgeries that prices fell, and it was felt generally throughout the country that Rousseau and Diaz stock was not as secure an investment as had been believed. A slight, a very slight, effort was made to boom Fromentin, once a very fashionable painter of Algerian scenes, and an artist of considerable merit. As Fromentin is very firmly held by French investors in fine-art stock, a little watering was tried, not at first without success. But one of the forgeries was perpetrated by a useful creature who had previously been employed as a waterer of Pasini stock, and between the two issues he became confused and bungled his work so badly that it was detected at once and pointed out with many jeerings. The detector said with smiling prescience: "This is only temporary, a mere stop-gap; wait awhile, and see what French impudence will provide for American gullibility."

It has provided Impressionism, with a large I.

Before entering into a critical consideration of the horrors and atrocities committed by French artists under the name of impressionism and recently on exhibition at the National Academy of Design, it may be well to state briefly what impressionism really is. It is not too much to say that the efforts of some of its champions both here and in France have succeeded in befogging a very plain matter. The impressionist is the converse of the painter whose first aim is to be correct in his drawing. His chief efforts are to render with as much power as possible the charms of color, and the exquisite play of light and shade, and reflections of color and of light, which forcibly impress the soul capable of feeling beauty. He realizes that art has its limitations, and that if he is particular about the perfect accuracy of his lines and contours, the things which he deems specially worthy of reproduction, and which are undoubtedly so, will be apt to escape him. He is, therefore, strong in color and *chiaroscuro*, and often careless in his drawing. His converse, the artist who aims at correctness, seldom or never paints anything that charms the heart and takes captive the reason. Truly characterized, almost every artist who ever excelled as a painter, worked from the impressionist stand-point. But as every artist commences his trade by learning to draw, it follows that only

those advance to the higher stage of impressionism whose expanding souls perceive with exquisite emotion the beautiful in nature. That cannot be taught by any academy; but drawing can. Hence the impressionists are the true men of genius, and they paint feelingly because the psychical element in them overpowers the intellectual. What they do, therefore, is instinct with life and warm with the emotion of the creative artistic soul. Such men are careless of the little things that every Tom, Dick, and Harry can do, but they wear themselves out in the never unsuccessful endeavor to reproduce for humanity the glimpses of loveliness they have seen in nature. The flickering sunlight, filtering through foliage, with its exquisite changes of tone; the ineffable opposition of the blue sky, with green leafage and fleecy white clouds; the yellow line of wild oats upon a bank that rises into the unclouded air; the blackness of the stone-pine, standing amid the gray cloisters and walls of some old Byzantine church; the tenderness of the grasses in some lonely cemetery; the melancholy of a deserted wind-mill, with its tattered arms raised in mute expostulation; the exultation of the scarlet poppies, mingled among blades of wheat; the fidelity and the undercurrent of anguish of cedars by the sea sand, drenched by the bitter spray, tortured by the howling wind, twisted, bent, maimed, but living on, unconquered, unconquerable; the kingly pride of the sequoia, rearing into the blue fire of the Californian heavens a leafy pillar more symmetrical than Ionic shafts; the wild energy of the mountain torrent, hurling its white water against the wind as a wild horse shakes its mane in its mad gallop over the pampas—these are impressions which a true painter loves to render.

But the French as a nation, the Germans, and the Italians have each the fault that they comprehend drawing too well and admire it too much to develop painters of real genius. Whenever they find it they stifle it. Among the Italians the Venetian school was a glorious exception, but it must be remembered that they were half Slavonic by blood, and their art was derived from the men of the first Flemish school. In France, over and above this fault there is an excessive comprehension of technical finish. The combination of these two *penchants* renders it al-

most impossible for France to develop great painters; but by downright assurance and remarkable commercial perspicuity this nation has made itself the arbiter of art and Paris the center of art transactions. The fact is so incredible that it would be scouted, did not one recall the changed character of French drawing-rooms. The day of the marquise is past, and the *belle banquière* reigns in her stead. And despite herself her comprehension of art is financial, and her appreciation of pictures is confined to those which appreciate in price. The shade of the upas is not more deadly to birds and beasts than the atmosphere of Paris to any artist with a soul alive to impressions.

Let us remember the case of Henri Regnault. When he was in Spain, and his soul had expanded under the inspiring influences of the works of Velasquez and Goya, two thorough-paced impressionists, he painted the portrait of General Prim. That picture of the one-armed general, reining in his powerful black charger, is as splendid an example of impressionism as the world can offer. Not only is the figure alive, but it makes you feel that Prim could control his wild Spaniards as easily as he reins in that tremendous stallion. In the background are the troops filing past, and they are painted with such magnificent sweep and breadth that as you look you are impressed with the sense of their motion. That background was painted when Regnault was absolutely steeped in the influence of Goya, and carried away by the pictures he had seen at the Museo del Prado, and the Archives of the Royal Academy of Madrid. But when Regnault painted the "Moorish Executioner" he had been lured into the brush exactitude and dexterity in which the cultivated Frenchman delights. Every Frenchman bows low before the memory of Delaroche, and is puzzled over Delacroix and unhappy over the admiration that the English feel for Gericault. The latter was a rich man, and he pined away and died because Frenchmen could not comprehend him. Delacroix and Gericault were genuine impressionists. Regnault was so beloved and so caressed when he returned from Spain that his soul was flattered out of him. Anxious to paint what his friends would like, he left the path of greatness, and they deafened him with their plaudits. But the virtue had gone out of him when he was killed by the Prussians.

Impressionism is the living principle of art. It has no formulas. The professor can develop a system whereby a pupil shall with ease learn to arrange his drawing in convenient masses, and can by analysis show him how to see an object in black and white. The general laws that regulate the gamut of a palette can be taught, and an old hand can instruct a young one that to obtain permanent and unchanging effects he must restrict himself to a very sober range of pigments. But after that is done no more can be done, and the young artist must work out his own salvation by his own efforts. If he does not feel the beautiful, if his nerves are so constituted that the winds are not a caress to his body, and the sunlight is not as intoxicating as champagne, and the rustling of forest leaves not a love-song by Nature addressed to him, and the sweep of the shadows upon the meadows and the fields of grain not a dance of elves to please him, then he is a drawing-master and not a painter. He who records impressions must feel them. He who composes must first conceive, and there can be no art conception where some form of the beautiful has not left its impress on the artist's soul. The technique upon which the sterile artist lays so much stress is for the impressionist the smallest of small details. He is occupied with the problem of how to get some of that infinitude of loveliness into the finiteness of a picture. And such is the unerring action of genuine artistic soulfulness that though each artist must invent his own technique, there is a strong family resemblance among all the truly great painters. Had we a standard in this country this would be apparent. Were there here a gallery of old masters, so that a man could compare Ruysdael, Hobbima, Cuyp, and Bakhuysen, with Rousseau, Diaz, and Troyon, and with William Hart and David Johnson, we should know the value of our own men, and be in a position to detect forged Rousseaus, Diazes, and Troyons whenever they made their appearance. But we have no such standard, and the foreign dealers play upon our ignorance, and our vanity, and our impatience, and palm forgeries upon us by the hundred thousand. And they have now honored us with a cargo of alleged impression pictures, every whit as valueless as those they have been selling us for the past ten years, but infinitely less artistic.

The pictures recently in the Academy, with some few exceptions, were monstrosities. They consisted principally of works by Manet and Renoir, figure painters, and Claude Monet, a landscape painter. There were also some landscapes by an artist who signs his work C. Louis Monet, but whether this be the same or another the pictures themselves did not show. There were also landscapes by Sisley, Huguët, and others. There was, however, nothing that indicated the existence of what may be termed a school of impressionists, and the prevailing error as to this is probably due to the ignorance of those who wrote on the subject when the works in question were on exhibition in another place in New York city. A man named Seurat may appear at first to belong to the same school as Renoir, but the least analytical effort will show that the resemblance is merely superficial. Each man of the very few represented endeavored to work out his impressions in his own way, and the first thing that this exhibition teaches is that it is practically a revolt against the dominant French idea of School. It is, in fact, a proclamation that art must be individual, and that every man must create a school for himself. It is an assertion that the good which is in a man will be stifled if he takes another man, no matter how great he may be, as his model. He may learn from him all he can, but he must not imitate him. This is true, thoroughly true, but it is not a French discovery. Day in and day out for fifty years the English have preached these doctrines, and they have been the standing answer of English artists to the standing French reproach that the English had no school of art.

Manet, the leading impressionist, has been doubly wronged. He was misconstrued and misrepresented from the beginning. But the fatal injury he received was the ignorant plaudits of recent times. These had the stifling effect upon his art which popularity among the Parisian salons had upon Henri Regnault. Manet rose in revolt against the deadness, the sterility, the narrowness, and the pettiness of the French Academic school. He detested their cold-blooded accuracy of statuesque drawing, their neat and lifeless painting, and their technical finish of brush work. He swore that the great masters of old times did not paint in that way, and he went to Spain or at least to Spanish art, and

found his true inspiration in Velasquez. He could not have chosen a nobler teacher, and if anything is plain in Manet's paintings it is that he appreciated the works of the great Spaniard as they deserve to be appreciated. But Manet was not an impressionist, for he was unable to walk a yard without his Velasquez crutches. He never succeeded in being Manet, but always remained a faint echo of Velasquez. Still, this was something, and each picture that he exhibited in the Salon was a noble protest in favor of breadth of conception, vigor of manipulation, breadth of *chiaroscuro*, naturalness of representation. But when in some fashion it became apparent to the Parisian critics that there was something in the canvases of Manet, they encouraged him to exaggerate his faults. He had learned something of the eagle sweep of Velasquez's brush, but he had learned nothing of its delicacy. He had heart enough to despise the modern pettiness of pigments, and to prefer the sober tones of his idol; but he never learned the secret of his silver grays and his blues, and the ineffable clearness of his coloring and the transparency of his shadows. Manet, always coarse, was encouraged to be coarser, until his manipulation was downright daubing and his coloring was simple mud. Yet, such is the power of real art, that even in these degraded canvases of Manet one feels that there is flesh and blood behind the clothes, and an intelligence behind the hideous masks which with him did duty for faces. Had Manet been encouraged by true appreciative criticism, he might have been the honored head of an intelligent art reformation in France. Instead of that he was at first reviled for good work, and later was flattered into the belief that his shortcomings and his bunglings were meritorious evidences of high genius. Another good man gone wrong.

Renoir was to me a puzzle and a mystery. There was an enormous number of pictures by him in this exhibition, but they are not all painted in the same method, they vary greatly in their artistic value, and have seemingly various inspirations. Were it not impossible, I could almost believe that Renoir is a *nom de guerre*, adopted by a syndicate of artists painting for the benefit of the American millionaires of Oshkosh and Skowhegan, and presided over by some man of very high

ability. There were two pictures by this artist worthy of considerable study. One is a family of fisher-children by the shore of the sounding sea. There are two toddling children hand in hand, a half-grown girl with potato baskets on her shoulder, and a small boy with a basket of what looks like fish bait. It is in parts well painted, and in parts very badly painted, the heads of the wee babies being simply execrable, while the girl is very fairly rendered. But the composition is exquisite, the rest of the figures arranged with consummate skill, and the setting full of a keen sense of the beautiful. Still, the general appearance is that of an English water-color. Then at the opposite end of the same room there was another picture by the same artist, a boating party at Asnières or Bougival. Here the flesh-tones of the naked arms of the men are admirable, and the drawing is masterly. But the coloring has been forced upward by means of inharmonious accents, without the least regard to values, so that it conveys the impression that it was painted soberly by a realistic artist of great power, who subsequently went over it, adding the strongest and most meretricious coloring that his pigments would afford. A hint seems to have been taken from the crazy followers of Turner in England. No matter how wrong and shocking a picture is that is full of crude colors—indigo blues, vermilion reds, chrome and cadmium yellows—it must attract attention. It shrieks, and therefore it is heard. The English admirers of Turner ran this thing into the ground, but Renoir is reviving it in France.

Then there were numerous other Renoirs less worthy of attention. There were many nudes by him which betrayed remarkable inequality. The heads seemed painted by one man, the forms by another. Then some one had added the most prismatic and iridescent backgrounds. But in all there is an exquisite knowledge of the figure, which in each is given with masses that are superb. Apart from the conception of the figures, which is distinctly French, and might belong to any brilliant pupil of Courbet or Henner, there seems to have been an attempt to follow such English artists as Crane and Watts and Burne-Jones in their appreciation of early Italian art. In the days of Botticelli the glamour of *tempera* painting was still upon Italy, and very reluctantly did

the Italian painters accept the use of oils introduced by the brothers Van Eyck of Ghent and Bruges. The regulation French nude is here disguised with early Italian *tempera* color sauce, and the result is exceedingly queer. To me, the great puzzle is that a man who paints flesh with a bold *impasto* in some places, and in others with a combination of opaque *impasto* underneath and transparent glazes above, should in the heads paint with the ignorance and *naïf* simplicity of a school-boy. I should like to make the acquaintance of Renoir, who seems to be compounded of admirable differences.

The "Bathers," by Seurat, was beneath contempt.

Of the landscape painters there is not much to say. A gentleman who possibly had a pecuniary interest in the sale of these monstrosities, said to me, with delicious unction, "I pity the man who never saw a field of poppies as it is painted there." He is an excessively keen man of business, very wealthy, very much occupied, full of push and dash. But the odds are a thousand to one that he never saw a wild poppy in his life-time, and would pass millions of them without recognition. Poppies in the wheat-field are not worth a cent apiece, but poppies in an impression picture may come to very many dollars if a boom of enthusiasm can be started about the impressionists. "You laugh," he said, "at these pictures now, but remember what pictures by Rousseau and Diaz brought when they were first sold here, and remember what they have sold for. The man who invests in these pictures to-day will, in twenty years, see them quoted at fifty times their price." I knew it. I foresaw that he would say that, because the one irresistible argument upon art matters addressed to an American buyer is their prospective value as an investment. "Don't touch American pictures," is the cry. "See what they fetch in auction sales." Therefore the American artist cannot sell a picture, and the foreign dealer unloads ships full of forgeries and monstrosities upon us. But we have no standard, and any man who has is in a minority of one. Either his honesty is questioned, or if his life be a sufficient answer, he is set down as a chronic scold, the man who always says disagreeable things. Mephistopheles, if he be still among us, must heartily enjoy the spectacle of these cold-blooded reptilians of the busi-

ness world, these eager money-spinners, borrowing the language of enthusiasm, and getting by heart passages from Ruskin and anecdotes about Turner to fire the heart of the great American buyer, and induce him to believe in their atrocious wares.

As an academy cannot teach the heart to feel, and as landscape art depends entirely upon this power, the French never succeeded in painting landscapes until a knot of men arose who accepted the English landscape painter, Constable, as a true exponent of the art. But it is just to them to say that they all worked upon their own lines, and though they studied him, they resembled the Dutch masters more than they did him. There was nothing special about the landscapes in this exhibition, which were true enough in feeling but perfect daubs in execution. Exception must be made, however, in favor of the delicious water-colors of J. L. Brown, which were sandwiched in among the impression pictures as if there was some connection between them. The same thing may be said of Roll's overrated picture of the girl with the bull, the really fine picture of the church choir, and Jean Paul Laurens's magnificent picture of Moreau lying dead and being visited by the Austrian marshals. There were also two good *genre* pictures, one by Duez and one by Henri Cheney, which had nothing in common with the enigmatic works of Renoir. The presence of these famous and admirable pictures in this collection smacked of a catchpenny device.

EDWARD RUDOLF GARCZYNSKI

THE NEW TOTAL ABSTINENCE CREED.

HALF a century ago, temperance men in America were coming generally to recognize the truth that genuine temperance consists in total abstinence. By total abstinence they meant, first, abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, as distinguished from abstinence from distilled liquors only; and second, abstinence from all use of these as a beverage or common drink, as distinguished from avoiding what is sometimes called the excessive use of them. To complete this part of their temperance creed, they commonly held and taught two corollaries, in addition to the main proposition. New cider, for example, contains alcohol in minute quantities, but is not intoxicating, and therefore is not included in the main proposition, which is concerned with intoxicating drinks only. But it is difficult to tell precisely at what stage the cider becomes intoxicating, and one may be in danger of awakening within himself the alcohol appetite, or of casting his influence on the wrong side; and hence one had better go much farther than is necessary, rather than not quite far enough, in abstaining from even the lightest alcoholic beverages. This is the first of the two corollaries. Again, to use alcohol as a medicine, or in flavoring extracts, or at the communion-table, for example, is different from using it as a beverage, but may lead one into danger; this occasions the second corollary, namely, that one ought to go much farther than is necessary, rather than not quite far enough, in avoiding these other uses of alcohol. No intoxicant as a beverage, and no other internal use of alcohol save with the utmost caution and in perfectly clear cases: such was the substance of total abstinence doctrine as then proclaimed.

Up to the point where this became the settled creed of the great body of temperance men, there was at every step a full and free discussion of the principles involved. Within twenty

years after the acceptance of this creed, it so controlled the convictions of the American people that prohibitory laws were passed in nearly every Northern State. Just when this result had been reached, public attention was largely diverted from the temperance question to the pressing issues which preceded our civil war; and afterward to the issues of the war itself, and of its consequences. For the past thirty years there has been comparatively little genuinely thoughtful temperance discussion. There have been plenty of unreasonable attacks upon the total abstinence position, and plenty of uncritical defense of it, as well as much defense of it that was not altogether uncritical; we have also had earnest and effective temperance work, wrought by a multitude of workers; but the state of things has been that we have taken it for granted, without very careful examination, that whatever was said on the right side of the good cause was true, and whatever was said on the other side was of course untrue. The consequences have followed which always follow when the advocates of a great truth suffer their vigilance to relax, and try to live upon the creed formulated by their predecessors. Total abstinence doctrine, simple as it is, has come to be very generally misunderstood, both by its friends and by its assailants; and, as thus misunderstood, is currently defended by arguments that will not endure testing.

In other words, the total abstinence doctrine held by probably a large majority of the temperance people who are now most before the public is radically different from that which thirty years ago swept the country in triumph. The change has come gradually and unconsciously. Doubtless, most of those who are teaching the changed doctrine are unaware of the fact; but the fact exists, nevertheless. Ask one of our young people to define total abstinence, and you will be apt to receive the reply that the total abstainers are those who abstain from communion wine, from flavoring extracts, and from alcohol as a medicine, even in extreme cases, as distinguished from the partial abstainers, who merely refuse to take intoxicating liquids as beverages. Something like this is now, doubtless, the popular understanding of the term total abstinence. That which was an incident of the temperance creed in the days of its victories is now

very commonly looked upon as its distinguishing feature. One who reads the current attacks on the temperance movement, with this thought in view, will observe that most of the writers of them have in mind this changed definition of total abstinence, and not the original definition. One who reads current temperance literature necessarily observes the same thing. The old creed emphasized the distinction between the use of alcohol as a beverage and all other uses of it. It based its opposition to these other uses of alcohol solely on the ground that they might lead to the use of it as a beverage. The new creed universally neglects this distinction, generally ignores it, sometimes denies it. Many of its advocates explicitly place all internal uses of alcohol on the same footing, and few of them draw any clear distinctions here. Again, the old creed recognized a sharp difference between a beverage that may intoxicate and one that will not intoxicate. Its advocates opposed most of the so-called light wines and beers on the ground that they are not so light but that men may get drunk on them. If they objected to any beverage which contained too little alcohol to produce drunkenness, it was by saying that men had better let it alone, by reason of its relations to the stronger alcoholic beverages. The new creed commonly ignores all this, and places all beverages which contain alcohol, in either the minutest or the largest proportions, under the same condemnation. The battle of the old creed was against alcohol as the actual or possible agent of drunkenness; the battle of the new creed inclines rather to be against alcohol as a chemical agent.

At first blush, the difference probably does not strike most persons as being important enough to deserve much attention; but we shall presently see that it is not so trivial as it seems, that important consequences follow from it, affecting every part of the temperance movement.

In continuing our investigation, we should, of course, remember that the terms "old" and "new" as here used are merely general. Some of the older reformers took the position that is here called new, and many temperance advocates now living still stand on the old ground.

One might plausibly claim that the greater simplicity of the

new creed renders it superior to the old. It is easier to say that we should avoid all internal use of alcohol, because every drop of alcohol is evil, than to say that we should avoid all intoxicating beverages, because of their direct relations to drunkenness, and should be extremely cautious against all other internal uses of alcohol, because of their possible indirect relations to drunkenness. If these two statements are equally true, then, of course, we should prefer the first, as the shorter and simpler. But the second is not at all complicated. Any one can easily understand it. If it is substantially true, while the first is largely untrue, then it is a great misfortune that the first should be substituted for the second, as the foundation of a good cause.

Again, one might plausibly claim that the new creed is better than the old because it guards better against those incidental uses of alcohol which indirectly lead to drunkenness. Men have been led to form the alcohol habit by taking alcohol as a medicine. It is commonly believed that the taste of wine used in cookery or at the communion-table sometimes has the same effect. There is danger in many of these side-paths, because they may open out into the broad road of intemperance. To guard against these dangers, thoroughly to guard against them, is a laudable aim on the part of an advocate of temperance. The old creed guarded against them by holding that while these other uses of alcohol do not fall under the same condemnation with the drinking of intoxicants as a beverage, they are nevertheless sources of danger, and should therefore be generally avoided, and never admitted except for sufficient reasons, and with due watchfulness. The new creed attempts to guard against these same dangers by affirming that they are under one condemnation with the use of intoxicants as a common drink. Here, as everywhere, the simplicity of the new creed gives it certain advantages over the old, provided it is equally true with the old. But unquestionably the new is preferred, on account of its supposed advantages, by many who do not think it to be as near the truth as the old. They have an idea that if you can persuade men that the eating of a jelly flavored with a spoonful of wine differs only in degree, morally, from dram drinking, you will thereby dissuade them from using wine in jellies. As a matter of fact, how-

ever, men are more likely to infer from the premises that since dram drinking is as innocent as eating wine jelly, they are at liberty to act accordingly, and to disregard the extremists who forbid both alike.

Few intelligent persons, after thinking the matter over, will claim that this new temperance doctrine is as near the truth as the old. The most that can be urged in its favor is that it involves a gain in simplicity of thought and precision of statement, at the cost of a considerable loss in the matter of accuracy; in other words, that the practical gain is large enough to compensate for the confessed logical deterioration. There would be weight in this claim if the distinctions made in the older doctrine were really abstruse, and difficult for common people to understand. Better teach a man an approximate truth, such as he can get distinctly into his mind, and leave the limiting of it to his common sense, than try to teach him the same truth so covered with fine-spun limitations that he cannot understand it. But the case in hand is not of this sort. The limitations of the truth of total abstinence are very simple. If any ordinary person fails to understand them, it is through lack of disposition, or through mistaken teaching, and not through lack of capacity. To omit part of a truth for the sake of simplifying it to the apprehension of an honest learner may be laudable; to omit part of a truth by way of pandering to laziness that will not take the pains to learn the whole is entirely the opposite.

The deterioration of the creed has been accompanied by a worse deterioration of the reasoning used in defense of the creed. The argument from common sense and common observation of the evils of drunkenness is by itself conclusive in favor of totally abstaining from intoxicants as a beverage, and therefore of guarding suspiciously against all other uses of alcohol; but further than this it refuses to go. The same is true of the argument from loss of property and life caused by drinking; it is true, again, of the argument from our obligation to deny ourselves for the benefit of others; it is true of the arguments based on the natural meaning of certain passages in the Bible; it is emphatically true of most of the arguments from physiological investigation. All the branches of the evidence uniformly prove the

obligation of abstaining, as a common drink, from that which intoxicates, and of treating all other uses of alcohol accordingly. Not one of them touches the different proposition that all internal uses of alcohol are wrong.

In default of support from more legitimate sources, this last proposition bases itself on the assumption that alcohol is poison, and that whatever contains poison is deleterious in proportion to the amount of poison it contains. If this assumption were correct, it would justify the conclusions based upon it; and absolutely, they have no other ground. No wonder, then, that great prominence is assigned to this assumption in the arguments of those who advocate the conclusions. It is the core of the reasoning of most of the total abstinence text-books now being introduced into the schools. It is the one thought in regard to the evils of alcohol that is allowed to push every other thought into the background. Drop it from the hundred latest books and articles on temperance, and more than half of them would have to be rewritten. But the assumption is not only without evidence in its favor, but is against what evidence there is. Nothing is more familiar than the fact that the question whether a substance is deleterious often depends on other circumstances than the nature of the substance itself. Milk is healthful food, but not if you take certain acids into the stomach along with it. Pure water, drunk at a temperature of two hundred degrees, would be fatal to life. Chlorine and sodium, in the combination known as common salt, are indispensable, but in certain other combinations are destructive. All the ordinary experiments for showing the injurious effects of alcohol on the brain tissues, or the blood, or the bones, would be rendered inoperative by first sufficiently diluting the alcohol. If we so define poison as to justify us in saying that whatever contains alcohol in intoxicating proportions and combinations is poisonous, and ought to be used only as poisons are used, then we are warranted in being on our guard against that which contains alcohol in other proportions or combinations; but we are not warranted in pronouncing these other combinations poisonous, any more than we are warranted in calling spring water a poison, by reason of the carbonic-acid gas it contains.

The false assumptions required for defending the changed total abstinence creed damage every form of temperance argument. Perhaps they are worst in their effect upon the arguments drawn from the Bible. Our times differ vastly from those when Jesus lived. Obligation in regard to particular practices changes when social conditions change. Under the definitions of the older temperance creed, these considerations perfectly dispose of the objection to total abstinence arising from the fact that Jesus made wine at Cana, and probably used wine on other occasions. But this explanation will not serve the purpose of those who teach that, because whatever contains alcohol is poisonous in proportion to the amount of alcohol it contains, therefore we ought to avoid all internal uses of alcohol. If this were true, changes in the conditions of society would have nothing to do with the case. If Jesus was a divine teacher, he knew what the truth was; and if the proposition just stated were true, and he miraculously supplied his friends with an alcoholic beverage, then there would be no escape from the conclusion that he poisoned them, working a miracle for the purpose. Those Christians, therefore, who hold this proposition to be true are thereby placed under the necessity of denying that the beverage which Jesus made was alcoholic. They are under bonds to maintain the unfermented wine absurdity, on penalty of being entirely routed from their position. With other temperance advocates the question of unfermented wine is a relatively unimportant question of opinion; with this class of temperance men it is the key-stone of the whole structure.

There is no need of comment as to either the wrongfulness or the injuriousness of thus supporting important practical truths upon a basis of falsehood, but a few words are in place as to certain additional evils that have resulted from this to the temperance reform. The deterioration in the creed and in the arguments for it has its effect on the whole subject-matter of temperance discussion. The attempt to establish the peculiar phases of the new doctrine has led to an immense amount of special pleading on matters of mint, anise, and cummin. In proportion as these have come to the front, they have pushed into the background the great central truth of voluntary total abstinence from all in-

toxicating spirits, wine, and beer. The charge is not equally true, of course, as against all temperance articles and addresses, but it is far too commonly true.

One mistaken step leads to another. Having sent to the rear the great truths which are best calculated to command attention and to influence men, we need something to take their place. At present, the fashionable substitute is the making of sensationally large statements, particularly in the line of what purport to be statistical or scientific facts. Some of the alleged facts of this sort are correct and valuable; it is a matter for great regret that many of them are not. These supposed facts are taken from temperance books which we ought to have a right to believe—books which come to the public approved by distinguished men, of whose intelligence and piety and good faith there can be no doubt, but who have been betrayed by their zeal for a good cause and their faith in other good men into sanctioning what did not deserve their sanction. I have nothing harsh to say concerning those who have indorsed work of this sort, or have been misled into using the materials thus prepared; but the fact is that the great body of what are popularly circulated as American temperance statistics are not mere exaggerations or overstatements, but are either positively untrue, or at least baseless. The statements of scientific fact are on the whole not quite so bad as the statistical statements, but they are bad enough. True statistics and true facts of science would be of immense advantage in the advocacy of temperance. As matters now stand, it is safe for most of us to confine ourselves to arguments which we have personally tested, or to those which appeal to the common sense or to the common observation of mankind.

The prevalence of the deteriorated creed puts the great body of total abstainers in a false position in the matter of their living consistently with their principles. It makes them seem to preach one thing and practice the opposite, when in fact they are innocent of this. Most of them use alcohol, in the form of flavoring extracts for ice-cream, cake, and the like. In nearly every household among them alcohol is kept, in some form, as a medicinal resource for an emergency. Many of them habitually taste alcohol at the communion-table. Even if they provide them-

selves with unfermented grape-juice, the alcohol begins to form in it, after the can is opened, before the juice reaches their lips. As a matter of fact, they use alcohol in various ways; they are conscientious in using it; their use of it is absolutely consistent with their total abstinence principles rightly understood; but it is inconsistent with the statement of those principles which many of them are accustomed to make, and which some of them are accustomed to censure others for not making. It is easy to propose to remedy the inconsistency by conforming our practices to the words of the misstated creed, but it is doubtful whether so much as one person can be found who would really approve this. The fact is that the practices of temperance people in this matter represent their actual convictions better than do the statements that some of them make. All the same, there is a palpable inconsistency between their habits and their statements of their convictions, and this inconsistency weakens their influence. The true remedy is that they take the pains to conform their teachings to what they really regard as the truth. The old temperance creed was a creed which it is possible to live by; the new is the contrary, not because it is stricter than the old, but because it is less true.

At present, the temperance cause is making great progress, in spite of the mistakes of its adherents. Its progress would be vastly helped if they would place more confidence in the truth as a weapon, and throw aside the plausible untruths. One of the significant signs of progress at present is the rallying of the men who hold that moderate drinking is the true temperance. Within the next few years, one of two things is likely to happen; either total abstinence men will unite in returning to tenable ground, which can be held by tenable defenses, or else the moderate drinking doctrine will become the current temperance doctrine of the classes that give tone to American society. Nothing, it seems to me, could be more calamitous than the latter of these two alternatives, and nothing more desirable than the former.

WILLIS J. BEECHER.

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